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## CAUGHT ON A LEE SHORE.

PLEASURES AND PERILS OF A CRUISE ON THE FLORIDA COAST.<sup>1</sup>



TOWARD the end of 1890 we matured our plans for a cruise (our second) in Florida waters. Accordingly, about the end of December, my wife, I, and the steward of our yacht *Galatea* left England in the *Umbria*, and arrived at New York December 29. There we remained for a week, completing our camp outfit and fishing-gear, not forgetting charts and sailing directions.

Arriving at Jacksonville January 11, 1891, we made our final preparations, and departed for Titusville, at the head of Indian River, where we were met by our old acquaintance Captain Vann, the owner of the sloop *Minnehaha*, which we had chartered. Deep-draft vessels are useless for Florida waters: a maximum of three feet is all that is admissible. The *Minnehaha* was of a type common on Indian River, locally known as a "skipjack." She was flat-sided, with a rise of floor of about fifteen inches, and drew, with all her stores on board, about twenty-six inches of water. Over all she was 28 feet 7 inches; extreme beam, 12 feet 9 inches. She was decked as far aft as the cockpit, and had a deck-house, or booby-hatch, over the cabin, which gave about 4 feet 10 inches head-room. The cabin itself was 13 feet long by 10 feet wide, divided

fore and aft by the center-board trunk, which rose about 2 feet 6 inches from the floor. The cabin extended underneath the fore deck, and in that part of it all our light gear was stowed. There were two rudely constructed trestles, which did duty for bedsteads. My wife appropriated the starboard one, while I occupied the port. All the fittings were of the very roughest description; there was nothing yacht-like about them, but it was the best boat available that we knew of. Aft the cabin was an open cockpit 7 feet by 5 feet. In this space the crew—consisting of the skipper and the steward—lived, cooked, and slept, except at such times as we were able to pitch the tent and make a camp on shore. An awning spread over the main boom gave them shelter at night.

The rig was a simple one, consisting of two sails, jib and mainsail, both laced to booms. She spread a large area of canvas for her size. Although she had less than five hundredweight of ballast, she carried her canvas well, and in smooth water was very fast to windward (her draft was seven feet with the center-board down); but in anything of a lop or seaway she spanked and pounded, and proved very wet. Off the wind she was hard to steer, like all her type. She was good enough for smooth-

<sup>1</sup> This paper is a condensation of portions of a manuscript diary by Lieutenant William Henn, the well-known naval officer and yachtsman, who, in 1886, sailed

the *Galatea* against the *Mayflower* for the *America's* cup. The pictures are after drawings by the author and photographs by Mrs. Henn.—EDITOR.

water work, but was very uncomfortable in the least bit of sea, and soon after we started she began to leak badly.

At 9:30 of a lovely morning, January 15, we cast off from the wharf. Properly speaking, Indian River is not a river, but a long, shallow salt-water lagoon running parallel with the Atlantic Ocean. This lagoon is about 150 miles in length, and, except in the narrows, is from one to five miles in width. It has two communications with the ocean, one opposite St. Lucie or Fort Capron, about ninety miles south of Titusville, and the other at its southern extremity at Jupiter. The depth varies from ten feet to as many inches, but channels have been dredged through the principal shoals and oyster-bars for craft drawing four feet of water. An hour or two after starting, the wind shifted and came dead ahead, and we had an opportunity of seeing what the *Minnehaha* could do to windward. Slowly but surely we caught up and passed boat after boat, and I could see Skipper was getting "the last inch" out of her, and

out the cruise we suffered much inconvenience and discomfort from this trouble. January 18, in Indian River narrows, we ran hard and fast on an oyster-bar. All hands, except my wife, who worked away with a "setting-pole," had to jump overboard to shove the sloop off—a style of navigation called by the Indian River boatmen "shirt-tailing."

At 6:30 on January 19 we were under way with a fresh breeze from the north, bound to Jupiter, forty miles to the southward, and the *Minnehaha* made short miles of it. About noon the lighthouse was abeam of us, and we were steering for the point near the inlet where we had made our camp four years before. We soon cleared the ground and pitched the tent. While engaged in this work, our old friend Captain Carlin, who is in command of the life-saving station at Jupiter, made his appearance, and welcomed us warmly. The fishing proved as good as ever, large numbers of bluefish and pompano being caught daily.

One day Captain Carlin brought a young



DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

AGROUND.

ENGRAVED BY F. A. PETTIT.

doing it well. At 4 P. M. we were off Rockledge, twenty-two miles from Titusville, and there we decided on anchoring for the night. After midnight on January 17 the rain came down in torrents, and lasted until morning. The downpour soon searched out all weak places on deck, and, to our great disgust, we found the water had penetrated in quantities, which showed that the leaks were serious. Skipper "guessed he'd find them out and fix them," but this he never was able to do, and through-

racoons on board as a present for my wife. The little creature, which we named "Cherokee Kate," was nine or ten months old, and was still very wild and vicious.

At sunrise on January 23 the weather was fine, so I gave the order to strike the tent and prepare for sea. Skipper showed signs of being unwilling to start, and was very dilatory, but by seven we had everything stowed on board, and, hoisting our sails, finally got off. We had to help her along with the setting-





DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

JUPITER INLET.

ENGRAVED BY J. HELWELL.

poles, as a strong flood was running, but at the inlet we had wind enough to burst through it, and we crossed the bar without shipping a drop of water, disturbing in our passage over it several large sharks and saw-fish, some of which were close enough to be touched with the boat-hook. Shaping our course south, we ran parallel to the beach, keeping about a quarter of a mile outside the surf to avoid as much as possible the current of the Gulf Stream, which here sets close along the shore. We were at last fairly started on our cruise, and the *Minnehaha*, for the first time in her existence, was breasting the waters of the broad Atlantic. The sea was smooth, the wind being light, and Skipper's spirits revived; but in spite of it all he was not very cheerful, and opined "that a 'norther' was brewing," and "hoped we 'd be lucky enough to reach a harbor before it struck us." We soon passed the life-saving station, and the crew turned out and gave us a cheer, at the same time running up the American ensign at the flagstaff. We dipped our burgee, as an acknowledgment, little imagining that the next time we saw them we should be in dire distress and in want of their assistance.

At 9:25 P. M. we were off New River Inlet, about fifty-three miles distant from Jupiter, and Skipper's forebodings as to being caught by "a norther" were not going to be fulfilled. We had intended to stop at New River for a few days, as the fishing there is excellent, and game abounds in the vicinity; but as it was dark before we reached the inlet, and there being only three feet of water on the bar, we decided on proceeding to Biscayne Bay, about twenty miles further south. At 1:30 we sighted the light on the northern extremity of the Florida Reef, and at 2 A. M. arrived off the passage between Virginia Key and Key Biscayne. Here we

anchored to await daylight, having sailed seventy-three miles from Jupiter.

On approaching Cocoanut Grove, we observed several yachts at anchor, their white sails glistening in the bright morning sun. A signal was flying from a wharf, which proved to be the burgee of the Biscayne Bay Yacht Club. We hauled down our private signal, substituting for it the burgee of the Royal Northern Yacht Club. A yacht now got under way and came out to meet us, and we were warmly welcomed by her owner, the secretary of the club, who piloted us to the anchorage. Our "mud-hook" had hardly reached the bottom before the genial commodore, whose flag was flying on board his sharpie, the *Presto*, came on board, and tendered to us all the privileges of the club.

The sharpie is, without doubt, both for build, rig, and accommodation, the best type of craft for navigating Florida waters that I am acquainted with, especially the type which finds favor with the yachtsmen of Biscayne Bay. These sharpies are round-bottomed, and carry several tons of ballast, but the draft, without the center-board, does not exceed three feet. They are far superior to the flat-bottomed type, which pound heavily in the least lop of the sea, and are wet and uncomfortable except in smooth water. They sail fast both on and off the wind, are easily handled with a small crew, and are good and safe sea-boats. They are ketch-rigged, with one head-sail, and have a peculiarly cut topsail, which is very effective off the wind.

We left Miami on January 29, bound to Key West, distant to the southward about 150 miles, and after several stops reached there February 4. About noon we anchored among a fleet of small yachts whose crews appeared

to regard us with a certain amount of curiosity, for our craft was of a build unfamiliar to the Key-Westers, and their interest was further aroused by seeing the signal of the Royal Northern Yacht Club fluttering at our topmast-head, and observing a lady on board.

February 6 we set sail for Cape Sable; but our bobstay snapped before we reached the bell-buoy, so we had to return for repairs, making an early start on the 7th. About four o'clock we ran on a bank of coral mud and grass, and stayed there till 9:30, when, getting afloat, we anchored for the night. The next evening we were moored alongside a shelving bank of sand in Little Cape Sable Creek, about ten miles west of Cape Sable. Skipper and I started to explore the creek, which was hedged in with an almost

where. So, leaving the sloop, we made two large fires on the sand-bank, cutting down and piling on the green mangrove-branches—anything to make a smoke, or smudge. To a certain extent our efforts were crowned with success, and, wrapped in wreaths of smoke, we made a hasty dinner, and anxiously watched the rising tide. The light of the fires threw a ruddy glare on the surface of the creek, lighting up the dark, impenetrable walls of mangroves, and now and again we could see the dorsal fins of the sharks that were coming in on the flood-tide. In spite of our sufferings we determined to fish for them, and in a few minutes the shark-line was rigged. Baiting the hook with a four-pound Spanish mackerel, we pitched it out a few yards from the shore,



DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

FROM JUPITER INLET INTO THE OPEN.

ENGRAVED BY A. HAYMAN.

impenetrable growth of tall mangrove-trees. Presently the air became dark with mosquitos, and, pursued by the pests, we pulled back to the sloop, which, to our dismay, we found had been left aground by the ebbing tide. Night was rapidly approaching, and the mosquitos were more numerous and fiercer than ever. We were literally devoured by them; our clothes were little protection; they penetrated every-

and, making the end fast to a tree, waited developments. We were not kept long in suspense; in less than five minutes the slack line, which was coiled on the sand, began to run out. After twenty feet or so had disappeared, we seized it, and held on, jerking it hard to drive the hook well home; in an instant we felt we were fast in something, for in spite of the combined efforts of Skipper, steward, and myself, all





DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

A WHARF AT KEY WEST.

ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

of us were swiftly dragged toward the water's edge, and the next moment the quiet waters of the creek were lashed into foam, as a huge shark plunged and rolled on the surface, vainly endeavoring to get rid of the good steel hook with its three feet of chain. The struggle was of short duration, for after a momentary "tug of war"—twelve feet of shark versus seventeen feet of man—we dragged the great brute's head on the shelving sand, and sent a four-pound ax crashing into its brain. The hook being then cut from its jaws and rebaited, was again cast out. In less than an hour we had hooked five, and landed three ranging from nine to twelve feet in length, and, feeling we had done our duty by the sharks, we were satisfied. At 9:30 the next morning we were sailing up the coast. We were all feeling very sorry for ourselves, suffering terribly from mosquito-bites, and many were the imprecations we uttered against "Little Cape Sable Creek." I have had considerable experience with mosquitos and their ways, in many parts of the globe; but except on one occasion, when elephant-hunting in Ceylon, I was never so badly bitten, nor have ever suffered as much. We afterward heard that this creek was notorious as being the worst place on the coast for these pests.

At 4 P. M. we were abreast of Pavillion Key, which seemed to be alive with pelicans sitting on the mangrove-trees, while many frigate-birds were soaring high overhead. On landing, we found the sand covered with the tracks of racoons and possums, and we saw traces of a deer. Returning on board, we rigged up and

baited the shark-line, putting it overboard after dark, and securing the end to the mast. Soon after midnight we were awakened by the violent motion of the sloop. At first I was at a loss to account for it; then suddenly remembering the shark-line, I roused my wife and crew, and hurried on deck. Sure enough, something was hooked, for the line was as taut as a bar, and the sloop, tugging and straining at her cable, was sluicing and sheering about in a very lively fashion. We soon got hold of the line, and then it was a case of "pull devil, pull baker," the huge fish plunging and lashing on the surface and nearly dragging us overboard, and with blows from his powerful tail making the phosphorescent water fly in all directions. At last we mastered him, and, dragging him alongside, bent the fore-halyards on to the line for a purchase, and succeeded in lifting the brute's head clear of the water. Then the question arose, How to get the hook out of his jaws? My wife was equal to the occasion, and appeared on the scene with her 45-caliber Smith & Wesson pistol, loaded and ready for action, four rounds from which fired into his brain had the effect of quieting the monster, when, after wetting us all over with a final convulsive lash of his tail, he turned "belly up." We quickly cut out the hook with an ax, after first measuring the fish's length with a boat-hook (it proved to be a little under twelve feet), and then turned in again.

Seven o'clock A. M., February 10, saw us under way with a light southeast wind, bound to Great Marco, distant about twenty-five miles.

At noon the temperature of the air was 82° in the shade, and the sea-water was 74°. Off Cape Romano the wind fell very light, and on the numerous sand-banks in its vicinity we saw great numbers of pelicans, both white and brown, the white variety being the more numerous. At 4 p. m. we were off Caximbas Pass, and the wind had almost died out. The sea was alive with porpoises, which were leaping clear out of water, and presently we sailed through a shoal of great devil-fish, some of them being close enough to strike with a harpoon; but although we had on board the weapons and lines, I had no desire to use them—devil-fish, as I well know from former experiences, being awkward customers to tackle, even in a properly equipped craft with skilled hands to throw the irons, and afterward to manage the lines and boat. Some of the fish we passed seemed fully eighteen or twenty feet across, from wing to wing, and would probably be the same length from the tips of their horns to the ends of their tails. Many years ago I assisted at the capture of one near Port Royal, Jamaica, which towed us for more than two hours. We were in a 5-oared 27-foot whale-boat, and had no less than three whale-irons fast in the fish; but before we killed it the boat had shipped a great deal of water, and we were all soaked to the skin by the shower of spray which the monster threw over us. This specimen, which was considered by no means a large one, measured sixteen feet in length, about seventeen in breadth, and was estimated to weigh more than a ton. Wonderful stories are told about these fish, of their lifting ships' anchors, and enveloping swimmers with their enormous wings, and drowning them; but I cannot vouch for their accuracy. Skipper, who had never before seen nor heard of these creatures, seemed relieved when we saw the last of them. Just as the sun was setting we arrived off Great Marco Pass, the wind being so light that we were barely able to hold our own against the tide, which was setting out by the channel with a velocity of nearly three knots an hour; but at last we succeeded in passing the inner fairway buoy, and "brought up for the night."

The settlement on Marco Island consists of two or three families, and here there is a post-office. We anchored off the dock, and soon settled with Mr. C—— about hauling out the *Minnehaha*. She had been leaking badly ever since leaving Indian River.

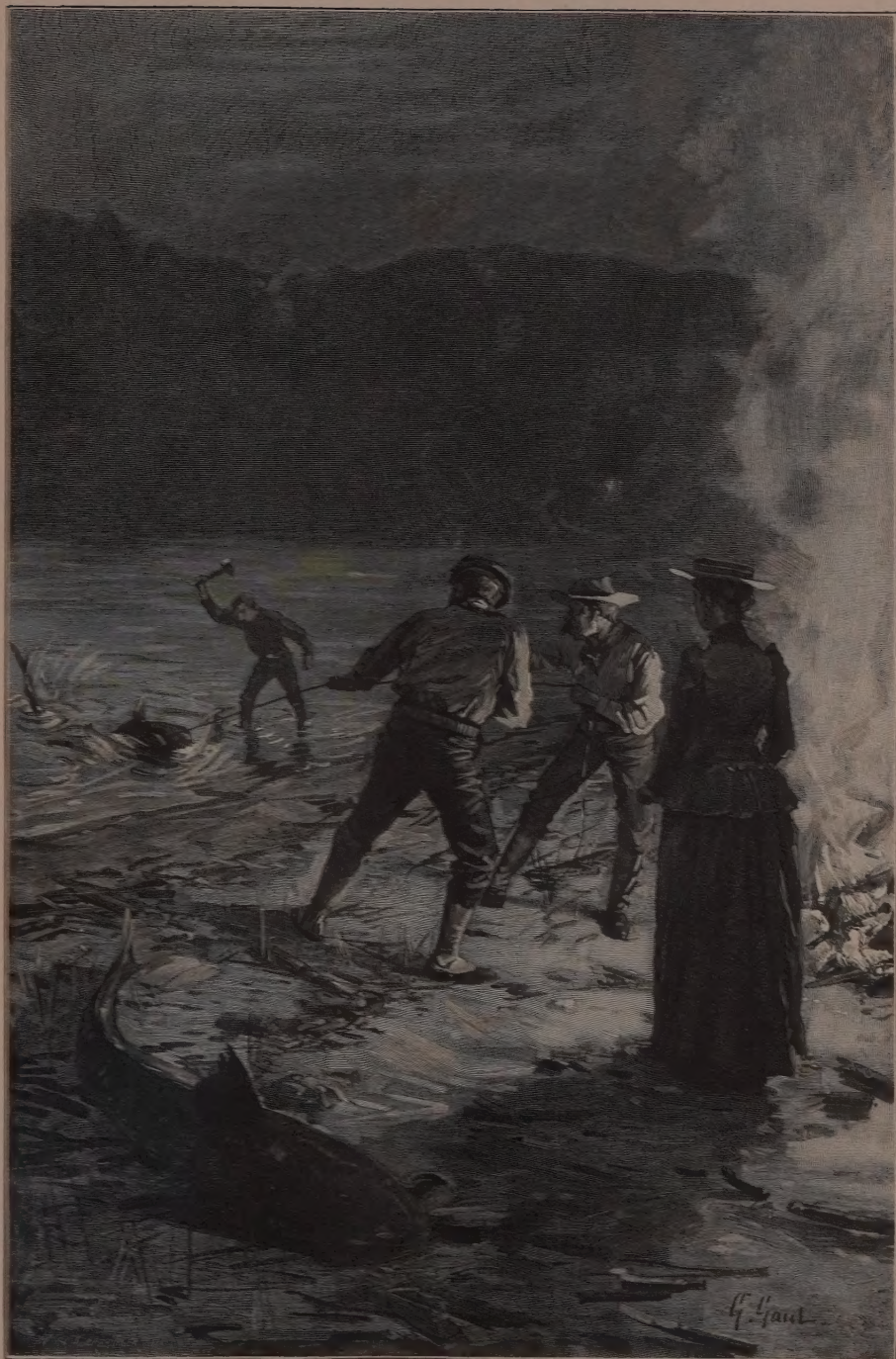
At Marco I met "Joe," the skipper of a 30-foot sloop, which was undergoing repairs, who offered to pilot me on a tarpon expedition. After rowing for half an hour we headed for a bight which Joe called Tarpon Bay. We anchored in five feet of water on the edge of the chan-

nel, and began operations by several exciting encounters with sharks, which bit off the hooks. Then we lighted our pipes, and patiently watched. Half an hour passed, and still no sign. The tarpon had disappeared, and so had the sharks; not a fin was visible, but the sun was blazing hot, and I was beginning to think tarpon-fishing a delusion. Even Joe was not very sanguine, and said it was rather early in the season for them to bite well. We were discussing the advisability of shifting our ground, when once more the line began to move, very gently and slowly, but evenly and with increasing velocity. The slack had almost run overboard when, a hundred feet away from the skiff, a dazzling mass of silver some six feet in length shot high into the air, and fell back with a crash which whitened the water with foam, and could be heard half a mile off. "Tar—pon! Tar—pon!" shouted Joe. To pick up the rod was the work of an instant, and then the reel began to whiz as the noble fish dashed away at a tremendous speed, throwing a succession of magnificent leaps, shaking his head (as a dog does with a rat), and making extraordinary contortions in the air in vain endeavor to eject the hook. In a jiffy Joe had the skiff under way, and we followed the fish, which was tearing down the channel, as fast as we could, while I put on all the strain I dared, trying to check or turn him; but I might as well have tried to stop a torpedo-boat. He had now got about one hundred and fifty yards away, and the line in the reel was getting low, when out he jumped again, and, on regaining the water, turned and made straight for the skiff, passing within a few yards of it long before I had time to get a taut line on him.

"Keep a level head, boss, and I guess you'll get him; he's got the hook well down. Start in now and work him for all you're worth," said Joe, who was handling the skiff admirably. I soon got in all the slack, and was bearing hard on him, yet could make no impression. The fish was swiftly and steadily heading down the bay, keeping in the deep water, and we followed, sticking as close as we were able. Then, for the first time, I realized that I had a pretty big contract on hand.

Another wild rush was followed by a couple of grand jumps. "Now's your time to make him tired. Worry him; don't give him a rest." I worried him all I knew how, until the tension of the line made it fairly sing again. The fish slowly yielded, and I succeeded in turning his head toward the shallow water. The last jumps appeared to exhaust him somewhat, and, by putting on all the strain the gear would bear, I at last got him out of the channel on the flats, where the water was barely four feet deep. He was now moving lazily





DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL.

ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

SHARK-FISHING, LITTLE CAPE SABLE CREEK.



along; we were literally towing him toward the shore. But it was hard work; my hands and arms were getting tired, and my garments were soaked with perspiration. Suddenly the tarpon stopped, and, turning rapidly, made another desperate rush for the deep water. The reel whizzed like a buzz-saw, and, in spite of all my efforts to check him, full eighty yards ran off before "the king" again flung himself high in the air; another spurt, followed by more leaps, showed that he had taken a new lease of life, and I began to despair of ever being able to tire him. It was a stand-up fight between man and fish, and so far the fish seemed to be the less tired of the two. More than an hour had elapsed since the first jump, and to all appearances "his majesty" was as fresh and lively as ever. I was feeling sore and strained about the hands

yards of the skiff, butting him hard, and doing all I could to bring him within reach of the gaff; but my efforts were in vain. Suddenly he came to the surface, and blew like a porpoise. "Now, look out," said Joe; "he'll be off again." That breath of air had undoubtedly put new life into him, for like a flash he ran out fifty or sixty yards of line, and again broke water. "That makes twelve jumps; he's a bully one. Hold on, and turn him again," roared Joe, and almost immediately the fish came straight for the skiff, actually passing under the bottom, though fortunately the line went clear. Again



"CHARMING BILLY" AND HIS PAPOOSE.



DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

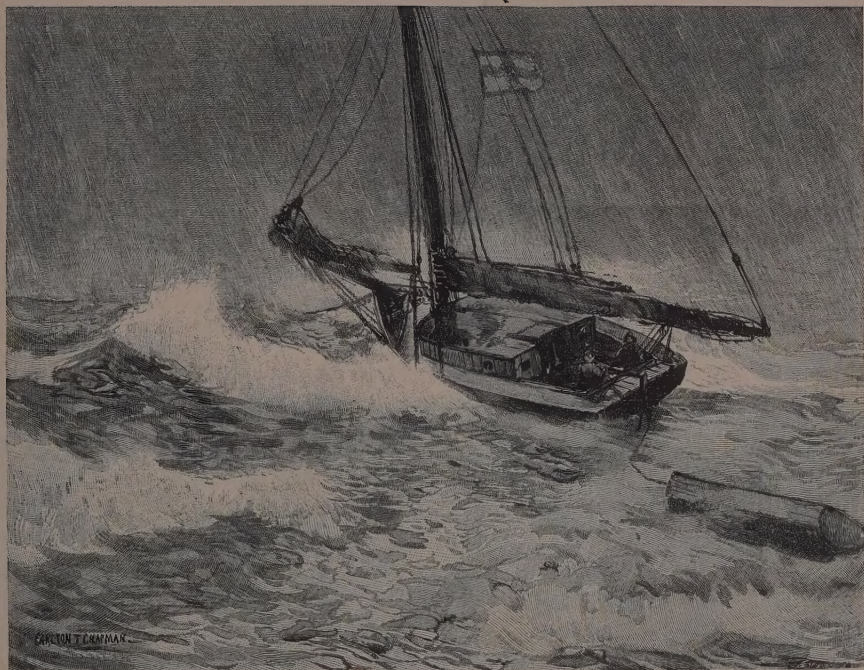
ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

EVERGLADES AND INDIAN CAMP.

and arms, and my fingers had scarcely strength to turn the crank of the reel. Joe now volunteered to "give me a spell," but I declined the offer, and, getting a fresh grip of the rod, sitting well back, and bracing my feet against the bottom boards of the skiff, put on all the strain the rod would bear, and again brought my huge antagonist to a standstill. Then I started in to pull at him and to worry him, and presently he gave way, and again I led him into the shallow water. He was now much easier to manage, and soon I succeeded in getting him two or three hundred yards away from the channel, within twenty

he rose to the surface to breathe, then another frantic rush, and two more leaps. But these were his last. We were now close to a small mangrove island, in shallow water, and the great fish was unmistakably beginning to tire, for now and then, as he turned, we could see his magnificent broadside; but still he was far from being "played dead," although I was very nearly played out. "Try to lift him," said Joe, who had unshipped the oar. The fish was now within six feet of the skiff, almost motionless, and we could see that the snell outside his jaw was badly frayed. Joe then stealthily seized the gaff, and as quick as lightning struck the tarpon through the shoulder. A desperate struggle ensued, but Joe held on, and so did the good barbed gaff and its long hickory pole. After an exciting ten or fifteen seconds, which





DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

"HANGING ON BY THE EYELIDS."

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

to me seemed a lifetime, we had his head above the gunwale of the skiff, which was nearly half full of water (shipped during the final act), and reeving a stout line through his gills, secured it to the after thwart, cutting the snell, which was almost frayed through, adrift from the line; five minutes more would have done for it, but Joe's clever strike secured the fish. I felt thoroughly tired, my hands and arms were cramped and stiff, as were also the muscles of my back and shoulders. The fight had lasted for an hour and twenty-seven minutes.

Then, taking our prize in tow, we proceeded homeward; but on the way we nearly lost part of him, as a huge shark made a dash at the body of the defunct monarch, and just missed getting a mouthful. As it would not do to run any more risks, with considerable difficulty we lifted the tarpon into the skiff, and reached home without further adventures. The figures were: Length, 6 feet 6 inches; girth, 3 feet 2 inches; weight, 145¾ pounds. Joe said the fish "was lean," and not in the very best condition, or it would have weighed 160 pounds. After it was photographed, Joe took off the scales, my wife securing the best of them for preservation.

On February 14, the *Minnehaha's* repairs being complete, we sailed in company with the *Gipsy*, owned by a friend, for Charlotte Har-

bor, the limit of our cruise up the west coast, and Skipper's spirits rose when he saw the light on Sanibel Island. In the afternoon an old friend, ex-Commodore C—— of the New York Yacht Club, arrived in his 38-foot water-line sloop *Atala*. We had been antagonists in more than one hard-fought race since we first met on the Riviera. We decided to fish and sail in company, and had many days of pleasant sport. On February 25 I hooked a tarpon, which after a hard fight of over two hours was cleverly struck by the commodore's "goffer."

On March 1, the *Minnehaha*, in company with the *Gipsy* and the *Atala*, cruised up the Caloosa River twenty miles to Fort Myers, a thriving settlement with a population of about 700. Here we had varied experiences with tarpon. On March 5, at 5 A. M., when the first streak of yellow light brightened the eastern sky, and while the good people of Fort Myers were wrapped in sleep, we weighed anchor, and with the last of the ebb-tide, and a faint draft of southerly wind, we dropped slowly down the river, followed by the *Atala*. We had reached the farthest point of our voyage, and henceforth every mile we sailed would be bringing us nearer to Indian River again. It was a quiet and lovely scene: the broad river was like a mirror framed on each side by the dark



pine forests, and there was not wind enough to ruffle its surface, which reflected the exquisite hues and colors of a glorious sunrise. Our progress was very slow, and as we soon would have the tide against us, we began to think we were in for a long passage, when we saw smoke ascending astern, and presently the little steamer which plied between Punta Corda and Fort Myers hove in sight, and, on coming up to the *Atala*, took her in tow; she then steered for us, and, hailing Skipper to throw our line, pulled us down to Punta Rassa at an eight-knot speed. We landed, and after collecting our mails proceeded to St. James's City, arriving there about 10 A. M. Taking leave of our friends, we pre-

in Biscayne Bay, and, the wind having moderated, we shook out all reefs and steered for Cocoonut Grove, off which place we anchored at 4:30 P. M., receiving a hearty welcome from the members of the Biscayne Bay Yacht Club. My great ambition was to catch a tarpon in Biscayne Bay, as several noted New York anglers had fished for them without success, and I had been told "it was useless to try, as the tarpon there lived principally on shrimps, and would n't look at a mullet." I made up my mind to give them a fair trial, and on March 21 took one which in length was 6 feet 3 inches, girth 3 feet 2 inches, probable weight about 130 pounds.



DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

LAUNCH OF THE SURF-BOAT, JUPITER LIFE-SAVING STATION.

ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

pared to set out on the return voyage, which was begun on March 6. A week later we arrived at Indian Key.

The first streak of light of March 17 saw us under way, with a fresh southerly wind, and under a double-reefed mainsail we went flying up Hawk's Channel. Off Key Largo we were struck by a sharp squall from the southwest; we dropped the peak of the mainsail to it, and afterward close-reefed the sail; then skirting the shore of Old Rhodes Key, and keeping close to the northeast point, we sailed into Caesar's Creek, having done the forty knots from Indian Key in a little over six hours. After passing Rubicon Keys we were once more

On Sunday, March 22, we made an early start, and under a double-reefed mainsail, with a slashing northwest wind, soon reached the sheltered waters of the Miami River. A friend had very kindly arranged for us an expedition by land to the Indian village on the edge of the Everglades; and as there was no church service to be held at Miami, a mission to the Seminoles was decided on. Crossing the river to old Fort Dallas, we set forth. The track was rough; the coralline rocks everywhere cropped up, and the tough roots of the saw-palmettos protruded across the trail. Our wagon plunged into the midst of the great pine forest and a jungle of palmetto undergrowth, pitching and



rolling in a manner that threatened destruction to the vehicle, but which served only to increase the mirth of the passengers. Soon all semblance of a track ceased; then the colored coachman's navigation was marvelous, and the way in which he avoided disaster against the trunks of the huge pine-trees proved him to be an old helmsman. At length the prairies which mark the beginning of the Everglades hove in sight, and we soon emerged from the forest. A collection of palm-thatched huts on the edge of the great pine-woods which extended away to the north and eastward, and skirted the vast level expanse that stretched away to the south and west as far as the eye could reach, came in view, and the home of the Seminole was before us.

We soon drew near the camp, and found at home only "Charming Billy," his squaw, and papoose. All the others were at work in their fields in the Namak, some distance off. These Indians are very quiet and friendly. They cultivate sugar-cane, pumpkins, sweet-potatoes, etc., and they also make a good deal of starch from the root of the cassava, quantities of which grow in the pine-woods. They hunt in the fall and winter, and find their way frequently by water to Miami, bringing with them venison, skins, alligator-hides, birds, plumes, and starch, which they exchange for tobacco, calico, ammunition, etc. Billy expressed no curiosity as to the object of our visit, the real purpose of which was to enable my wife to photograph the Indians and their homes. Upon broaching the subject there was some slight demur, but after a little persuasion, and a friendly chat in which it was explained to Billy that we were "strangers from beyond the sea," he was won over, and consented. Mrs. Billy, however, utterly declined being pictured, but I managed to get a rough pencil sketch of her without being perceived.

On our way back we had gone scarcely a mile from the edge of the prairie when we became aware of a strong smell of burning wood, and on reaching an open spot observed great columns of dense smoke rising in the southwest. We were well to windward, and out of danger, but a strong west wind was blowing, and between the lulls we could plainly hear the hoarse roar of the flames, and the crashing of trees and branches, as they were overwhelmed and fell in the fierce conflagration, while clouds of light ashes were floating in the air, and falling all around us. We reached Fort Dallas without mishap, when, bidding adieu to Andrew and our kind host, we crossed the river to Miami, and regained our little vessel.

On March 24 we had a splendid morning, with a light northeast wind, and all of us felt sorry it was to be our last at lovely Miami. Our

friends came down to the wharf to see us start, and fairly loaded the *Minnehaha* with green coconuts, tomatoes, and flowers. After exchanging salutes with the commodore and the Yacht Club at Cocanut Grove, we turned our head toward "Bear's Cut," and steered for the open sea.

On nearing Bear's Cut, the wind, which had been gradually dropping, died out to a light air, and as it was impossible to stem the strong flood-tide which was setting through it, we anchored for the night near the Key Biscayne in about six feet of water. The next day broke fine, with a flickering wind from the northward, and after sunrise a light fog rolled in, but soon lifted, and we got under way, and afterward anchored off the south beach of Virginia Key. At 10:30 the wind had shifted to the northeast, and the weather was looking fine and settled. As we could lay our course up the coast, the water being smooth, we weighed and proceeded to New River, distant about twenty miles.

We put out the trolling-lines, and were soon busy with the kingfish. We made good progress, and at 3:30 P. M. arrived off New River bar, which seemed to be smooth; but we decided on anchoring outside until we saw what the weather was going to do, for if the night promised well we made up our minds to give up the expedition to New River, and make a dash for Jupiter Inlet, the state of New River Bar auguring well for finding Jupiter Bar passable.

We were now about to undertake the longest and most dangerous run on the southeast coast of Florida; for we had between fifty and sixty miles to go, with no available harbor, if the sea should rise, for more than two hundred miles, unless we could regain Biscayne Bay. Jupiter Inlet had no more than four feet of water on the bar, and except in fine weather and with smooth water was a dangerous one to attempt. Hillsboro' and Lake Worth inlets, both of which we would have to pass before reaching Jupiter, were no better. If Jupiter Bar was impassable, we would be in an awkward predicament. But everything appeared to be in our favor—settled weather, a fair wind, and smooth water; so, congratulating ourselves on our good fortune, we made the requisite preparations for a night at sea, and at 6:30 P. M. let her go north.

Until midnight all went well. We had passed Hillsboro' Inlet, and were some twenty miles to the northward of it, when suddenly the wind increased, and hauled farther ahead, with passing showers of light rain; but the water was still smooth, so we reefed the mainsail and held on. At 3 A. M., having then passed Lake Worth Inlet, and being within ten miles of Jupiter, we ran into a heavy swell setting from

the northeast, and at once knew that Jupiter Bar was impassable. We could already hear the thunder of the surf on the beach, and see the line of white breakers on our lee beam. The wind all the time was increasing, so we now close-reefed the mainsail and stowed the jib. For a craft of her size the *Minnehaha* was doing right well, but it was trying work. She was shipping water, and I could see Skipper was anxious. I must confess I felt the same. It was no use disguising the fact, we were "regularly caught on a lee shore," and cut off from gaining any harbor. However, we remem-

to be kept going without intermission. At last a dim light appeared on the eastern horizon, and the white crests of the waves to windward seemed more distinct; then, as the stars began to pale, a gray light came stealing over the water, and soon it was bright enough for us to distinguish the white beach with its darker background; and to our great relief a dark blurred mass appeared about two points away on our lee bow. This quickly took a definite shape, and proved to be the buildings of the United States life-saving station at Jupiter. But to leeward, as far as the eye could distinguish to the north



DESIGNED BY CARLTON F. CHAPMAN.

—SAILING : JUPITER BAR.

ENGRAVED BY GEO. A. RAFFLE.

bered the life-saving station at Jupiter; if we could manage to gain it, I knew I could depend on the captain and crew to do all in their power to save us. We spoke but little, for all were aware of the danger we were in; but we drove the sloop to the best of her powers, and longed for daylight.

About four o'clock we caught sight of Jupiter Light, the bright flash of which sent a ray of hope into our hearts, for it seemed like an old friend, and told us we should soon be within reach of assistance. Would the night ever pass away? The *Minnehaha* was pounding and smashing into the short lop on the long, heavy swell, sending the spray flying all over us; but we were making headway, and gradually "clawing off" the shore. The little craft, however, was straining and leaking badly, and the pumps had

and south, ran several lines of furious breakers, the spray from which rose in sheets of vapor enveloping the sand-hills in clouds of mist. It was anything but a pleasant sight, and then I think we all realized the peril we were in, and the small chance we had of gaining the shore, if, as a last resource, we should try to beach the boat.

We were now within a mile of the station, and about half a mile from the beach. There was no time to lose, so I ordered Skipper to hoist the ensign "union down," and to half-mast our private signal, which was flying at the topmast-head. The moment had arrived to "lay the boat to." Would she do it? Skipper said, "No"; but try it we must. We watched for "a smooth," and eased down the helm. She came up nearly head to the wind; then, gather-



ing sternway, fell off in the trough of the sea. The next moment a crest struck her amidships, and sent the water flying half-way up the mainsail. Then she came up to the wind, only to fall off again. It was no use; she would not "lay to." But we had still one resource left before trying to run her through the breakers. "Get the anchor ready!" was the order. "She 'll never hold on; she will go clean under," declared Skipper, a bit scared. "Do as I tell you; see everything clear, and let go." It was no easy matter to get forward, but at last he managed to reach the bow, and, cutting the lashings, hove the "mud-hook" overboard, paying out the cable to the last inch. "Will it hold?" we involuntarily asked ourselves, and some moments of intense anxiety elapsed, as heaving and tossing on the heavy swell she drifted astern, the mainsail flapping and banging from side to side.

Suddenly she stopped, and drove her bowsprit clean under, trembling from stem to stern with the heavy jerk, and then swung head to the sea. She was holding on, but would she be able to ride in such a sea? "She 'll go bows under," said Skipper; "better chance it, and try to beach her; the cable will never stand." "Lower and stow the mainsail," was the next order, and this was quickly executed.

She did make some wild plunges, at times going bows under, right into the mast, sending the water flying into the cockpit; but she held on, and if the cable should not part or the sea become heavier, there seemed still a chance of saving her. We went forward, and, watching for an opportunity, secured the end of the cable to the mast, and served it round with a bit of small rope to prevent it from chafing on the bows, at the same time seeing everything clear, in case it should part, for setting the jib, as in that case the sole chance of saving our lives would be to run her ashore.

We now turned our attention to what they were doing at the station, and saw the United States ensign flying in answer to our signals, and the life-boat on the beach with the crew about her. They made a gallant effort to launch her, but the breakers proved too heavy, and to our great disappointment they desisted from making any further attempts. We afterward learned that the boat had swamped. The crew remained on the beach, standing by the boat, watching for a chance to come to us.

We still held on, but were in a very critical position. At any moment the cable might part, as a portion of the rope of which it was composed was, according to Skipper, "old and untrustworthy." This information was not likely to raise our spirits much, so we prepared for the worst.

We had no life-buoys, or anything on board

that would float, except the oars of the skiff and the setting-poles, which would n't have been of much account; and, to add to my anxiety, two of our ship's company, my wife and the steward, were unable to swim. The danger in beaching the sloop was very great, as there was an outer line of breakers, with deep water between them and the shore. If we were swamped in crossing it, we should sink before we could reach the beach, and there was the additional risk of encountering sharks, several of which were actually visible. We emptied the water-casks and improvised a couple of life-buoys by slinging and attaching to them buckets for life-lines. Then we could do no more but await developments.

The swell was now very heavy, but the wind was not increasing, evidencing a strong blow somewhere up the coast, which was sending this big sea down to us. We were anchored in four fathoms of water, about half a mile from the shore, and within two hundred yards to leeward, in a depth of eighteen feet, the swell was topping and breaking.

The *Minnehaha* was making much better weather of it than we had expected, but now and again she would almost stand on end when an unusually steep sea rolled in, and then, sliding down the opposite slope, would bury herself to the mast, sending green water over the fore end of the deck-house. Still, if the sea became no worse and the cable held, we stood a good chance; on the other hand, we were literally "hanging by a thread," and at any moment might be fighting for our lives.

Skipper had lost all heart, and was seasick into the bargain, poor fellow. The sloop was pretty nearly all he owned in the world, and I think he had made up his mind that he was going to lose her. Our feelings were not enviable, for even if we escaped with our lives, we were nearly certain to lose everything else. It was, however, reassuring to see the crew of the life-saving station standing about their boat, watching us, and we knew that every man of them would risk his life to save us. They had hoisted a signal at the flagstaff, but, having no signal-book on board, we were unable to ascertain its meaning.

Toward noon there was a decided lull, and we saw the crew gather round the boat, and run her down the beach. They were going to make another attempt to launch her. Would they succeed? It was about as anxious a five minutes as ever I spent, for when they got near the water's edge they were hidden from our sight by the heavy rollers. We could not speak, but we watched with mingled feelings of hope and almost breathless anxiety. Even poor Skipper, who was utterly prostrated, raised his head. Five minutes elapsed,—less perhaps,—but to us



DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

CAMP AT JUPITER INLET.

ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

it seemed an hour; then, tossed high on the crest of a great sea, appeared the boat with her gallant crew. They were clear of the beach, and the boat was coming over the breakers like a sea-gull.

The feeling of relief was intense; our dangerous position was forgotten, and soon Captain Carlin and his boys were within hail. They approached cautiously, and the bowmen, laying in their oars, flung a grapnel to us, which was quickly made fast; then, hauling up alongside, Carlin and two of the crew sprang on board. A warm grasp of the hand, and then to business. We had no need to explain the situation; a few hurried words settled everything. "Carlin, you must take my wife and the steward ashore, for they can't swim. Lend us an anchor and cable, and a couple of cork life-jackets, and I think we can hold on. We want, if possible, to save the boat and gear. What do you say?" "All right; we'll manage it for you. We had a hard job to get out; the surf on the beach is the heaviest we have had for a year. Look alive there, boys, with an anchor and line. Pull well out to windward, and let go." This was quickly accomplished; then Carlin and a couple of his hands went forward and re-secured the cables.

By this time my wife, who was very unwilling to leave, was persuaded to go, as her presence

on board only added to my anxiety; and, taking with her a few valuables, including "Cherokee Kate" and another coon which had been given to us a few days before, she and the steward were quickly put on board the life-boat, and cork life-jackets fastened round them. Then Carlin tossed two to us, and, saying they would keep a watch on us, and show a light during the night to mark the best place to run ashore, gave the order to let go. In a few minutes the boat was among the breakers. We watched her shooting on the crests of the rollers, losing sight of her in the hollows, and at last, to my great joy, I saw her run up on the beach, and all hands land in safety.

The sea had now moderated, and the sloop was riding easier. Having a second anchor down made us more hopeful, for we now had "two strings to our bow," and I began to feel more cheerful, and as if I could eat and drink something, having had nothing for nearly twenty-four hours. I rummaged about, and finding the "ribs and trucks" of a ham, a box of sardines, and a box of crackers, made a good meal; but Skipper, who was lying prostrate in the cockpit, could n't touch anything. It was the roughest sea he had ever been in.

Standing on the deck-house, I took a survey of our surroundings. Away to the north and west, distant about a mile, was Jupiter Inlet,



across which a furious sea was breaking. The rollers on the bar wildly tossed their great white crests, as they curled and broke in a smother of foam, and a smoke-like mist hung over the coast, rendering its outline almost invisible. Inside the line of breakers I could see the placid waters of Indian River, "the haven where we would be," and the tall, symmetrical tower of Jupiter Light on its wooded bluff. Wistfully I gazed at it, and longed to be safely moored in the smooth waters that it overshadowed. Abreast of us was the life-saving station, and I could see the life-boat on its carriage, all ready for launching, and some of the crew on watch. To seaward the weather looked fine; the swell had unmistakably decreased, and the wind was dropping and veering to the southeast.

Telling Skipper to rouse up and keep a lookout, I lay down and took a nap; but in an hour or so was awakened by an unusually heavy plunge, and found that both wind and sea had increased, and things were not looking very rosy. The flood-tide was making, and the *Minnehaha* would not lie head to the sea; she was shipping water, taking it green over the deck-house. I felt anxious again, and Skipper was in decidedly low spirits, and called my attention to a twelve-foot shark which was slowly cruising to and fro. I admitted that he would n't be a desirable companion if we had to swim for it, and remarked: "We are not going to get to it this time. Cheer, oh!" But Skipper would not be comforted, and "wished to goodness we had gone into New River."

We took another look at the cables to see that they were not being chafed, got our anchor-light ready, and before dark saw everything clear for making sail. About eight o'clock the weather became finer, and the wind fell, and hauled more to the south. We could see the light on the beach, and knew that our friends were keeping an eye on us; then, being thoroughly tired and wet, we lay down, both of us falling so soundly asleep that it was daylight before we awoke.

During the night the wind moderated, and shifted to the westward of south, with heavy rain-showers, which put down the sea considerably; but at daylight of March 27 there was still a big ground-swell, and the surf on the beach and the breakers on the bar looked very formidable, and Skipper agreed with me in thinking the bar was impassable. However, all immediate danger was past; for, barring the long ground-swell, the water was smooth and the wind inclined to come off the land. So, lighting the stove, we put on the coffee-pot, and started breakfast. Skipper seemed to be quite himself again, and had forgotten all the perils and dangers he had been through since

leaving New River. At 8:30 A. M., Carlin and his crew mustered on the beach in front of the station, and hoisted a flag; then, waving to us and pointing in the direction of the inlet, they all walked toward it, evidently meaning that we should attempt to "take the bar." I must confess that I did n't like the look of it, but having implicit confidence in Captain Carlin's judgment, we got under way and prepared to run in. Then, stripping off everything with the exception of our trousers, we clad ourselves in the cork jackets, and steered for the bar. On nearing it, the skiff, which was towing astern, swamped, and as she was much strained, and would have been a hindrance to us, we cut her adrift, and never saw her again.

We sailed along the outer edge of the rollers, looking out for the channel, but the breakers extended right across the inlet,—four formidable lines of them,—roaring and flinging their snowy crests in the air as they curled and broke. A surf never looks so dangerous from seaward as it is in reality, and I hesitated. Sharks were visible, plenty of them—an additional risk. But Carlin and his crew had arrived at the inlet, and were ranging themselves on the beach, with their "life-sticks and -lines" all ready to heave. I also caught sight of my wife; she too was there, standing near Carlin, and I felt more than thankful that she, at all events, was on "the right side of the hedge." Being about high water, it was the most favorable time for attempting the passage, and we had a nice steady breeze. The chief danger lay in broaching to; and as we would have to raise the center-board on account of the shoal water, the chance of doing so was thereby increased. We heave to, and reduced the after sail; then, steeling our hearts, we pointed her head for the breakers, and let her go.

The men on shore were still in line, as if on parade; suddenly it struck me that this was not merely accidental: they had been placed in range to show us the best course through the breakers. By keeping them "end on" we should strike the deepest water on the bar. We instantly altered course, and, jumping forward on the deck-house, I held on to the mast, directing Skipper how to steer. We rapidly approached the broken water, and seemed to fly. As the first roller lifted and literally hurled us forward, the water seethed and boiled in over our decks, but comparatively little of it found its way into the cockpit, as it broke ahead, expending itself in an acre of foam. We were still moving fast, but a great transparent wall of green water was rapidly coming up astern, ominously curling and hissing. I held my breath; the critical moment was at hand, for if the roller did not break before it overtook us, to a cer-

tainty we should be swamped. Skipper's teeth were hard set, and his whole weight was thrown against the tiller to keep the sloop straight. Suddenly I felt her dragging; she was touching the ground, and the roller was almost overshadowing us, when in an instant the green wall changed to a flood of milk-white foam, which, surging down on us, lifted the sloop, tossing and bearing her onward at a tremendous pace. A flood of water swept in over the stern and weather-quarter, and half filled the cockpit, nearly washing Skipper overboard, as we almost broached to; but we were safe. We had crossed the shallowest spot, and when the next breaker thundered astern of us, we shot into smooth water, and all our troubles were over.

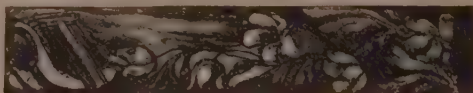
A loud cheer went up from our friends as we ran the *Minnehaha* alongside the beach at our old camping-ground, and there securely moored her.

Indian River once more! Farewell to bars and breakers; good-by to the Gulf Stream and its clear blue sea, to coral reefs and sandy keys; henceforth smooth water and sheltered anchorages! Skipper hailed with delight the change

to landlocked waters; but for myself, knowing our delightful cruise was nearing its end, I could not help feeling sorry that it was so. We had just finished mooring the *Minnehaha* and clothing ourselves when my wife, with Carlin and his men, appeared on the scene; and after exchanging congratulations we heard all that had taken place since parting from us. They had landed without mishap, and Carlin had taken my wife to his house at Jupiter, where Mrs. Carlin showed her much hospitality and kindness. From first to last Carlin and his crew behaved admirably. The zeal and intrepidity they displayed were worthy of the service to which they belonged, and we must ever feel grateful for the assistance they rendered to us.

The coasts of Florida, from the head of Indian River on the east to Tampa Bay or Cedar Keys on the west, are about the best cruising-grounds for a small or medium-sized yacht that I am acquainted with. As for the fishing, for variety, gameness, size, and quantity of the fish, I believe it to be the best in the world. And game, both fin and feather, is more or less abundant, according as the country is more or less settled.

William Henn



### "WHERE HELEN SITS."<sup>1</sup>

WHERE Helen sits, the darkness is so deep,  
No golden sunbeam strikes athwart the gloom;  
No mother's smile, no glance of loving eyes,  
Lightens the shadow of that lonely room.

Yet the clear whiteness of her radiant soul  
Decks the dim walls, like angel vestments shed.  
The lovely light of holy innocence  
Shines like a halo round her bended head,  
Where Helen sits.

Where Helen sits, the stillness is so deep,  
No children's laughter comes, no song of bird.  
The great world storms along its noisy way,  
But in this place no sound is ever heard.

Yet do her gentle thoughts make melody  
Sweeter than aught from harp or viol flung;  
And Love and Beauty, quiring each to each,  
Sing as the stars of Eden's morning sung,  
Where Helen sits.

Laura E. Richards.

<sup>1</sup> Helen Keller, deaf, dumb, and blind.



## THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.



It was in Zululand, on the evening of June 1, 1879. A little group of us were at dinner in the tent of General Marshall, who commanded the cavalry brigade in the British army which was marching on Ulundi, King Cetewayo's royal kraal. The sun was just going down when Colonel Harrison, the quartermaster-general, put his head inside the tent door, and called aloud in a strange voice, "Good God, the Prince Imperial is killed!" Harrison, though stolid, sometimes jested, and for the moment this announcement was not taken seriously. Lord Downe, Marshall's aide-de-camp, threw a crust of bread at his head, and Herbert Stewart, then brigade-major, afterward killed in the desert march in the Soudan, laughed aloud.

But sitting near the door, I discerned in the faint light of the dying day the horror in Harrison's face, and sprang to my feet instinctively. The news was only too fatally true, and when the dismal, broken story of the survivors of the party had been told, throughout the force there was a thrill of sorrow for the poor gallant lad, a burning sense of shame that he should have been so miserably left to his fate, and deep sympathy for the forlorn widow in England on whom fortune seemed to rejoice in heaping disaster on disaster, bereavement on bereavement.

I knew the Prince well. On the first two occasions I saw him, it was through a binocular from a considerable distance. On August 2, 1870, the day on which the boy of fourteen, in the words of his father, "received his baptism of fire," I was watching from the drill-ground above Saarbrück, in company with the last remaining Prussian soldiers, the oncoming swarm-attack of Bataille's *tirailleurs*, firing as they hurried across the plain. The *tirailleurs* had passed a little knoll which rose in the plain about midway between the Spicheren hill and where I stood, and presently it was crowned by two horsemen followed by a great staff. The glass told me that without a doubt the senior of the foremost horsemen was the Emperor Napoleon, and that the younger, shorter and slighter,—mere boy he looked,—was the Prince Imperial, whom we knew to be with his father in the field. A fortnight later, in the early morning of the 15th, the day before Mars-la-Tour, when the German army was still only

east and south of Metz, I accompanied a German horse-battery which, galloping up to within five hundred paces of the château of Longueville, around which was a French camp of some size, opened fire on château and camp. After a few shells had been fired, great confusion was observed about the château and in the camp, and I distinctly discerned the Emperor and his son emerge from the building, mount, and gallop away followed by suite and escort. Years later, in Zululand, when the day's work was done for both of us, and the twilight was falling on the rolling veldt, the Prince was wont occasionally to gossip with me about those early days of the great war which we had witnessed from opposite sides, and he told me his experiences on the morning spoken of. A crash awoke him with a start, and he was sitting up in bed, bewildered, when his father entered with the exclamation: "Up, Louis, up and dress! The German shells are crashing through the roofs." As the Prince looked out of the window while he hurriedly dressed, he saw a shell fall and burst in a group of officers seated in the garden at breakfast, and when the smoke lifted three of them lay dead. That the story of his nerves having been shattered by the bullet-fire at Saarbrück was untrue seems proved by an episode he related to me of that same morning an hour later. On the steep ascent of the *chaussée* up to Châtel the imperial party was wedged in the heart of a complete block of troops, wagons, and guns; a long delay seemed inevitable. But the lad had noticed a wayside gate whence a track led up through the vineyard. He followed it to the crest, and marked its trend; then riding back, he called aloud, "This way, papa!" The Prince's side-track turned the block, and presently the party were in the new quarters in the *auberge* of Gravelotte.

That excellent American publication, "Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia," errs for once in stating that after the downfall of the Empire the Prince "escaped with his mother to England." He never saw his mother after leaving Paris for the seat of war until she came to him in Hastings after the revolution in Paris. The wife who pressed her tortured husband to remain with the army to the bitter end by the telegraphed message, "Do not think of returning here—to have people saying that you were fleeing from danger," was also the mother who kept in the field her only son, and he a mere boy, by the curt instruction to his father, "For

reasons which I cannot here explain, I desire Louis to remain with the army." When the shadows were darkening on MacMahon's ill-fated march, the Emperor sent his son away from the front, and the story of the vicissitudes and dangers the lad encountered before reaching England after Sedan would make of itself a long article.

When his parents settled at Chiselhurst, the Prince, then in his fifteenth year, entered the Royal Academy of Woolwich to receive a scientific military education. He had not undergone the usual preparation, and he might have joined without the preliminary examination; but never then nor throughout the course would he accept any indulgence, and his "preliminary" was satisfactory, in spite of his want of familiarity with the language. In the United States West Point affords the same instruction to all cadets alike, those who are most successful passing into the scientific branches; but in England the cadets for the line are educated at Sandhurst, and the severer tuition of Woolwich is restricted to candidates for the engineer and artillery branches. The Prince took his chance with his comrades, both at work and play. His mathematical instructor has stated that he had considerable powers, evincing an undoubtedly clear insight into the principles of the higher mathematics; but he added that he often failed to bring out specifically his knowledge at examinations, owing to his imperfect grasp of the necessary formulæ and working details. Indeed, details wearied him, then and later. In Zululand he more than once told me that he "hated desk work," and M. Deleage, his countryman and friend, who accompanied the Zululand expedition, wrote that on the day before his death, after he had left the staff office tent, "Lieutenant Carey found the Prince's work done with so much haste and inattention that he had to sit up all night correcting it." In spite of this defect in steady concentration, at the end of his Woolwich course he passed seventh in a class of thirty-five, and had he gone into the English service he would have been entitled to choose between the Engineers and Artillery. He would have stood higher, but that, curiously enough, he comparatively failed in French. He was an easy first in equitation. During his Woolwich career he won the love and respect of his comrades; his instructors spoke warmly of his modesty, conscientiousness, and uprightness, and pronounced him truthful and honorable in a high degree.

After leaving Woolwich he lived mostly with his widowed mother at Chiselhurst, but traveled on the Continent occasionally, and mixed a good deal in London society, where from time to time I met him. After he attained

manhood, it was understood that a marriage was projected between him and the Princess Beatrice, the youngest of the Queen's offspring, who is now the wife of Prince Henry of Battenberg. The attainment of his majority was made a great occasion by the Imperialist adherents to testify their adherence to a cause which they refused to consider lost. More than 10,000 Frenchmen of all ranks and classes congregated on Chiselhurst Common that day, the tricolor waved along the route to the little Roman Catholic chapel on the outskirt of the quiet Kentish village, and as the members of the imperial family passed from Camden Place to the religious service, every head was uncovered, and shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" rose from the ardent partizans, numbers of whom had already paid homage to the remains of their dead Emperor, which lay in the marble sarcophagus in front of the high altar of the chapel. Later in the day the large company of French people assembled in the park of Camden Place, in rear of the deputations from the different provinces of France, each deputation headed by a leader bearing the provincial banner. The Prince, with his mother by his side, stood forward; behind them the princes, nobles, and statesmen of the late empire, and many Imperialist ladies of rank. When the Duc de Padoue had finished reading a long address expressive of attachment and devotion, the young Prince spoke to his supporters with great dignity, earnestness, and modesty. I remember the last sentences of his speech, the manly tone of which I can never forget. "If the time should ever arrive when my countrymen shall honor me with a majority of the suffrages of the nation, I shall be ready to accept with proud respect the decision of France. If for the eighth time the people pronounce in favor of the name of Napoleon, I am prepared to accept the responsibility imposed upon me by the vote of the nation." Once again, and only once, I heard the Prince speak in public. It was at the annual dinner of an institution known as the "Newspaper Press Fund." Lord Salisbury, one of the most brilliant speakers of our time, was in the chair; Cardinal Manning, the silver-tongued; Lord Wolseley,—better speaker than general,—and Henry M. Stanley, fresh from "Darkest Africa" were among the orators, but, quite apart from his position, the short address made by the Prince Imperial was unanimously regarded as the speech of the evening.

In features, with his long, oval face, his black hair and eyes, attributes of neither of his parents, and his lean, shapely head, the Prince was a Spaniard of the Spaniards. One recognized in him no single characteristic of the Frenchman; he was a veritable *hidalgo*, with all the



pride, the melancholy, the self-restraint, yet ardor to shine, the courage trenching on an ostentatious recklessness, and indeed the childishness in trifles, which marked that now all but extinct type. Whether there was in his veins a drop of the Bonapartist blood (remembering the suspicious King Louis of Holland with regard to Hortense) is a problem now probably insoluble; certainly neither he nor his father had any physical feature in common with the undoubted members of the race. The Montijos, although the house in its latest developments had somewhat lost caste, and had a bourgeois strain on the distaff side, were ancestrally of the bluest blood of Spain; and it has always been my idea that the Prince Imperial illustrated the theory of atavism by throwing back to the Guzmans, the Corderas, or the Baros, all grand old Spanish families whose blood was in his veins. How strong was his self-restraint even in youth an anecdote told in Miss Barlee's interesting book<sup>1</sup> of his Woolwich days may evidence. Hearing one day that a Frenchman was visiting the academy, he sent to say that he should be glad to see his countryman. The person, who, as it happened, was a bitter anti-Imperialist, was presented, and the Prince asked from what part of France he came. The fellow, looking the youth straight in the face with a sarcastic smile, uttered the one word "Sedan," and grinningly waited for the effect of his brutality. The Prince flushed, and his eye kindled; then he conquered himself, and quietly remarking, "That is a very pretty part of France," closed the interview with a bow. I never saw dignity and self-control more finely manifested in union than when the lad, not yet seventeen, dressed in a black cloak over which was the broad red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, followed his father's coffin as chief mourner along the path lined by many thousand French sympathizers; and his demeanor was truly royal when later on that trying day the masses of French artisans hailed him with shouts of "Vive Napoleon IV.," and he stopped the personal ovation by saying: "My friends, I thank you, but your Emperor is dead. Let us join in the cry of 'Vive la France!'" baring at the same time his head, and leading off the acclamation. His craving for effect curiously disclosed itself during a parade in Scotland of a number of Clydesdale stallions at which were present the Prince of Wales and a number of noblemen and gentlemen. One horse, which was plunging violently, was described as never having allowed a rider to remain on its back. At the word the Prince Imperial vaulted on to the bare back of the animal, mastered

its efforts to dislodge him, and rode the conquered stallion round the arena amid loud applause.

The forced inaction of his life irked him intensely. His good sense and true patriotism induced him steadily to decline the urgency of young and ardent Imperialists that he should disturb the peace of France either by intrigue or more active efforts to restore the dynasty. It stung him to the quick that the scurrilous part of the French press taunted him with the quietness of his life, which it chose to attribute to cowardice and lack of enterprise. In Zululand he told me of a circumstance which I have nowhere seen mentioned, that a year before he had applied to the French government for permission to join the French troops fighting in Tonquin; that MacMahon, who was then President, was in his favor, but that the Ministry refused the request. The English war of 1879 in Zululand was his opportunity. His constant belief was that ten years would be the term of his exile. "Dix ans de patience, et après!" he used to mutter in his day-dreams. The ten years were nearly up, and what prestige would not accrue to him if he should have the good fortune to distinguish himself in the field, which he was resolved to do at any cost! The disaster of Isandlwana, to retrieve which troops were being hurried out, and the heroic defense of Rorke's Drift, were lost opportunities at which he chafed. He felt that he was forfeiting chances which, taken advantage of, might have acclaimed his path to the imperial throne. Determined to lose no more chances, he went to the British commander-in-chief and begged to be permitted to go on service to South Africa.

His attitude and yearnings were quite intelligible, and were in no sense blameworthy. He desired to obtain the means toward a specific and obvious end, if England only would give him the helping hand. But this ultimate aim of his being so evident, it was singularly improper and ill-judged on the part of the English authorities, by actively furthering his object, to give well-grounded umbrage to the friendly power across the channel. The Prince's campaign was nothing other than an intrigue of the English court, always naturally adverse to republicanism—an intrigue the purpose of which was to help toward changing republican France into imperial France, and to contribute toward the elevation of this young man to the throne which his father had lost. The commander-in-chief had his scruples, for he is a man of discretion; but they were overruled, and it was from Windsor, bidden God-speed by the sovereign, that the Prince departed to embark. France sullenly watched his career in South Africa—had it ended differently the mood

<sup>1</sup> "Life of the Prince Imperial," compiled by Helen Barlee: Griffith & Farran, London.

might have intensified. If it be asked why for the last fourteen years France has never for an hour worn a semblance of cordial accord with the insular power its neighbor, the answer is, that this attitude of chronic umbrage has its main source in the intrigue which sent the Prince Imperial to Zululand.

At the news of Isandlwana I had hurried from the Khyber Pass to South Africa, and the Prince had already joined the army when first I met him in May, 1879, at Sir Evelyn Wood's camp of Kambula, which he was visiting with Lord Chelmsford and the headquarters staff. The Duke of Cambridge had specially confided him to his lordship's care. But poor Lord Chelmsford's nerve had been sore shaken by the tragedy of Isandlwana, after which he had begged to be relieved. Like Martha, he was careful and troubled about many things; his will-power was limp and fickle, and the Prince was to him in the nature of a white elephant. The latter, for his part, was ardent for opportunities of adventurous enterprise, while the harassed Chelmsford had been bidden to dry-nurse him assiduously. The military arrangements were lax, and the Prince had been able to share in several somewhat hazardous reconnaissances, in the course of which he had displayed a rash bravery which disquieted the responsible leaders. After one of those scouting expeditions in which he actually had come to close quarters with a party of Zulus, and it was said had whetted his sword, he was said to have remarked naively: "Such skirmishes suit my taste exactly; yet I should be *au désespoir* did I think I should be killed in one. In a great battle, if Providence so willed it, all well and good; but in a petty reconnaissance of this kind—ah! that would never do."

His penultimate reconnaissance was with a detachment of Frontier Light Horse, under the command of Colonel Buller, V. C., now Sir Redvers Buller, Adjutant-General of the British army. The Zulus gathered, and a fight seemed impending, to the Prince's great joy; but they dispersed. A few, however, were seen skulking at a distance, and against them he rode *ventre à terre* in a state of great excitement. He had to be supported, which occasioned inconvenience: during the night, which was bitterly cold, and during which the Prince's excitement continued, he tramped up and down constantly, singing at intervals, "*Mallbrook s'en va-t-en-guerre*," not wholly to the contentment of the more phlegmatic Britons around him. Colonel Buller reported his inconvenient recklessness, protested against accepting responsibility for him when his military duties called for all his attention, and suggested that he should be employed in camp on staff duty instead of being permitted to risk himself on re-

connaissance service. Thereupon Lord Chelmsford detailed him to desk-work in the quartermaster-general's department, and gave Colonel Harrison a written order that the Prince should not quit the camp without the express permission of his lordship. The Prince, made aware of this order, obeyed, for he had a high sense of discipline; but he did not conceal his dislike to the drudgery of plan-making in a tent. He was fond of and expert in sketching in the field.

The orders issued to the little army in the Koppie Allein camp on the 31st of May for the morrow were, that the infantry should march direct to a camping-ground on the Itelezi Hill about eight miles forward, the cavalry to scout several miles further, and then to fall back to the Itelezi camp. Early on the morning of June 10 the Prince, dead tired of routine desk-work, begged Colonel Harrison to allow him to make a sketching expedition with an escort, beyond the ground to be covered by the cavalry. The matter was under discussion, Harrison reluctant to consent, when Lieutenant Carey, a staff-officer of the department, suggested that he should accompany the Prince, and proposed that the expedition should extend into the Ityotyoti valley, where the next camp beyond the Itelezi was to be, and a sketch of which he (Carey) had two days previously left unfinished. Harrison then made no further objection, consenting the more readily because the whole terrain in advance had been thoroughly scouted over recently. He instructed Carey to requisition a mounted escort of six white men and six Basutos, and he subsequently maintained that he had intrusted the command of the escort to Carey. This Carey denied, repudiating all responsibility in regard to the direction of the escort, since the Prince, in his rank of honorary captain, was his senior officer, and maintaining that his function as regarded the latter was simply that of friendly adviser. I was afterward told that before leaving camp, the Prince wrote a letter—the last he ever wrote—to his mother, and that, hearing I was about to ride back to the post-office at Sandemann's Drift, he left the message for me, with his best regards, that he should be greatly obliged by my carrying down his letter. As it happened, I did not quit the camp until I did so as the bearer to the telegraph-wire of the tidings of the Prince's death.

I was with Stewart, the cavalry brigademajor, when Carey came to him with Harrison's warrant for an escort. Carey did not mention, nor did the document state, that the escort was for the Prince Imperial. Stewart ordered out six men of Beddington's Horse,—a curiously mixed handful of diverse nationalities,—and he told Carey that he would send



Captain Shepstone an order for the Basuto detail of the escort; but that time would be saved if Carey himself, on his way back to headquarters, would hand Shepstone the order and give his own instructions. Carey chose the latter alternative, and departed. An hour later, while I was still with Stewart, the six Basutos paraded in front of his tent. Either Carey or Shepstone had blundered in the instructions given them, that was clear; but nothing could now be done but to order the Basutos to hurry forward and try to overtake the balance of the escort. Meanwhile the Prince had been impatient, and he, Carey, and the white section of the escort had gone forward. Carey made no demur to the scant escort, since nothing was to be apprehended, and since he himself had been recently chaffed for being addicted to requisitioning inordinately large escorts. Harrison later met the party some miles out, and sanctioned its going forward, notwithstanding that the Basutos had not joined, which, indeed, they never succeeded in doing. The party then consisted of the Prince, Carey, a sergeant, a corporal, four troopers, and a black native guide — nine persons in all.

WHEN Harrison had announced the tidings of the tragedy, I went to my tent, and sent for each of the four surviving troopers in succession. They were all bad witnesses, and I could not help suspecting that they were in collusion to keep something back. All agreed, however, that Lieutenant Carey headed the panic-flight; and next day it transpired that when a mile away from the scene, and still galloping wildly, he was casually met by Sir Evelyn Wood and Colonel Buller, to whom he exclaimed, "Fly! Fly! the Zulus are after me, and the Prince Imperial is killed!" The evidence I took on the night of the disaster, and that afterward given before the court of inquiry and the court-martial on Carey, may now be briefly summarized.

The site of the intended camp having been planned out by the Prince and Carey, the party ascended an adjacent hill, and spent an hour there in sketching the contours of the surrounding country. No Zulus were visible in the wide expanse surveyed from the hilltop. At its base, on a small plain at the junction of the rivers Tambakala and Ityotyosi, was the small Zulu kraal of Etuki, the few huts of which, according to the Zulu custom, stood in a rough circle, which was surrounded on three sides at a little distance by a tall growth of "mealies" (Indian corn), and the high grain known as "Kafir corn." The party descended to this kraal, off-saddled, fed the horses, made coffee, ate food, and then reclined, resting against the wall of a hut, in full sense of assured safety. Some

dogs skulking about the empty kraal, and the fresh ashes on the hearths, might have warned them, but they did not heed the suggestion thus afforded. About three o'clock Corporal Grubbe, who understood the Basuto language, reported the statement of the guide that he had seen a Zulu entering the mealie-field in their front. Carey proposed immediate saddling-up. The Prince desired ten minutes longer rest, and Carey did not expostulate. Then the horses were brought up and saddled. Carey stated that at this moment he saw black forms moving behind the screen of tall grain, and informed the Prince. Throughout the day the latter had acted in command of the escort; and he now in soldierly fashion gave the successive orders, "Prepare to Mount!" "Mount!" Next moment, according to the evidence, a volley of twenty or thirty bullets — one witness said forty bullets — were fired into the party.

Let me be done with Carey for good and all. He had mounted on the inner, the safe, side of the hut, and immediately galloped off. On the night of the event, he expressed the opinion that the Prince had been shot dead at the kraal, but owned that the first actual evidence of misfortune of which he became cognizant was the Prince's riderless horse galloping past him. The men were either less active or less precipitate than was the officer. One of their number fell at the kraal, another on the grassy level some 150 yards across, between the kraal and a shallow "donga," or gully, across which ran the path toward the distant camp. As to the Prince, the testimony was fairly unanimous. Sergeant Cochrane stated that he never actually mounted, but had foot in stirrup when, at the Zulu volley, his horse, a spirited gray sixteen hands high and always difficult to mount, started off, presently broke away, and later was caught by the survivors. Then the Prince tried to escape on foot, and was last seen by Cochrane running into the donga, from which he never emerged. Another trooper testified that he saw the Prince try to mount, but that, not succeeding, he ran by his horse's side for some little distance, making effort after effort to mount, till he either stumbled or fell in a scrambling way, and seemed to be trodden on by his horse. But the most detailed evidence was given by trooper Lecocq, a Channel-islander. He stated that after their volley the Zulus bounded out of cover, shouting "Usuta!" ("Cowards!") The Prince was unable to mount his impatient horse, scared as it was by the fire. One by one the troopers galloped by the Prince, who, as he ran alongside his now maddened horse, was endeavoring in vain to mount. As Lecocq passed, lying on his stomach across his saddle, not yet having got his seat, he called to the

Prince, "Dépêchez-vous, s'il vous plaît, Monseigneur!" The Prince made no reply, and was left alone to his fate. His horse strained after that of Lecocq, who then saw the doomed Prince holding his stirrup-leather with one hand, grasping reins and pommel with the other and trying to remount on the run. No doubt he made one desperate effort, trusting to the strength of his grasp on the band of leather crossing the pommel from holster to holster. That band tore under the strain. I inspected it next day, and found it no leather at all, but paper-faced—so that the Prince's fate really was attributable to shoddy saddlery. Lecocq saw the Prince fall backward, and his horse tread on him and then gallop away. According to him, the Prince regained his feet, and ran at full speed toward the donga on the track of the retreating party. When for the last time the Jerseyman turned round in the saddle, he saw the Prince still running, pursued only a few yards behind by some twelve or fourteen Zulus, assagais in hand, which they were throwing at him. None save the slayers saw the tragedy enacted in the donga.

Early next morning the cavalry brigade marched out to recover the body, for there was no hope that anything save the body was to be recovered. As the scene was neared, some of us rode forward in advance. In the middle of the little plain was found a body savagely mutilated; it was not that of the Prince, but of one of the slain troopers. We found the dead Prince in the donga, a few paces on one side of the path. He was lying on his back, naked, save for one sock; a spur bent out of shape was close to him. His head was so bent to the right that the cheek touched the sword. His hacked arms were lightly crossed over his lacerated chest, and his face, the features of which were in no wise distorted, but wore a faint smile that slightly parted the lips, was marred by the destruction of the right eye from an assagai-stab. The surgeons agreed that this wound, which penetrated the brain, was the first and the fatal hurt, and that the subsequent wounds were inflicted on a dead body. Of those there were many, in throat, in chest, in side, and on arms, apart from the nick in the abdomen, which is the Zulu fetish-custom invariably prac-

tised on slain enemies as a protection against being haunted by their ghosts. His wounds bled afresh as we moved him. Neither on him nor on any of the three other slain of the party was found any bullet-wound; all had been killed by assagai-stabs. Round the poor Prince's neck his slayers had left a little gold chain, on which were strung a locket set with a miniature of his mother, and a reliquary containing a fragment of the true cross which was given by Pope Leo III. to Charlemagne when he crowned that great prince emperor of the West, and which dynasty after dynasty of French monarchs had since worn as a talisman. Very sad and solemn was the scene as we stood around, silent all and with bared heads, looking down on the untimely dead. The Prince's two servants were weeping bitterly, and there was a lump in many a throat. An officer, his bosom friend at Woolwich, detached the necklet, and placed it in an envelop, with several locks of the Prince's short dark hair, for transmission to his mother, who a year later made so sad a pilgrimage to the spot where we now stood over her dead son. Then the body, wrapped in a cloak, was placed on the lance-shafts of the cavalymen, and on this extemporized bier the officers of the brigade bore it up the ascent to the ambulance-wagon which was in waiting. The same afternoon a solemn funeral service was performed in the Itelezi camp, and later in the evening the body, escorted by a detachment of cavalry, began its pilgrimage to England, in which exile, in the chapel at Farnborough, where the widowed wife and childless mother now resides, the remains of husband and son now rest side by side in their marble sarcophagi. The sword worn in South Africa by the Prince, the veritable sword worn by the first Napoleon from Arcola to Waterloo,—in reference to which the Prince had been heard to say, "I must earn a better right to it than that which my name alone can give me,"—had been carried off by his Zulu slayers, but was restored by Cetewayo when Lord Chelmsford's army was closing in upon Ulundi.

To be slain by savages in an obscure corner of a remote continent was a miserable end, truly, for him who once was the Son of France!

*Archibald Forbes.*







ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL, IN ARTILLERY UNIFORM.

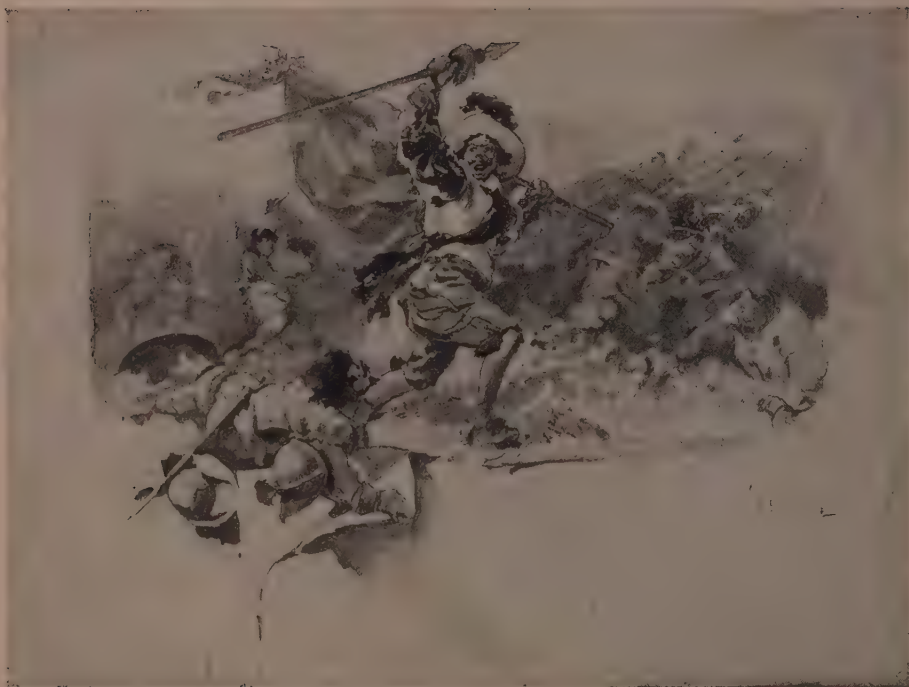


ILLUSTRATION FROM "GIL BLAS."

## THE FATHER OF MODERN ILLUSTRATION.

DANIEL VIERGE URRABIETA.



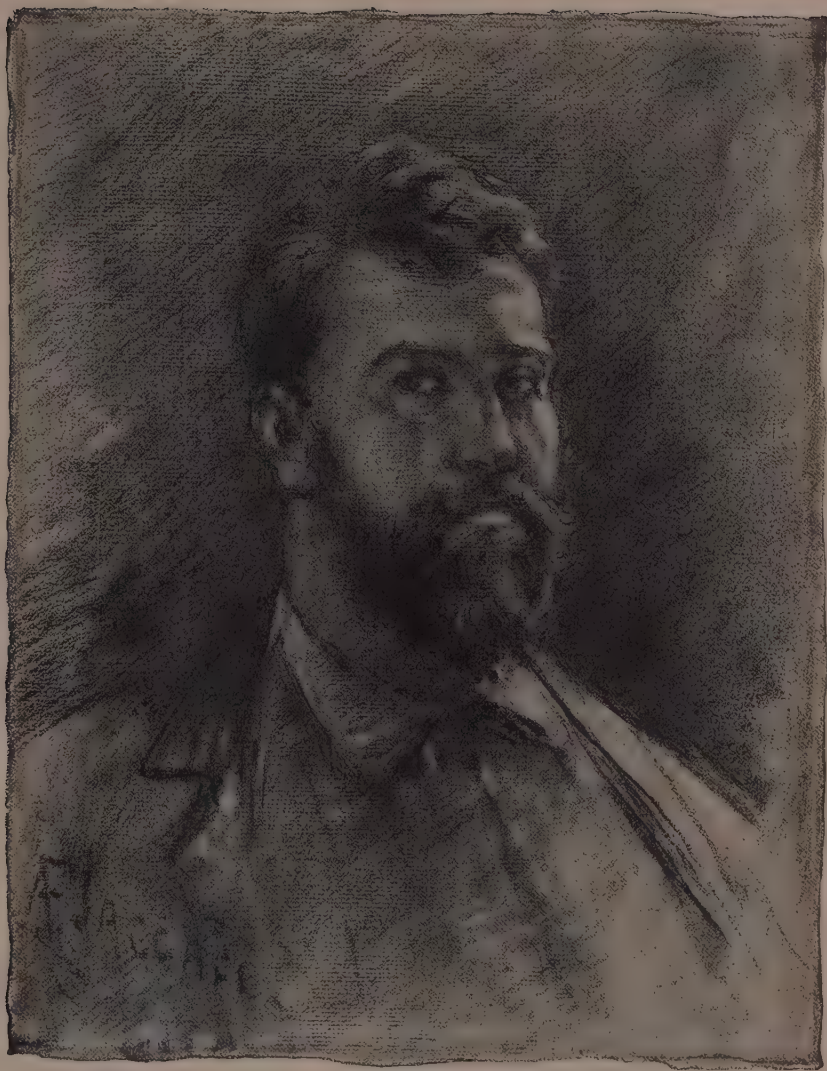
THE recent great development of the art of illustration has made it one of the typical features of our time. In the last thirty years the art has undergone a complete renovation, and, being transformed to fit new necessities, it has branched out into many new channels more or less directly connected with journalism. The illustrated press, following in the wake of the newspaper, now stands beside and completes it, being, like it, the logical outcome of our universal craving for news.

In such periodicals as deal with subjects of timely interest to the people, the enormous demand for illustrations—that is, for graphic representations setting forth in a clear manner those aspects of scenes and incidents that no word-description, however elaborate, can give—has created a supply as great. But the demand is that of an age hurried and utilitarian, and the supply, taking on a corresponding form, impresses the observer by its

superficiality and cheapness, in place of substance and carefully wrought results involving more time and a finer quality of labor; by its sensationalism and its tawdriness, in place of artistic refinement. These pictures therefore not only portray events of the day, but are a significant evidence of the tendencies of an age which cares less to be touched by beauty and sincerity than to be tickled by novelty, and by a sort of ready-made prettiness.

Though hinted at in early days, and followed during centuries, illustration may justly be called a modern art. It is a province of the kingdom Beautiful which we have made ours by right of conquest; where our advance has been untrammelled by tradition, and unhampered by the crushing achievements of the old masters—those stumbling-blocks to modern architects, sculptors, and painters. Here we have experimented in our own way, confronted by obstacles and problems new and to be solved according to our intuitions and original ideas. Whatever result has been achieved is ours, in so far as all new forms of human pro-





DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI.

DANIEL VIERGE URRABIETA.

gress are necessarily evolved from the previous efforts and achievements of mankind. And it is most gratifying to note that despite its rapid growth, and its adaptation to the tastes of a multitude which, while it certainly has a yearning for art, yet lacks artistic instinct, latter-day illustration evinces a vigorous progress. Less than half a century ago, illustrations were concocted like drugs by industrial workers who had learned the trade of making pictures to suit purely mercantile requirements, and such work in such hands had no pretense to art. Considering what has since been done, it seems

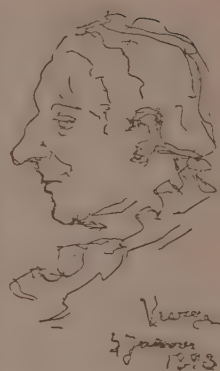
reasonable to suppose that even in those days a master would have made clear the possibilities of the highest class of illustration—that of books. Not so, however; since Meissonier's drawings for the "Contes Rémois" show that, instead of trying to lift the debased profession, he had sunk to its level, curtailing his talent within the narrow limitations that cramped the illustrators of the days before the seventies. As artistic expressions, these drawings are leagues behind the refined, exquisitely elegant if mannered productions of the eighteenth-century "Little Masters." They are still further

removed from the works out of which our modern art of illustration has been slowly evolved—those early woodcuts whose hard formulas, long since grown obsolete, nevertheless express admirably all the power, sentiment, thoughts, fancies, and genius of a Dürer or a Holbein. Since its obscure birth, while stumbling on through elementary stages and incessant transformations, illustration has been raised to its legitimate place in art when treated by men like these, who felt and thought for themselves, and ever tried to express their individuality. Meissonier, in giving us little figures, cold, posed, inexpressive of anything save of the correctness of a good *praticien*, that cold-blooded quality which a writer has called “insufferable negative goodness,” and ignoring all the higher possibilities of his task, left the art of illustration just where he found it—on the level of a trade.

Of the causes that have prepared the way for the contemporary advance, three are pre-eminent. First, the steady perfecting of mechanical appliances and the invention of more perfect methods of reproduction. Second, the raising to a higher plane of the serious and thorough qualities of painting and sculpture, especially in France, which in turn compelled a higher degree of excellence in all branches

of artistic production. The third cause is the influence of a few illustrators belonging to that rare and providential class of men who, when needed, suddenly blossom forth to do the work of the day. The first two causes have aided more particularly in the line of technical advance, while the work of these great illustrators has been of such wide range, has touched in such a vivifying manner the possibilities of the art, that it seems as if they were the prime factors in the new departure.

Among these few, but towering above them, stands Viege. All illustrators have felt his influence, too many have been his servile imitators; but for the best he has enlarged the horizon, opening hitherto unsuspected fields of activity, and showing by his example what can and what ought to be done. For twenty years all artists have received every produc-



FIRST DRAWING MADE BY VIEGE WITH HIS RIGHT HAND SINCE HIS ILLNESS.



ILLUSTRATION FROM "DON PABLO DE SEGOVIA."



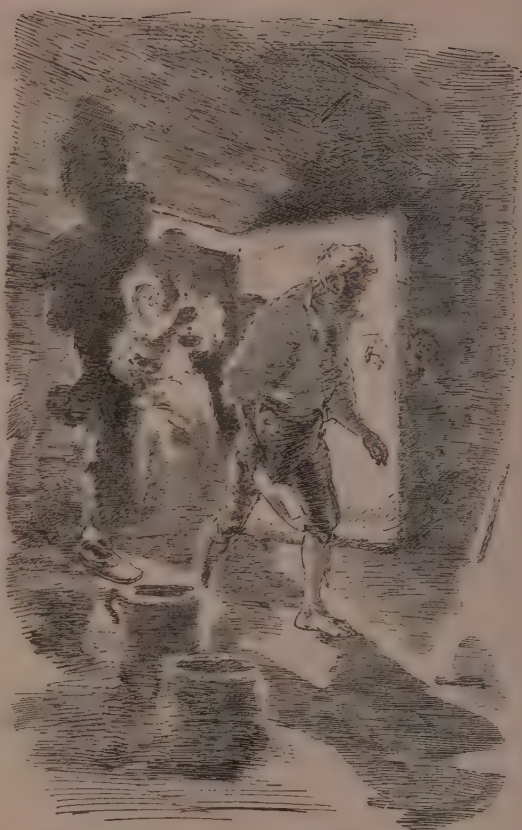


ILLUSTRATION FROM MICHELET'S "HISTOIRE DE FRANCE."

tion of this admirable draftsman as the lesson of a master.

The public must have felt in a vague way the intense sincerity which emanates from Vierge's work, but one may doubt whether it has been converted to the originality of manner, to the bold effects of black and white, the study of "values," the striving for character, type, and local color, which stamp every drawing of Vierge. Indeed, in glancing over most illustrated periodicals, which, after all, are business ventures managed with an eye to profit, there is good reason to believe that the masses still prefer the common stuff of mechanical craftsmen, probably because, having long been used to it, they understand it at a glance, and though it fails to start their thoughts into new channels, at least it neither puzzles nor irritates them. It is a story repeated in all times how real worth, if original and for that reason running counter to the prevailing taste, is decried, and how it always ends by entering into the common inheritance. Gustave Flaubert beautifully compares the man of genius to a powerful horse tortured by the cruel bit and spur of routine and ignorance, who nevertheless forges forward, bearing along with him his reluctant rider—humanity.

Vierge has been rarely fortunate in seeing during his lifetime, and under the impulse he had given, the advance of even the inferior productions of the craft. They try now to masquerade in the new costume, to assume some character and invention, and they possess at least a semblance of verity, heretofore ignored. What mattered a subject to the earlier illustrators? Day and night effects, gay and sad events, scenes of savage or civilized life, peasants and aristocrats, were cast by them in the same artificial, expressionless mold. As on the walls of an Egyptian temple there defiles a monotonous procession of hieratic figures, endlessly repeating one profile, gesture, costume, expression, so the old pictorial newspapers presented a repetition of wooden types and conventional elements arranged in the same stereotyped manner. Comparing the Paris "L'Illustration" or "Le Monde Illustré" of twenty-five years ago with that of to-day, one cannot but be struck by the definiteness and suggestiveness of the present pictures. The best among them give not only scenes snatched from reality, living people in living attitudes, but they render the very atmosphere, the am-



DRAWN BY VIERGE.

ILLUSTRATION FROM "SPANISH TALES."

bient of reality, and with black and white go so far as to suggest color.

In the face of such progress, it is remarkable how little recognition other than material illustration receives. The world at large, while enjoying it, is wont to consider it a branch of utilitarian, and therefore not of pure or of high, art; not reflecting, apparently, that art is art wherever it be found, and, moreover, that much of the greatest art of the world was born to serve practical ends.

As the Bible has been saddled with explanations and commentaries that have not made a whit clearer its original text,—nay, have obscured it,—in like manner has art suffered. Zealous friends and critics have taken infinite pains to explain and qualify, divide and subdivide, it into all sorts of degrees and classes which, however interesting they may prove to scholars and connoisseurs, almost inevitably result in misleading the crowd—the great throng of people who, because they fear mistakes in using their own judgment, follow blindly a





WEIGHING THE JOCKEY.

ENGRAVED BY G. A. POWELL.

leader, and, never taking his views *cum grano salis*, become rabid upholders of the letter, not of the spirit, of his law. Hence the pitiful spectacle, so familiar, of the ignorant Philistine turning his back on what he terms inferior art, to worship ostentatiously before the "Masters." What he disdains, being near him, has an intelligible message for him which would naturally become the sound foundation of his personal judgment of things artistic. What he adores is usually beyond his comprehension, but in adoring it he feels secure, for he follows the leaders of the day. While his authorities change with the fashion, he remains always correct, for when his authorities are found after a time to have been wrong, as they are perennially, it is their fault, not his. He does not think; they do his thinking for him.

One of the vulgar traits of human nature is to consider as a sign of refinement, a proof of good taste and superior knowledge, the belonging to a circle of worthies who adore in super-refined language the only true god, one whose chief trait is to be beyond the reach of commonplace mortals. There is a multitude of such sects, a multitude of unique gods, and these idols succeed one another in the worship of the crowd, a procession of short-lived fads. At one time, not so long ago, Mr. Ruskin's ideas on art were sound and right, the best the world had heard. It is stating it mildly to say that while his literary gift is highly valued now-

adays, his opinions of art have been found wanting. Again, the same Claude Monet who was thought a practical joker or a crank in 1875, is to-day idolized. Neither he nor Mr. Ruskin has changed. The only thing changed is the opinion of those who professed to know.

In the study of art broad-mindedness, catholicity, sympathy with the multiple forms of expression, are absolute requisites, as each artist has a perfect right to play his own melody in his own way, and on the instrument best suited to him. Criticism has too often been used as a weapon by men of one idea, who want everybody to see just as they see and just what they see. It was no more absurd for certain Parisian critics, influential makers of opinion in their day, to request Jean François Millet to paint nymphs and Cupids instead of peasants, than for Mr. Ruskin to ask every artist to Venetianize or Turnerize, or for the present self-appointed drum-beaters of the impressionist school to see salvation only in that one road. Claude Monet, leaving exaggeration to the rank and file, touched the great truth which should be the vital spark of all criticism as of all study of art when he said to a would-be pupil: "What could I teach you? To do what I am doing? Then you would become a little Monet, perhaps—a bad Monet, surely. If it is in you to be an artist, go and look at nature, and do what you see and feel. An artist must render impressions personally received, ideas person-

ally formed; he must extract from his consciousness an individual interpretation of the eternal subject-matter of art—nature. Why should he fashion himself on another's pattern, however perfect? Why substitute another head, heart, or instrument for his own?"

Above all is it wrong to narrow art to an

its message to all, is essentially democratic, and consequently in absolute harmony with the tendencies of the age. And it is not the less good because it descends to the masses.

Art is the little flower that finds substance on which to grow and blossom even in the barren desert. Scorning theories, it seizes every occasion to assert itself, and to lend its charm and dignity, its ennobling influence, to things we judge the least worthy of them. Why should not we recognize its ability to adapt itself to the special needs of our civilization, when the relics from Pompeian homes gathered in the Naples Museum afford only one of the many examples history gives us of how art has been yoked to utility, and made a familiar in the home, not alone a divinity in the temple?

Why, then, should we undervalue illustration, that vine which, climbing over the prosaic masonry of the printed matter, enriches and beautifies it? When carelessly fingering the pages of current periodicals, why dismiss with a light word all the images thereon? The medium counts for little, the result is everything. Certain of Raphael's drawings, of Rembrandt's etchings, are purer works of art than many of their paintings, and the quantity and quality of that indescribable something which constitutes genius are as evident in their scratchy monochromes as in their elaborate pictures. So seldom are we treated to art at all, that when we are, what matters it in which special

way it is expressed? Moreover, it is in the very nature of illustrations to set in evidence some of the most precious qualities an artist can show. As they need of necessity to be quickly done, the original idea of their authors is carried out in its freshness, in telling strokes pregnant with suggestiveness. Because of those qualities, too often lost in their big works, we



ILLUSTRATION FROM "GIL BLAS."

abstract esthetic convention, and to deny to it its most important function as a refining social influence, an educator of all times and of all people, not merely a preacher for the benefit of the elect. Illustration, in its dealing with subjects in which all take a lively interest, in the fact of its being scattered broadcast over the land, available to high and low, conveying



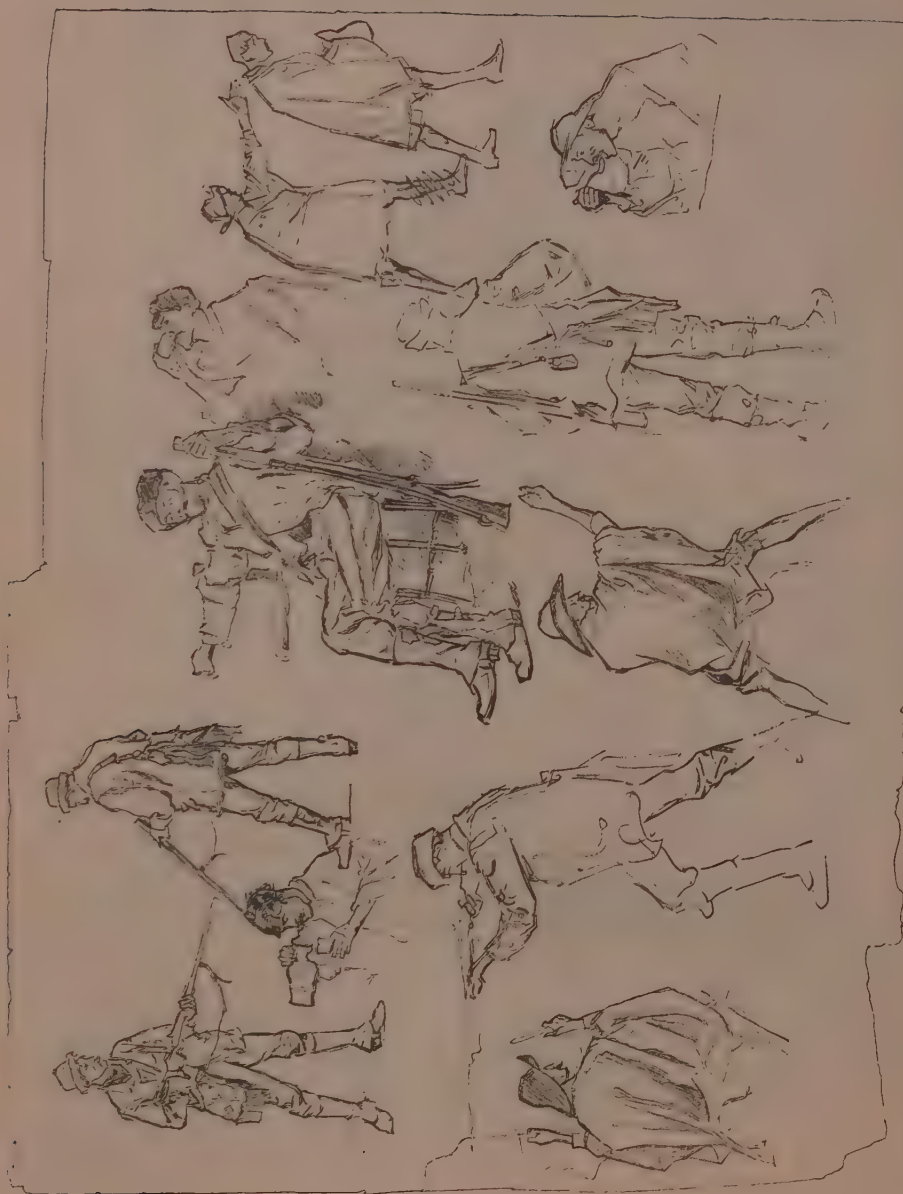


STUDY BY VIERGE.

prize so highly the rough sketches of great masters, where we see the creative and imaginative faculties in the white heat of the first expression: the goal those men had in view is there plainly visible; each touch, each line, seems to tremble with the emotion they have felt. Not one of the least important results of the entering of illustration into the daily lives of the masses has been to familiarize them with the abbreviated, the spiritual, writing of the artist's mind—the few lines that give all the idea and do no more than hint at those parts of minor importance, the rosettes and buckles which have had the privilege to hold the exclusive attention of the ignorant.

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The value of the preceding considerations is not lessened because of their applying only to the highest class of illustrations, as the best work, equally rare in any art or profession, is the one basis whereon to build the possibilities of the future. Daniel Vierge has shown pre-eminently how modern, varied, serious, and high an art-illustration could be made. It was his good fortune to be born amid the circumstances most favorable for the development of his talent. His father, Vincente Urrabieta Ortiz, the best-known illustrator of Spain in his day, though only an artisan, was at heart an artist, passionately devoted to the work to which he gave the best of his thoughts and all



DRAWN BY VIERGE.

# PENCIL STUDIES.

ENGRAVED BY G. MAYLOR.



SCENE FROM AN OPERA BOUFFE. ("LE MONDE ILLUSTRE.")



of his time. Under his influence little Daniel knew how to draw before he could read, and when at thirteen he applied for admission at the Fine Arts Academy of Madrid, he was received with honors into the highest class. There he spent five busy years with classmates who have since won wide recognition in the world—Pradrilla Villegas, Rico, the younger Madrazo, Carbonero, etc. Notwithstanding a few inroads into the paternal field, he wanted to become a painter, and had been looking eagerly toward the time when he would go abroad to follow in the footsteps of that Fortuny whose fame was just beginning to dawn on the studios of Europe. Arrived in Paris, the Mecca which was to become his home, Vierge at once set about composing little pictures, which readily assured him the means necessary to pursue his studies. It would be interesting to trace in his work at this time the germs of the future master, but no one knows what has become of these first attempts. That they showed already the bent of his mind is evident from their subjects; turning away from consecrated paths, he chose these from the life about him, in streets and markets, popular fêtes and fairs.

There are on the walls of his studio some oil-sketches showing him as a colorist of superb frankness, and in his portfolios a few water-colors quite summarily treated, yet of a clearness, a force of tone, a vibration of light, and a boldness and refinement of color, absolutely remarkable. It is evident to those who have seen them that should Vierge abandon black and white for color, he would take place in the first rank of contemporary painters. Is it not better that he should stand as he does, the pioneer and supreme master of a decadent art which he has again made young, vigorous, full of possibilities—one that answers the most genuine and general demand of our time?

Vierge had hardly begun to realize his youthful ambition, when evil fortune, in the guise of the Franco-Prussian war, shattered his plans. Apparently his only alternative was to follow the frightened Muses in their flight before Mars to that poor native land of his, where the Muses, worshiped in florid Castilian periods, are nevertheless left to starve. Distressed and dispirited, he was packing to go, when an acquaintance and half-countryman, Charles Yriarte, the art writer, asked him to become a contributor to "*Le Monde Illustré*," the Parisian weekly, of which Yriarte was then director. Was Yriarte aware of the possibilities of Vierge's talent in the direction of illustration, or was the proposition made simply to help bridge over an embarrassing time? At all events, thus unexpectedly began a laborious career, which, in 1881, was violently ended by paralysis, resulting from overwork. If during that career the son has not produced a

million published drawings,—the number his father proudly acknowledged to have made,—it is for no other reason than because the days of those eleven short years had only twenty-four hours.

The feature of this extraordinarily abundant production is that it kept steadily growing in quality. It never entered Vierge's head to consider the purely business aspect of his relations with publishers—a fact the more noticeable because so rarely met with, and which alone shows the fine fiber of the man. With the facility acquired by practice, how easily he could have improvised dashing compositions that, with economy of time and effort, would have brought him more material reward. Being bountifully gifted, how he could have reveled in pot-boiling, and still have been by far the cleverest of his craft! But Vierge studied every one of these illustrations, ordered as hack-work and thrown to an unappreciative public, as conscientiously as though they were to be submitted to a jury of his peers. After all, the lives of great artists are peculiarly alike, woven in the same fashion on the same loom of commonplace circumstances such as befell the rest of mankind. Their key-note is the ability of these men to concentrate and unify their powers in the struggle for the realization of an ideal. Such lives are narrow in the sense that all in them is subservient to one purpose, and at that cost alone can they be made so effective. In all other senses they are deep and of wide range, as the faculties, unceasingly trained and sharpened, are constantly on the alert to further the one aim of those strong and useful lives. The precious lesson of Vierge's career is that his high accomplishment is the result of singleness of purpose and indefatigable study. In the family, at school, in Paris, as a boy and as a man, he worked with that truly southern enthusiasm which transfigures common drudgery, and makes a happiness of dull and dreary routine. All was food for his buoyant energy, and to all he brought a broad spirit of searching inquiry, a passionate desire to find what his individuality (his temperament, the French would say) could assimilate, and therewith strengthen itself.

No preconceived theory ever directed him; he simply followed that instinct which enables an artist to gather from all that comes in his way, from things sympathetic and antipathetic, the good and the bad, what he needs to enlarge, refine, and complete his talent. As a bird's nest is built, so a man's talent grows to a consistent whole, though composed of stray bits gathered here and there. Each individual organism is enabled to work out the problem of its salvation by a law of nature whose subtle workings cannot be traced—a law that baffles





FRIAR'S HEAD.

ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF.

fles our theories by showing that what is death to one man is the source of life to another. Most students would have been ruined by scattering their efforts in so many different fields, and essaying every conceivable medium of expression. Yet such a loose training has brought out the artist of whom Meissonier said that he and Menzel were the greatest draftsmen of the century. What would appear on the surface rambling and desultory labor, was for Vierge the best of preparation—the chrysalis from which, radiant and full-winged, his inspiration was to emerge.

The siege of Paris marks the ending of that period of apprenticeship. If until then he had

been, like a true Spaniard, partial to all that shines and details prettily, and inclined to insist upon preciousness of rendering, his shackles to mannerism fell as he worked in a whirlpool of splendid inspirations. Spurred on by spectacles which made a profound impression on him, his feelings found an expression spontaneous, yet sober, virile, and of surpassing individuality.

It has been said that to remain in the French capital during those troubled times was, for a foreigner with few acquaintances and little knowledge of the language, an act of courage. If it were, Vierge never realized it. For him it was that blessed opportunity to

show what he could do which every true artist seeks. As a man, he gave his earnings and the pity of his heart to sufferers about him; as an artist, he was elated, lifted high into pure regions which the miseries of this world cannot reach. The crazy enthusiasm of the populace in the days immediately following the declaration of war, its wild antics at the repeated news of disaster, the fall of the empire, the establishment of the republic, the nation in arms, the months of famine—these thousand scenes of a great drama found in him an indefatigable and truthful interpreter.

With Vierge fatigue and hunger were despised; danger in many forms was ignored. One day when, draped in his national mantle, the *capa*, no doubt looking very odd even in the medley of queer, semi-civilian, semi-military costumes of the Parisians, he was sketching a street post of militiamen, his attention was attracted by growing rumors, "A Prussian spy! A Prussian spy!" Turning to see the spy, he found every flaming eye riveted upon him. The Prussian spy? It was he! Was he not sketching, and in broad daylight taking "plans" of a militia barracks, and portraits of the militiamen loafing in front of it? And for what other reason possible than to furnish the execrated Bismarck with precious data on the actual condition of the city's defenses? Upon so well-founded suspicions Vierge was put in jail, but when rescued by Yriarte, his collection was enriched with the portraits of the sentries who had kept guard over him—a fine lot of types he considered it a privilege to have been able to get at so slight a cost.

Here, there, everywhere, always on the alert and incessantly working, Vierge filled sketch-book after sketch-book with impressions, often simple, rough indications, yet so full of movement, of life, of such incisive accuracy, that they bring back the reality to those who have seen it, and to others they are revelations, not stamped with the cold and dead reality of the photograph, but alive with the very spirit of the things portrayed.

When bombs began to fall in the outlying districts of the besieged city, he sought his inspiration in those dangerous precincts from which all others fled. On hearing that the cellars of the Panthéon were used as a refuge by the inhabitants of the rag-pickers' ghetto, the Quartier Mouffetard, he found his way there. In the large open space around the monument, while the missiles were dropping as "thick as hail," Vierge made some fine studies of the irrepressible street gamins chasing the hot fragments of exploded shells, as flying sparrows in a thunder-storm snatch at insects. Crossing the square, now at a run, again stretched flat on the pavements when

an ominous hissing announced the approach of danger, he came to the cellars filled with terrified women clutching their children, and men frenzied with rage. Laments and blasphemies, dolorous stories of mutilation, destruction, and death, echoed along the resounding vaults in a great wail, drowned as by magic when a door was opened and the thunderclaps of bursting bombs—those mighty throbs of the agonizing city—set a-trembling people, monuments, the very earth, and compelled an awful silence. There, amid the confusion, he brushed one of his most tragic compositions.

It was at the risk of his life, and under difficulties of all sorts, that during the Commune he made the collection of some twenty drawings which he ranks as his most precious notes from life. The originals, who never dreamed that they posed for him, are of the most characteristic type furnished by that tempestuous period, when from vile haunts and unknown crevices of beautiful Paris there crawled forth into the light of day creatures no imagination of romantic poet could create, stranger than fiction, more grotesque than Quasimodo, and full of the cunning and ferocity of brutes; all those sad and repulsive types of popular uprisings—selfish leaders, exalted utopists, loafers, criminals, and the great flock of bedraggled sheep. Vierge's portraits of Flourens and of cruel, cold-blooded Raoul Rigault have the value of historical documents, and so have his pictures of unfeminine *cantinières*, of brawlers in fantastic, truculent costumes, and of sailors with bushy beards, and short clay pipes between their teeth, bursting all over with impudent swagger. The capital piece of the series depicts an episode of the entrance of the regulars into Paris. Against a wall, half crouching, half erect, an old *pétroleuse*, disheveled, the breast nude, the low, depraved face distorted with rage, slobbers anathemas and infamous vituperations on the men who are about to shoot her. A few strokes of the pencil, and she is there so atrociously real that one hears her curses.

The test of Vierge's career came after this, when, finding himself thrown by the force of circumstances in the gearing of journalism, he had to enter the domain of the commonplace, and to seek his inspiration in the humdrum routine of nineteenth-century life. It was as if, after having been carried along by a strong current, he was left to push his way in a deadly calm. It was trying to come down from the subjects of the war, worthy indeed of a man of genius, to what was in comparison infinitely prosy and uninteresting. But as great writers find ever new ways of treating that hackneyed theme, the human heart, so Vierge, look-





DRAWN BY VIERGE.

THE INFANTA. ("LE MONDE ILLUSTRE.")

ing at daily life in the same lofty manner with which he had looked upon great historical events, revealed to us a new significance in spectacles familiar, and new aspects of picturesque and beauty of which we were ignorant. The temptation was almost irresistible to let one's self become a mere technician, or a mirror that does no more than reflect unfeel-

ingly what stands before it. But putting his heart into the task confronting him, Vierge ennobled his subjects by his manner of treating them, making jewels of the trifles constituting that "actuality" which is the small change of history. He dealt with them not in the flip-pant manner of the reporter, but with the dignity of a sane and robust nature, whose acute-

ness of vision reaches through the external aspects to the essentials, whose large and active human sympathy at once puts him in touch with widely diverse subjects. Thereby Vierge has rendered, not only to illustrators, but to us all, an invaluable service in showing what a rich unexplored mine is that which lies directly under our daily observation. His drawings are to us the same kind of revelation as was a picture of Van Ostade to Goethe. The author of "Faust" had often looked with eyes that did

before it happens. His sketch-books testify eloquently to his scrupulous professional honesty, for in looking them over one finds all the elements of his published works. I know few things so captivatingly interesting as those innumerable sketch-books, which fill all the closets of his house. The history of French society, of its interests, fads, manners, habits, pastimes, is there written day by day, almost hour by hour. They make a unique monument of priceless value to future histori-



DASHI-BAZOUKS RETURNING FROM A RAIDING EXPEDITION. ("LE MONDE ILLUSTRE.")

not see at the little shoemaker's shop of his Dresden landlord, until he entered it one day after a visit to the museum where he had been studying an interior of Van Ostade. The suffused light which filled the humble place, bringing out the old cobbler at his last, made a scene the beauty of which for the first time dawned upon him. The Flemish painter had thus helped Goethe to discover the beauty of that which lay at his own door.

Notwithstanding the exigencies of an enormous production with exacting limitations of time, Vierge would not consent to do anything without exact documents. On occasions the necessary indications came from eye-witnesses, but whenever possible he went to take them himself. In no case would he condescend to compound those magical fantasies peculiar to a large class of illustrators that depict an event

ans, one of the curiosities of the intellectual world. To an artist they present another element of interest, as only an artist can appreciate the courage there shown: how Vierge forgot the science he had at his fingers' ends, and voluntarily deprived himself of the resources of a consummate execution, to be born again for each new subject.

In that respect what a contrast, and how much superior, is Vierge to the craftsman who tries not so much to interpret what he sees, as to make something clever out of it! The one before nature is naïve, humbly attentive; he has the almost religious respect of the student, all his efforts are concentrated in the attempt to render what he sees as he sees it, and with means born of the impression he receives. The other tries in some way to liken what he sees to what he has fallen into the habit of doing,



to adapt it to certain tricks of execution which he possesses; so that freshness, the bloom of truth, being brushed away, the conventional result is, perforce, unimportant. That superficial way of touching "*de omni re scibili*" may be amusing, but it is as shallow and profitless as small talk.

When trying to enter into the analysis of a man's talent, one is reminded of the saying of a French critic that in art even the finest descriptions are not equal to a hasty view of things. One is conscious, also, of seeing an artist in a partial and incomplete fashion, of dwelling at length upon sides understandable, and passing over others equally worthy of attention.

Fortunately the sketches which are the *raison d'être* of this article give Vierge the opportunity to speak for himself. It can be but a restricted opportunity,—the range of his work is too great to be given adequately, and the large compositions which form an important part of his productions cannot be reduced to the size of a magazine page,—yet these fragments do him better justice than any words could do.

Though generously revealing themselves in his work, how can one do more than hint at the characteristic traits of Vierge's talent; how analyze or describe that felicity of inspiration, subtle and evanescent, which asserts itself so joyfully in his drawings—his discrimination in selecting in each subject the aspect most worthy to be dwelt upon? Nature being always luxuriant and diffuse, with what artful taste he eliminates the superfluous! How intelligently he touches the accessories needful to the impression he wishes to convey, and assigns them to their just place, and gives them their relative importance!

In France he is called a *tachiste*, because he simplifies to be more forcible, to bring out more clearly the important features of his subjects. His wash-drawings, looked at closely, are a confused mass of blots and lines, but two feet away these rough elements, assuming their significance, melt and harmonize in a palpitating impression of light movement and life. Each brush-mark, however careless it may appear, is forceful, and lays bare the essence of whatever it touches; and it is as expressive of the refined, the delicate, as of the virile. In a few synthetic strokes, Vierge exhausts a type, an expression, an effect which would be dwelt upon to tiresomeness by the craftsmen who accumulate smart little details for want of something better to produce a skin-deep semblance of reality.

But to render sensations and impressions; to express the vision mental and physical of beings and things in the *milieu* and atmosphere to which they belong; to show movements,

attitudes, gestures, play of physiognomy, the thousand aspects of dress, of architecture, according to the dimness or exaltation of the light; to attempt effects considered impossible; to say so much that none had dared to say before—Vierge has had to manufacture for himself an instrument at the same time large and fine, firm and flexible, an incisive tool, a new language. Hence the great difficulty confronting him at the outset, and against which he has had constantly to contend—of finding engravers capable of being "translators and not traitors." In their bold revolutionary garb his audacious compositions were unintelligible to men who had become accustomed to a narrow routine. When Vierge began his career of illustrator, the wood-engravers were painstaking artisans who hugged with the same affection and lack of discrimination unimportant as well as important facts; they who labored to give the word for the word attached little importance to the meaning of the phrase. In not only inspiring, but in personally training his engravers, Vierge bears the same relation to contemporary wood-engraving that he does to contemporary illustration. He is the father of a school of engravers who, permeating their work with light, color, and refreshing unexpectedness of treatment, putting playfulness, and character, and feeling into it, have infused with vigorous life an art which had grown old, stiff, and mechanical.

Vierge is a realist in that he is a worshiper of truth; but realist is a misleading epithet, embracing as many sins as virtues. Far from the low realism of commonplaceness and nastiness is that realism of Vierge, which beautifies all it feeds upon, because it delights in dwelling on those elements of beauty and goodness existing latent or revealed in all things.

Perhaps the most personal, and thus the most strongly felt, trait of Vierge is his faculty of imparting a sort of heroic character—all his own—to his representations of reality. It seems as if there was more of the Moor than of the Spaniard in his nature, as if his work was a revelation of that fine race that knows how to drape itself in a rag, and on whose lips the honey of beautiful verses is born of a ray of sunlight. But his art is as naturally alert and joyous as it is dignified. One feels that the artist loves his work as a lover his mistress, that it is not work to him, but a constant delight.

VIERGE was making the illustrations for a French translation of Quevedo's "*Don Pablo de Segoyia*," when, in the ripeness of his talent, still young, and with a glorious future before him, he was stricken by the thunderbolt of paralysis. His right side was as dead, his speech and part of his memory were annihilated, and

the athletic physique, the superb working-force to which an hour of idleness had been unknown, were wrecked in an instant.

Shy of society, and so continually busy that he was ever beyond reach of friends, his condition remained long unknown to those who would have hastened to help him. Only after six months, when his incomplete "*Don Pablo de Segovia*" was published, did the world and his friends learn of his trouble. After two years of living death, the resurrection of his energies and faculties began. Slowly he reacquired a few half-articulate sounds, which constitute all that he has now of human language, gradually the cloud over his memory lifted, and his right side woke again to life, until now the wrist and hand alone are helpless. His mental robustness and sanity have passed through the ordeal unscathed, and his motive in life remaining foremost within him, he has trained his left hand to draw, and returned to his beloved labor.

Naturally he now works very slowly, but with the crisis of his life there came something new and greater into his character, which is reflected in his work. If he has lost traits of pure virtuosity, his observation has grown graver, more impressive, his touch more severe. To his dramatic instinct, his verve, his fertility of invention, there is added that which makes certain artists and poets speak to more than their time and generation, because they depict not alone the surface aspects of humanity, but humanity itself.

As a draftsman with the pen, Vierge combines in a high degree the widely diverse qualities which distinguish the old painters in their occasional use of the pen, and the modern artists who have dedicated themselves to this branch of art. The old pen-drawings, simple notes from nature, studies of figures or compositions made in reference to future paintings, are emphatically expressive of the artist's idea. Not admitting of delicate minutiae, but large of treatment, as of conception, they show one of the sides of the man of many parts, and with slight means say well all they wish to say.

Unlike the old painters, the modern specialists, regarding the pen as fully adapted to the interpretation of nature and the rendering of their own creations, have achieved excellence in the line in which we usually reach excellence nowadays—in the line of technic. Speaking generally, therefore, one might say that they depend upon the execution, while their predecessors depended upon the idea. In Vierge's pen-and-ink drawings these two contending elements are united. They are clever beyond any one's cleverness, and in the most varied manner. Mr. Pennell well says that if any professional thinks he has invented some new

mode of rendering, he has only to look at Vierge's sketches to find himself mistaken. No one has reached such mastery in any of the different styles, simple or complicated, of pen-work. No matter how made, his sketches always compose a sort of dainty filigree: pure blacks, pearl-gray tints, isolated lines forming exquisite combinations which, irrespective of subject, fascinate the eye. That these lines are few, admirably chosen, expressive of character, form, and texture, becomes evident only after one is struck by the first seductive impression of the ensemble. In looking more attentively, it seems impossible that simple black lines on white paper should be made to tell so much: the strong relief of the foreground, the airy indistinctness of distance, the differences in materials, the sheen or dullness of stuffs, the very substance of flesh and bone. And to express it all in so subtle a way that it baffles analysis! But they do this admirably, and what they cannot say aloud they seem to suggest.

However, Vierge's technic, extraordinarily fine though it is, is of secondary importance. Like the old painters, he uses it as a means to an end. His medium, infinitely finer, more complicated, and more resourceful than theirs, is, like theirs, a costume that, becoming the living figure, would lose all beauty if thrown over a puppet. What distinctly separates Vierge from the purely picturesque school, over which master rendering holds tyrannic sway, is the versatility and the grandeur of his ideas and inventions. That is what, with his worship of truth, his broad human sympathy, his sensibility, and his sense of measure, he gives expression to in a form exquisitely wrought, but not mannered, and what prevents the richness and abundance of his picturesque instinct from asserting themselves unduly.

A drawing full of relief, extraordinarily good and true; the choice of the best effect, of the typical gesture, the sobriety of details, the great art to sacrifice and let a few necessary accents sing out from the ensemble—all combine to make his creations what they are, and it is after a careful process of choosing and pruning, after many preliminary studies, that those superbly free pen-and-ink drawings which seem improvised are finally made. Much of their charms come, no doubt, from their admirable freshness and crispness, their unequalled grace of rendering, but their value lies far beyond and deeper than external qualities.

The artist's triumph over difficulties is the greater that, in the cramped sphere of an art full of limitations, he has treated so many different subjects. During the twelve years of his collaboration with "*Le Monde Illustré*," he has pictured with the pen the principal



scenes of new plays produced in Parisian theaters: the drama, the comedy, the pageantry of opera, and the pretty foolery of opera bouffe—each intensified in its character, each telling its story plainly, completely, and with the emphasis, the glittering artificiality, of the stage. The civil wars of Spain, the conflict in the East, have also given him the opportunity to relate many an unusually picturesque or dramatic incident. But the subjects he was best qualified to treat, because all the instincts of his nature were in sympathy with them, and had been at that early age when things make an indelible impression on the receptive brain, are the subjects of his native land. Refractory to the influences of his second home, Vierge has remained as typical a Spaniard as if he had never left Madrid, and his dearest pleasure has been to make scenes of Spanish life familiar to the French public. Amid such a production as his has been, it is difficult to select and particularize, but surely his Spanish scenes with the pen or the brush count among the most brilliant of his performances on the illustrated press. His masterpiece as a pen-and-ink artist is an illustration of a classic of old Spanish literature. The "Tacaño" of Quevedo, one of many fine picturesque novels half philosophical, half satiric, preceding "Don Quixote," probably inspired Cervantes. The "Tacaño" (bad boy, sharper), otherwise known as "Don Pablo de Segovia," is the story of a barber's son, vitiated in body and soul by bad company, an excess of misery, and the example of a society corrupt and hypocritical. *Pablo* passes through a series of hyperbolic adventures, struggling like a demon with alguazils and robbers, beaten and beating, here cutpurse, there cutthroat, and ever inconceivably full of audacity, of nerve, and of wit. Wily *Figaro* is a holy personage compared with this wild ancestor of his, who, unbridling throughout Spain his extravagant tricks, skips between the clutched fingers of the Inquisition, flouts the nobility, shears the good wool of the rich bourgeois, affiliates himself to every band of scoundrels, and is ever ready to stake his life for a piece of cake. What a pic-

ture of the Spain of the sixteenth century! What morals, and what a society! Brawlers, duennas, poets, mendicants, pilferers, hangmen, amorous nuns, filibusters, gamblers—all these swarm, swaggering with life, through that fantastic book. Its pages are filled with thefts and fights, embraces and murders, done with rosary in hand and with profound reverences which make the hat-feathers trail in the dust. Nothing is of importance but to have a fine supper, nothing sacred but a full stomach. Loaded dice and marked cards are more necessary than clean linen, and sword-thrusts are ever ready for those who too keenly notice the game. When the conscience squeaks, two candles at the Virgin's altar, a present to the beadle, and all goes on as nicely as may be under the guardianship of his majesty the king, whom God preserve!

In such strange *milieux* Vierge has roamed, handling his pen like a rapier. Evidently these rascals amused him, and he was interested in them. His drawing has the color, the furious wit, of Quevedo's style. He has made of *Don Pablo* as entertaining and extraordinary a figure in graphic art as he is in literature, and interpreted him as only a Spaniard can interpret a Spaniard. He has depicted his antics with a buoyant humor savoring of the soil and full of the perfume of the air of Spain. He said that while doing these illustrations, he would often leave his work-table, pick up his guitar, and inspire his pictures to the accompaniment of the twanging string. Indeed, they evoke the very raspings of guitar and castanet, the nasal cadences of *seguidillas*, the bursting "Olé, olé" of Spanish students.

In "Don Pablo" inspiration and rendering unite to form an ideal masterpiece. So far it is the artist's book. He is still young,—barely forty-two years,—so we may confidently look forward to worthy successors of "Don Pablo"; but should his career end to-morrow, that one work will make all lovers of art eager to acquaint themselves with the wonderfully solid and beautiful monument he has erected on the sands of ephemeral journalism.

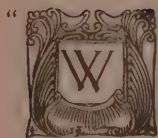
August F. Jaccaci.

In calling Vierge the Father of Modern Illustration, the writer does not mean that of the two artists Menzel and Vierge, who stand in a position of unique eminence in relation to the modern development of illustration, the art of the latter is superior to the art of the former. The epithet is simply a recognition of the fact that Vierge is essentially an illustrator, while Menzel is a draftsman. (Menzel the painter, it is needless to say, had no more to do with the development of illustration than all other great modern painters.) The difference between the two is radical, for whereas the draftsman's object is accomplished when he has carried out his idea in a drawing the size, medium, and manner of which are of his own choice, the illustrator

has to make a drawing the size, medium, and manner of which are imposed, and one that will produce its full and best effect, not as an original, but in the reproduction. Laboring exclusively within the restricted field of illustration, Vierge has had on contemporary illustrators the specific influence of a specialist on specialists. Both men are master draftsmen, but the drawings of Vierge have one side that the drawings of Menzel have not. They were composed and executed, just like the paintings of a decorator, in view of certain definite conditions. Hence, without comparing the two men as artists, the epithet of Father of Modern Illustration belongs to Vierge, and to Vierge alone.

## COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

### TRAINING.



"WELL, I've sent him, George; but I don't believe they will have him six months before he gets into some scrape," remarked General Bradhurst to one of his old friends, whose advice he had taken in sending a rather self-willed boy to college. His friend dined with the general recently, and afterward related the conversation to me as follows:

"I asked him," he chuckled, "if his boy had come home in disgrace yet. 'To tell the truth,' he replied, 'I begin to think you hit the mark in telling me to send him. He has been home,—home only last week,—but not in disgrace, and he went back Monday morning bright and early. At dinner Sunday night I noticed he did n't take any of the *entree*, and would n't have any dessert, and turned down his wine-glass when the claret was passed, and I thought something must be wrong with the boy's appetite, so I said: 'What ails you, Jim? Digestion out of order?' " "Oh, no," he said; and that was all I got out of him. When Mary brought in the coffee, he would n't have any, and I said: "Look here, young man; I don't understand this. Let's go into the library, and you shall tell me all about it while we have a cigar." I pushed the cigars over to him, but he said he guessed he would n't smoke. "Now, what is the matter with you, Jim? Let's have it out," said I. "Nothing," replied the young rascal; "but I'm on the foot-ball team, and we are in training"; and before ten o'clock he ended our confab with the words: "Well, I'm going to turn in. Good night." And to bed he went. Now, George, I begin to believe there must be something in your new-fangled athletic fads, when they're strong enough to make a boy like Jim give up his sweets, turn down his glass, shake his head to a cigar, and go to bed before ten o'clock. They are going to make a man of him there, after all."

Yes, my dear sir, and yes, my dear madam, when your boy at college says he is "in training," it means that he is following, with the closest observation, the laws of health. He is free from the taint of dissipation, and is making of himself a clean, strong young man. This training has been made a study, and the results have been handed down through college and school until every boy now enjoys

the advantages. The enforcement, too, of these laws of training is stricter than that of any rules of teacher or faculty, for, instead of surveillance, the boy is bound by his honor to his captain and his fellows.

When the collegian first took up training he had as a guide only the conceited follies of broken-down prize-fighters to guide him. The "pug" was the only man who trained in those days, and he was put through a course of purging to take away the effects of months of debauch. It is no wonder, then, that the early training laws in our universities were worse than crude. The governing principle was to feed a man as much nearly raw beef as he could be induced to take, and to give him as little liquid in any form as possible. The exercise, like the diet, was an exaggerated copy of the follies of men who knew next to nothing about the human animal. In 1859 the Yale crew was wont to run four miles before breakfast; then, in the forenoon, to pull weights and wrestle for an hour; and finally, in the afternoon, to do their rowing, which always included one pull over the entire course. By 1864 this had grown to a run before breakfast of from three to five miles, sometimes with weights in the hands, and that before a mouthful was eaten. Then, in addition to general work about the quarters, they rowed the full course—four miles—at speed twice a day.

As late as 1876 the foot-ball men were made to practise general work in the morning, then to play an hour and a half in the afternoon, and at nine o'clock at night to run three miles at speed on a dusty gymnasium track. Base-ball men and track athletes escaped more easily, for their training had hardly become very strict until the days of a more rational system. Training for the 'varsity teams of to-day means keeping early hours, a generous diet of the very best that the markets afford in the way of beef, mutton, and occasionally turkey and chicken; fruit; a limited supply of vegetables, toast, sometimes very plain puddings, oatmeal water, and milk. In the way of exercise, there is a very gradual increase from the beginning of the season up to within a week of the actual contests, and then light work until the event itself. As for the time all this takes from a man's studies, that depends chiefly upon the individual. Probably more than half the athletes average less than three hours a day of actual work in their sport. The length of time consumed in going to the field or boat-



house in some universities would add half an hour more. A week before the important contest, it must be confessed, the great interest in the event, the enthusiasm of the non-contestants, and the general public heralding and predicting, lead the competitors to forget everything else, and studies suffer accordingly. After the contest nine tenths of the men engaged make equally determined application to their studies in order to make up for that week of excitement and neglect. The total result is that the average rank of the athlete is rather above than below the average rank of any other body of men selected without reference to scholarship.

#### RULES.

In the warm summer of 1844, at Yale, the crew manning a dugout canoe having challenged the crew of a lapstreak gig to a race, and that challenge having been eagerly accepted, it became necessary to adopt a code of rules to govern the contest. The rules then made were as follows: The race to be a four-mile race from the boat-house to the light-house; the start to be made by both crews standing on the pier, who should then proceed to enter their respective boats and to row to the finish; and finally, neither to do anything in the mean time in the way of cleaning the boat or in any way preparing the bottom for the race.

Upon the appointed day the two crews lined up on the float, the word was given, and both crews sprang into the boats, shipped the oars, and started. While in the swift current they kept nearly even, but as soon as they were out of it, although her crew struggled manfully, the gig seemed to be lagging. At last, realizing that something must be radically wrong with their boat, they pulled to the shore, and discovered that a ring had been secured to the keel of the gig and a heavy stone attached. As expressed by a writer, "It was the universal belief that neither crew had violated any of the articles of agreement in doing anything to the bottom of their own boat." This was the first recognized set of rules governing a college boat-race, and showed conclusively that apparently fair rules do not always insure a fair contest.

From that time the rules of college boating went through many changes. With the introduction of intercollegiate contests in 1852 came greater legislative necessities. For a few years opinions differed as to the size and manning of the boats, and a rule was made allowing any boat to be entered, manned by any number of men, and one race (in 1855) saw three boats entered, equipped as follows: *Iris* of Harvard, eight-oared barge, with coxswain;

*Y.Y.* of Harvard, four-oared lapstreak, without coxswain; and the Yale boats *Nereid* and *Nautilus*, six-oared barges, with coxswains. To accommodate such a variety, the rule was made that small boats should be allowed eleven seconds for each extra oar in the larger boats. The necessity of such a rule was, however, rather doubted when the result of the race proved to be as follows: First boat in, the eight-oared barge, three seconds ahead of the four-oared lapstreak, and the two six-oared boats over a minute and a half behind.

Perhaps no race ever showed the error of rowing under the wrong set of rules more glaringly than the contest which Yale turned into a bumping race at Lake Quinsigamond in 1870. Harvard led, and, in attempting to round the turning-stake, caught the buoy, and came to a sudden stop. Yale rowed directly into her stern, and gave a most glorious English bump, carrying away Harvard's steering-gear. Finally the boats were separated, and Yale rowed home in good order, Harvard creeping in, in damaged condition, nearly two minutes later. The race was naturally awarded, under American rules, to the bumped boat. Certain hot-headed persons found fault with the Yale management for not having foreseen this result, and for not allowing bumping rules to govern. This was not the only bumping race between Yale and Harvard, as several oarsmen who sat in the Yale and Harvard boats at Saratoga in 1874 might be willing to testify.

But we learn from experience, and the college boat-racing rules of to-day are not made for a dozen crews rowing in indiscriminate fashion, nor for two crews turning the same stake-float; but the boats are few, and each has its own lane marked out, and the course is straight away. The development of what seem now thoroughly satisfactory racing rules has been the work of years. But that work has had a strangely circular course. The first inter-collegiate race was a straightaway eight-oared race, with coxswain, and with only two crews on the water. The next race was for a mile and a half and return, and it took seventeen years to get back to straightaway races.

The race of 1855 had four boats entered, and it took until 1864 to get back to two competitors, which number continued until the reform of straightaway courses came in 1872, when the number of competitors was increased to six. The next year there were eleven, and in 1875 thirteen, boats. This last crowd killed the National Rowing Association of American Colleges, and since that time the great college boat-race has had only two crews.

After the eight-oared race of 1852 all sorts of boats and rigging came in—four-oared, six-oared, with and without coxswains; shells,

barges, and lapstreaks. It took, again, over twenty years to get back to eight oars and coxswains, but the shell replaced the 1852 barge. The principal points of the boating rules of 1852, then, are the chief points in the boating rules of 1892; namely, two crews, a straightaway course, eight oars, and a coxswain. Only the distance is four miles instead of two, though had Mr. Sargent's proposed regulations of a few years ago gone into effect, we should have had the two-mile race of forty years ago as well as all the other conditions.

But in other sports there has been a more appreciable distance traversed by the rule-makers. The foot-ball game of the forties was an annual rush between the freshmen and sophomores with a foot-ball as an excuse. The answer of the sophomores to the freshmen's challenge a few years later, in a slight paraphrase of Hotspur's words, characterizes the game and its rules sufficiently:

Come! like sacrifices in their trim,  
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,  
All hot, and bleeding will we offer you!

In 1872 there had come to be something in the nature of a game, with rules to govern. The important rule bearing upon the history of the sport was, "No player shall pick up, throw, or carry the ball in any part of the field." To-day the chief employment is to pick up, throw, and carry the ball. Then, when there was a violation of a rule: "The player so offending shall throw the ball perpendicularly into the air from the spot where the foul occurred." To-day, when a violation of a rule occurs, "a player of the opposite side puts the ball down on the ground upon the spot where the foul occurred."

Until the fall of 1875 American college foot-ball was a sport *sui generis*, rebelling against any other known code of foot-ball rules. Then, Harvard, having become enamoured of the English Rugby through some matches with Canadian teams, made the first step toward its introduction among American colleges by effecting a compromise with Yale, and playing a game under four fifths Rugby Union and one fifth American nondescript laws. The following year Rugby Union rules were adopted. Since that time rapid changes have been made, but instead of the game having gone to pieces under the alterations, a new game has been evolved which now in point of interest challenges the foot-ball game of any other country. The American scrimmage, though developed from the Rugby scrimmage, has a more clean-cut and satisfactory termination, is faster and more accurate in changing the play, and admits of a wider field for the development of tac-

tics. The American system of interference is a most direct breaking away from the Rugby law of "off side," but possesses many advantages in the way of increased opportunity for team work; and finally, the scoring by points, and the ruling by two men, insure more certainty of determining the issue, no matter how closely the teams be matched.

In base-ball the progress of the rules has been chiefly along the pitcher's crease. The straight-arm pitch, no balls, and no strikes, but the batsman hitting when he chose—these were the characteristics of the early days. Home runs without number, scores of fifty and over, time of games from three to four hours—to these were the patrons of the sport treated in the fifties and sixties. Then came the underhand throw, the hand passing below the hip, and every third ball called; next followed the underhand throw, the hand swinging on a line below the shoulder, nine balls to take the base; then quickly followed seven balls, and the putting back of the pitcher farther from the batsman; then five balls, and the throw instead of the pitch, and the abolition of restriction as to the pitcher's swing; and now we have four balls, and the determination to place the pitcher still farther from the batsman. Such has been the record of our base-ball rules.

In track athletics the seven-mile walk, the three-mile walk and the three-mile run, and the graduates' seven-mile walk have all disappeared, but an effort is being made to revive the three-mile run. The tug of war came in, dug holes in the ground, attained the dignity of a wooden platform, cleats, and harness, and then had its head lopped off. The standing jump had a short life, but the sprints and hurdles have held their own and increased. Throwing the base-ball and graduate events were swept away before having a chance to demonstrate their value. Bicycles whirled into the procession: first the high machines, which nearly murdered the riders when the almost inevitable collision occurred; now the low safety, with its huge bulging tire, which, like the fabled hoop-snake of our youthful fancy, rolls faster than man or horse can flee. Stricter rules, closer matches, longer and more systematic training, have all combined to stimulate interest and endeavor to a higher pitch, and records have fallen until one is almost ready to fancy that the limit has been reached. But as we approach that time there again enters the unceasing restlessness of the American collegian as an element in all rules governing athletics in our universities, and changes in events and rules will probably usher in the unforeseen development to satisfy this craving. The first signs come in the proposal to reinstate the three-mile run. Who knows but that, like the boating legislation, the



track-athletic lawmakers are about to move in a circle, approaching again the old-fashioned distance events and separate graduate contests, especially should the new advocacy of confining the general events to undergraduates strictly meet with general favor?

#### ELIGIBILITY.

THERE is a story of a famous physician who was asked to write a prescription for a patient afflicted with rheumatism. With it he sent a note which read as follows, "If this does you any good, I wish you would let me know, as I have been troubled with rheumatism myself for the last few years."

A similar desire to try experiments outside of their own person has always afflicted the colleges when dealing with the disease of professionalism, or with any question of eligibility of players. Before college sports became of sufficient importance to provoke symptoms of professionalism, there were differences of opinion as to whether graduates should be permitted to take part. In 1874, at the meeting of the Rowing Association, Harvard proposed that "professional school students should be eligible for crews." The question was put to a vote, but the motion was lost, Yale and eight other colleges voting against it. Later, in 1876, Yale and Harvard passed a rule to the effect that "all undergraduates of either college, and all of its graduates who were studying for a second degree, should be eligible for the crews." These two points in the history of the legislation bear very directly upon the questions now being so fiercely agitated.

In base-ball, when the Intercollegiate Association was formed at Springfield in 1880, the Yale delegates refused to join in the formation because the association was unwilling to bar out professionals, and did not apply for membership until, in the following year, a rule was adopted rendering professionals ineligible. The particular individuals at that time against whom the rule was directed were Richmond and Winslow, the battery of the Brown nine. Both these men went into the professional ranks, and the former played for some years in professional teams. Since then there have been several poorly disguised instances of professionalism among college ball-players, but the point most in question has come to be how far a college player may go in the way of taking expenses—sometimes rather lavish ones, too—for summer ball-playing in local nines. Action restricting this practice is likely to come before long.

But in foot-ball have been seen the most bitter quarrels upon this issue. Professional base-ball and professional boating rather prepared the way for a laxity of opinion in these

sports, while in foot-ball, up to a few years ago, there had been no question or supposition of professionalism. It was purely a gentleman's game. When, therefore, a man who had played base-ball avowedly for money, and who was commonly considered a member of one of the professional league nines for the coming season, undertook to play upon one of the teams in the Intercollegiate Association, it gave rise to a storm of protest and not only the passage of a rule forbidding professionalism among college players, but also a bitterly fought quarrel, the after effects of which still keep two of our leading college foot-ball teams apart. The rule passed at that time provided that no professional should be eligible, nor any man who had received any pecuniary inducement, directly or indirectly, nor any man not pursuing a course of study requiring a certain number of hours' attendance each week. That same year, and under this rule, Harvard questioned a majority of Princeton's players, and Princeton questioned a majority of Harvard's men. Feeling ran so high that not one of the colleges represented has since brought a single challenge under this rule. Nor has it been because of lack of cases coming under it, but because of the vivid memory of that most acrimonious set of meetings, and the recrimination indulged in for months thereafter.

This brings us to the vital point: College men as a class are bitterly opposed to professionalism, but college representatives in any law-making meeting are able to see clearly only the professionalism in the rival teams, and the rules proposed by each college are prepared to fit the case abroad rather than the case at home. Then, when the trouble begins, the college likely to get the worst of the arrangement in the matter of players threatens to resign; and what is even worse, if these representatives do not legislate to "save their own bacon" at home, their college is likely to make it unpleasant for them.

Fortunately, the unusual publicity given this year to the fact that men are hired in one way or another on account of their athletic ability, has resulted in stirring up the better element among college men to the necessity of action, and all the colleges are at last vying with one another to discover and adopt the best measure to attain the result. Yale has passed a rule confining membership in her nines, teams, and crews to undergraduates, and strictly to undergraduates of her own college, barring out any man who comes from another college. Princeton has adopted a similar rule. Harvard will undoubtedly adopt some equally stringent measure, but not until a year from now. The other colleges are equally active, and presumably are determined to stamp out the evil, so

that there is little doubt of the final extinction of the most apparent part of it. But there is still an evil existing against which no very satisfactory rules have yet been directed, and that is, the inducements offered young boys to determine their choice of a college.

The difficulty here arising is similar in one sense to that which existed in the first rule, as above described, adopted in foot-ball. Where the proof required is of a nature involving more or less detective work, the obtaining of it is obnoxious to gentlemen. To ferret out the inducement, to play the detective, and to trace back the benefit, whether in the form of dollars and cents, or the remission of usual dues, room rent, board, or tuition, from its recipient to the instigators, and to show that the suggestion of that benefit came in some way from the fact that the man was likely to be serviceable in some athletic branch, is not only an extremely difficult undertaking, but an essentially repugnant one. On this account, any rule that involves detective work will never be practically operative. It will sound well, but the procuring will never be affected by it, because the better class of college men—and they are the ones upon whom, from the nature of things, the ferreting out of infractions of the rule must devolve—will revolt from the only methods which could end in successful search. The summer ball-playing, which is productive of pecuniary gain, and the inducement by similar means which leads a school-boy athlete to be influenced in his choice of a college, are the next two evils to be faced and overcome by some legislation requiring no detective work.

#### ATTITUDE OF FACULTIES.

THAT professor who rushed into the faculty meeting one day, and, after stating that he had just learned that in base-ball the pitcher was wont to deceive the batsman by curving the ball, proposed that the faculty should at once do away with a sport which placed a premium upon deception, had the right idea in his honest old head, although in the particular instance his lack of technical knowledge led him to pose as something very near a fool. He abhorred cheats and shams, and he did not want his boys taught trickery. Faculties have always been upon the side of honesty of purpose, but where they have undertaken to interfere in points requiring technical knowledge, the results have, in many instances, been disastrous both to their *amour propre* and to the sports themselves. The student, graduate and undergraduate, has built up his own sports. He began with them when none but he took any interest in them. He sat up nights and worked days to make them better, and, as they

grew, he puzzled out for himself all the problems involved. Neither the public nor the faculty took any particular interest. That is one of the reasons why the student body has of late years often resented interference with what was regarded as the internal management of the sports. So long as the sports did not interfere with studies, they asked to be allowed to enjoy immunity from interference. Such intolerance of meddling can hardly be regarded as peculiar. But, unfortunately, the line was not always clearly drawn either by the student body or by the faculty, and cases are on record of overstepping the line on the part of both bodies. Moreover, both sides have occasionally changed their minds, and hence their policies have been woefully inconsistent.

In 1883 the Harvard faculty astonished the college world, just previous to the Yale-Harvard foot-ball match, by forbidding Harvard to play the game in New York. But they were over-persuaded, and the game was played. In 1885 Harvard was forbidden to play foot-ball at all, and in 1890 a rule was passed forbidding any athletic contests of any kind by Harvard students outside of New England. A certain exception to this rule has been made in favor of the men engaged in track athletics. These rules, and those of recent date, have been made by a committee composed at first of three members of the faculty. This committee was appointed by the faculty, and was known as the Standing Committee upon the Regulation of Athletic Sports. This was the committee which forbade foot-ball at Harvard. Questions of importance were referred to the faculty for discussion.

After some three years of control, this faculty committee recommended the appointment of a new committee with student representation. The faculty agreed to the composition of the committee, but restricted its powers, requiring it to consult with the faculty on all questions involving general principles. This committee consisted of five, two being undergraduates, but all being appointed by the president of the university, and making reports to the faculty. After three years of experience with this committee, it was recommended that the control of athletics be removed from the hands of the college faculty by the appointment of a committee existing by the authority of the corporation, and responsible to that body alone. This the faculty refused, giving the committee power subject to such general regulations as the college faculty should from time to time adopt. Then by a later rule they appointed a committee consisting of three undergraduates to be elected by the management of the Athletic Association, and six graduates, three to be members of the faculty, and all six to be appointed by



the corporation with the consent of the Board of Overseers.

This committee was allowed control of athletics, "subject to the authority of the faculty of the college," and it is this committee, under such authority, that has supervision and control of all athletics at Harvard.

Almost the exact opposite of all these conditions has prevailed at Yale. There, in the early days, the faculty did not even recognize the existence of athletic sports, and their only recognition of them (with the single exception mentioned later) has come from them rather as individuals than in their official capacity. The exception mentioned is in recognizing the peculiarly powerful means of discipline which lies ready to their hand in the existence of these sports. An act of disorder by any body of men of any class is likely to be punished, whether these men be athletes or not, by the deprivation of that class of their class games either at home or with other colleges, and there is no doubt that any unusual outbreak of the college at large would result to the disadvantage of the university contests of the following season. This tacit understanding has done much to prevent disorder of all kinds, because the captains and general management of the athletic teams make a point of using their influence and authority toward the suppression of all kinds of disorder. The measure of popularity enjoyed by the "varsity" captains insures their wishes being heeded and their suggestions being, in the main, carried out.

One of the striking features of this system lies in the fact that the Yale boat-house, the Yale field, and the Yale gymnasium are the results of unaided subscriptions, mostly in small sums, from undergraduates and graduates, together with the earnings of the athletic teams; and with the exception of the gymnasium, the property is owned not by the college authorities or corporation, but by the boat club and field corporation. The gymnasium was given over by the gymnasium committee to the college a few months ago, but the college authorities paid nothing for it. Not even have the graduates been given a voice in the management of athletics at New Haven, though of course they are at liberty to offer advice.

Some twelve years ago an advisory committee was appointed, but it had no executive powers; and upon the occasion of an attempt to invest it with such powers, several of the members prepared their resignations, declining to serve except in an advisory capacity. This advisory committee has not held a meeting for years, and of the present members of the college few are even aware of its former existence. The faculty had one member upon this committee, but only as a grad-

uate of Yale who was interested in athletics, and not as a representative of the faculty. There is, however, one point of similarity not only between Harvard and Yale, but also between them and almost all the other colleges. Whenever there has been any favor shown in the way of appropriation or salary to a man to direct athletics, it has always been with a leaning toward the indoor rather than the outdoor side — a gymnasium director. That is one feature of the faculty relations which is even now changing, and which the next decade of athletics must see radically changed if the best results are to be obtained. It is the outdoor sport which should have the major part of the attention and encouragement; the indoor apparatus should be only supplemental, to be regarded as a substitute when weather or time prevents the more natural exercise. Without in any way detracting from the excellent results of our gymnasium work, we must not make them so attractive as to draw any man or body of men under a roof that might otherwise be in the fresh air and sunshine.

#### BRAWN AND BRAINS.

THERE is a story of a party containing two ministers crossing a lake in a storm. When matters became most critical, some one cried out, "The two ministers must pray!" "Na, na," said the boatman; "the little ane can pray if he like, but the big ane maun tak an oar."

Outside of emergencies there is much to be said in favor of brawn, and fortunately it is no longer necessary to argue that brains are better when there is brawn behind them, while, on the other hand, the time has already come when those who select athletes have little use for brawn without brains. So they supplement each other more and more. The college man, caricatured for years as a consumptive, then as a big brute, is to-day neither. The type is approaching more nearly to that of soundness of body and mind. Twenty years ago a father exhorted his son to study hard and stand high; now the anxiety is that the student should not fail to take plenty of exercise.

The strongest argument in favor of school and college sports is the one advanced by Nature herself. She develops the body before the mind. A man reaches the prime of physical power years before the maximum of his mental strength is attained. The best systems, backed by the best exponents of the times, have failed to make physical development popular among men whose college days and days of youth were over, who were in the struggle of their life's work. It then takes too much out of the man to build up his physique. He has not the time. If he has done the

building years before, exercise will prevent retrogression. Youth is the time for physical development, the time to expand the chest and increase the biceps, to take the larger proportion of bodily exercise; then in maturity the proportion should change to a mental exercise with the other for relaxation.

And as for the actual conflict of study and sport, the writer can speak with assurance of his own time in the university, from a comparison of the records for six years. In '76 among the appointments at graduation were one base-ball man, four foot-ball men, one of the crew, and the winners of four out of the five events at the spring athletic meeting. Among the composition prizes were two foot-ball men and one of the crew, and the Townsend prize was taken by a crew man. In '77 the valedictorian was a shining light in the line of the 'varsity foot-ball team, and the short-stop of the ball nine was on the appointment list. In '78 on the appointment list were two foot-ball men, the recipient of the Scott prize was the right fielder on the ball nine, and the first French prize was taken by a foot-ball man. In '79 the appointment list contained four foot-ball men, one base-ball man, two of the crew and the coxswain, while in the same class the mathematical prize was taken by a foot-ball man. In '80 on the appointment list were three foot-ball men, one base-ball man, and one of the crew. In '81 the appointments fell upon five foot-ball men, one base-ball man, and two of the crew, while the salutatorian was the 'varsity quarter-back, and one of the Townsend men was on the team. In '82 the appointment list contained four foot-ball men, three base-ball men, and two crew men; the winner of the Junior Exhibition prize was a foot-ball man who was also one of the crew, and the Scott prize winner was a foot-ball man. I have no doubt that even a better showing could be made by one familiar with the names and records of classes since that day.

But the showing which one cannot follow because the lists are so far separated,—the showing after graduation, the good constitution built up in college days to be drawn upon in the worry and care of later years,—that is the showing which would tell even more strongly how the generally increasing love of athletics is benefiting our young men, and making their lives better and more worth the living.

#### THE SPIRIT OF FAIR PLAY.

It would be a serious error to infer from the earnestness with which partizans of different plans for the welfare of college athletics hold to their own ideas, that agreement and eventual progress are out of reach. It is not a bad show-

ing that has been already made in our scant thirty years of just such argument. In the heat of controversy, one who looks back over the past may see how easily things adjust themselves, even after the most bitter differences of opinion.

In 1858 Harvard proposed the formation of an intercollegiate regatta association, and delegates met, including Yale. In 1864 Harvard and Yale met, and agreed to row by themselves. In 1871 Harvard again requested Yale to send delegates to establish a union regatta. Yale refused, but in 1872 entered the association. In 1876 Yale withdrew. In 1877 Harvard withdrew. A change of policy was thus adopted for almost every college every four years.

In 1876 Yale wanted Harvard to come to New London, but Harvard would have nothing but Springfield. Two years later it was Yale that preferred Springfield, but Harvard chose New London; and I remember that each thought the other in the wrong both times.

In 1873 Princeton, Columbia, Rutgers, and Yale held a convention to frame a code of foot-ball rules, and Harvard refused to attend. In 1876 Princeton, Columbia, and Harvard held a convention and formed an association, Yale being the one this time to refuse to join. More recent differences of opinion between the large universities are too fresh in the minds of those interested in such matters to need repetition, but the differences are short-lived. Affairs adjust themselves very quickly when the breaches are not widened by a desire to live apart. College managements enjoy the inestimable privilege of rapid changes of men in authority. A new set of men come into power annually, and once in four years their entire constituency has altered, so that they can forgive, forget, and again clasp hands.

After all the proper spirit of fair play underlies college athletics. While each institution may be earnest in supporting its own method, all are united in their final purposes. There may be a bit of rivalry even among the college faculties in posing for public effect; there may be too great a tendency among the managers of the athletic sports to submit their actions to the tribunal of public opinion; there may be even more interest to the athletes themselves in a game played before thirty thousand enthusiastic spectators than would attach to the same contest with no spectators save the umpire and referee; but these are none of them grave faults. They are manifestations of human nature. So long as college athletics build up the physique of our youth, so long as they teach self-control, temperance, and courage, so long as money considerations and dishonesty do not enter into them, they will form a valuable feature of college life.

*Walter Camp.*



## CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.



WOMAN, for some reason which seems to have escaped the philosopher, has never taken a very prominent position in the history of poetry. But she has rarely been absent altogether from any great revival of poetic literature. The example of her total absence which immediately flies to the recollection is the most curious of all. That Shakspeare should have had no female rival, that the age in which music burdened every bough, and in which poets made their appearance in hundreds, should have produced not a solitary authentic poetess, even of the fifth rank, this is curious indeed. But it is as rare as curious, for though women have not often taken a very high position on Parnassus, they have seldom thus wholly absented themselves. Even in the iron age of Rome, where the Muse seemed to bring forth none but male children, we find, bound up with the savage verses of Juvenal and Persius, those seventy lines of pure and noble indignation against the brutality of Domitian which alone survive to testify to the genius of Sulpicia.

If that distinguished lady had come down to us in seventy thousand verses instead of seventy lines, would her fame have been greatly augmented? Probably not. So far as we can observe, the strength of the great poet-women has been in their selection. Not a single poetess whose fame is old enough to base a theory upon has survived in copious and versatile numbers. Men like Dryden and Victor Hugo can strike every chord of the lyre, essay every mode and species of the art, and impress us by their bulk and volume. One very gifted and ambitious Englishwoman of the last generation, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, essayed to do the same. But her success, it must be admitted, grows every day more dubious. Where she strove to be passionate she was too often hysterical; a sort of scream spoils the effect of all her full tirades. She remains readable mainly where she is exquisite, and one small volume would suffice to contain her probable bequest to posterity.

It is no new theory that women, in order to succeed in poetry, must be brief, personal, and concentrated. It was recognized by the Greek critics themselves. Into that delicious garland of the poets which was woven by Meleager to be hung outside the gate of the Gardens of the

Hesperides he admits but two women from all the centuries of Hellenic song. Sappho is there, indeed, because "though her flowers were few, they were all roses," and, almost unseen, a single virginal shoot of the crocus bears the name of Erinna. That was all that womanhood gave of durable poetry to the literature of antiquity. A critic, writing five hundred years after her death, speaks of still hearing the swan-note of Erinna clear above the jangling chatter of the jays, and of still thinking those three hundred hexameter verses sung by a girl of nineteen as lovely as the loveliest of Homer's. Even at the time of the birth of Christ Erinna's writings consisted of what could be printed on a page of this magazine. The whole of her extant work, and of Sappho's too, could now be pressed into a newspaper column. But their fame lives on, and of Sappho, at least, enough survives to prove beyond a shadow of doubt the lofty inspiration of her genius. She is the type of the woman-poet who exists not by reason of the variety or volume of her work, but by virtue of its intensity, its individuality, its artistic perfection.

At no time was it more necessary to insist on this truth than it is to-day. The multiplication of books of verse, the hackneyed character of all obvious notation of life and feeling, should, one would fancy, tend to make our poets more exiguous, more concise, and more trimly girt. There are few men nowadays from whom an immense flood of writing can be endured without fatigue; few who can hold the trumpet to their lips for hours in the market-place without making a desert around them. Yet there never was a time when the pouring out of verse was less restrained within bounds. Everything that occurs to the poet seems, to-day, to be worth writing down and printing. The result is the neglect of really good and charming work, which misses all effect because it is drowned in stuff that is second- or third-rate. The women who write, in particular, pursued by that commercial fervor which is so curious a feature of our new literary life, and which sits so inelegantly on a female figure, are in a ceaseless hurry to work off and hurry away into oblivion those qualities of their style which might, if seriously and coyly guarded, attract a permanent attention.

Among the women who have written verse in the Victorian age there is not one by whom this reproach is less deserved than it is by Miss Rossetti. Severely true to herself, an artist of

conscientiousness as high as her skill is exquisite, she has never swept her fane to sea in a flood of her own outpourings. In the following pages I desire to pay no more than a just tribute of respect to one of the most perfect poets of the age,—not one of the most powerful, of course, nor one of the most epoch-making, but to one of the most perfect,—to a writer toward whom we may not unreasonably expect that students of English literature in the twenty-fourth century may look back as the critics of Alexandria did toward Sappho and toward Erinna.

So much has been written, since the untimely death of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, on the circumstances of his family history, that it is not requisite to enter very fully into that subject in the present sketch of his youngest sister. It is well known that the Italian poet Gabriele Rossetti, after a series of romantic adventures endured in the cause of liberty, settled in London, and married the daughter of another Italian exile, G. Polidori, the brother of Lord Byron's physician. From this stock, three fourths of which was purely Italian, there sprang four children, of whom Dante Gabriel was the eldest, and Christina Georgina, born in December, 1830, the youngest. There was nothing in the training of these children which foreshadowed their various distinction in the future; although the transplanted blood ran quicker, no doubt, in veins that must now be called English, not Italian, even as the wine-red anemone broke into flower from the earth that was carried to the Campo Santo out of Palestine.

We cannot fathom these mysteries of transplantation. No doubt a thousand Italian families might settle in London, and their children be born as deaf to melody and as blind to nature as their playfellows long native to Hoxton or Clerkenwell. Yet it is not possible to hold it quite an accident that this thousand and first family discovered in London soil the precise chemical qualities that made its Italian fiber break into clusters of blossom. Gabriel Rossetti, both as poet and painter, remained very Italian to the last, but his sister is a thorough Englishwoman. Unless I make a great mistake, she has never even visited Italy, and in her poetry the landscape and the observation of nature are not only English, they are so thoroughly local that I doubt whether there is one touch in them all which proves her to have strayed more than fifty miles from London in any direction. I have no reason for saying so beyond internal evidence, but I should be inclined to suggest that the county of Sussex alone is capable of having supplied all the imagery which Miss Rossetti's poems contain.

Her literary repertory, too, seems purely English; there is hardly a solitary touch in her work which betrays her transalpine parentage.

In a letter to myself, in words which she kindly lets me give to the public, Miss Rossetti has thus summed up some valuable impressions of her earliest bias toward writing:

For me, as well as for Gabriel, whilst our "school" was everything, it was no one definite thing. I, as the least and last of the group, may remind you that besides the clever and cultivated parents who headed us all, I in particular beheld far ahead of myself the clever sister and two clever brothers who were a little (though but a little) my seniors. And as to acquirements, I lagged out of all proportion behind them, and have never overtaken them to this day.

I interrupt my distinguished friend to remark that, even if we do not take this modest declaration with a grain of salt, it is interesting to find one more example of the fact that the possession of genius by no means presupposes a nature apt for what are called acquirements. Miss Rossetti proceeds:

If any one thing schooled me in the direction of poetry, it was perhaps the delightful idle liberty to prowl all alone about my grandfather's cottage-grounds some thirty miles from London, entailing in my childhood a long stage-coach journey! This privilege came to an end when I was eight years old, if not earlier. The grounds were quite small, and on the simplest scale—but in those days to me they were vast, varied, worth exploring. After those charming holidays ended I remained pent up in London till I was a great girl of fourteen, when delight reawakened at the sight of primroses in a railway cutting,—a prelude to many lovely country sights.

My impression is that a great deal of judicious neglect was practised in the Rossetti family, and that, like so many people of genius, the two poets, brother and sister, contrived to evade the educational mill. From the lips of Miss Christina herself I have it that all through her early girlhood she lay as a passive weight on the hands of those who invited her to explore those bosky groves called arithmetic, grammar, and the use of the globes. In Mr. R. L. Stevenson's little masterpiece of casuistry called "On Idlers and Idling," he has discussed the temper of mind so sympathetically that I will say no more than this, that Philistia never will comprehend the certain fact that to genius Chapter VI., which is primroses in a railway cutting, is often far more important than Chapter XIII., which happens to be the subjunctive mood. But for these mysteries of education I must refer the ingenious reader to Mr. Stevenson's delightful pages.

From her early childhood Miss Rossetti



seems to have prepared herself for the occupation of her life, the art of poetry. When she was eleven her verses began to be noticed and preserved, and an extremely rare little volume, the very cynosure of Victorian bibliography, permits us to observe the development of her talent. One of the rarest of books—when it occasionally turns up at sales it commands an extravagant price—is “Verses by Christina G. Rossetti,” privately printed in 1847, at the press of her grandfather Mr. G. Polidori, “at No. 15, Park Village East, Regent’s Park, London.” This little volume of sixty-six pages, dedicated to the author’s mother, and preceded by a pretty little preface signed by Mr. Polidori, is a curious revelation of the evolution of the poet’s genius. There is hardly one piece in it which Miss Rossetti would choose to re-print in a collected edition of her works, but there are many which possess the greatest interest to a student of her mature style. The earliest verses—since all are dated—show us merely the child’s desire for expression in verse, for experiment in rhyme and meter. Gradually we see the buddings of an individual manner, and in the latest piece, “The Dead City,” the completion of which seems to have led to the printing of the little collection, we find the poet assuming something of her adult manner. Here are some stanzas from this rarest of booklets, which will be new, in every probability, to all our readers, and in these we detect, unmistakably, the accents of the future author of “Goblin Market.”

In green emerald baskets were  
Sun-red apples, streaked and fair;  
Here the nectarine and peach,  
And ripe plum lay, and on each  
The bloom rested everywhere.

Grapes were hanging overhead,  
Purple, pale, and ruby-red;  
And in the panniers all around  
Yellow melons shone, fresh found,  
With the dew upon them spread.

And the apricot and pear,  
And the pulpy fig were there,  
Cherries and dark mulberries,  
Bunchy currants, strawberries,  
And the lemon wan and fair.

By far the best and most characteristic of all her girlish verses, however, are those contained in a long piece entitled “Divine and Human Pleading,” dated 1846. It is a pleasure to be the first to publish a passage which the author need not blush to own after nearly fifty years, every stanza of which bears the stamp of her peculiar manner:

A woman stood beside his bed:  
Her breath was fragrance all;

Round her the light was very bright,  
The air was musical.

Her footsteps shone upon the stars,  
Her robe was spotless white;  
Her breast was radiant with the Cross,  
Her head with living light.

Her eyes beamed with a sacred fire,  
And on her shoulders fair,  
From underneath her golden crown,  
Clustered her golden hair.

Yet on her bosom her white hands  
Were folded quietly;  
Yet was her glorious head bowed low  
In deep humility.

In these extracts from the volume of 1847 we see more than the germ; we see the imperfect development of two qualities which have particularly characterized the poetry of Miss Rossetti—in the first an entirely direct and vivid mode of presenting to us the impression of richly colored physical objects, a feat in which she sometimes rivals Keats and Tennyson; and in the second a brilliant simplicity in the conduct of episodes of a visionary character, and a choice of expression which is exactly in keeping with these, a sort of Tuscan candor, as of a sacred picture in which each saint or angel is robed in a dress of one unbroken color. These two qualities combined, in spite of their apparent incompatibility,—an austere sweetness coupled with a luscious and sensuous brightness,—to form one side of Miss Rossetti’s curious poetic originality.

Three years later, in 1850, she was already a finished poet. That charming and pathetic failure, “The Germ,” a forlorn little periodical which attempted to emanate from the new group of Preraphaelites, as they called themselves, counted her among its original contributors. Her brother Gabriel, indeed, who had already written, in its earliest form, his remarkable poem of “The Blessed Damozel,” was the central force and prime artificer of the movement, which had begun about a year before. It was a moment of transition in English poetry. The old race was dying in its last representative, Wordsworth. Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Browning, Miss Barrett were the main figures of the day, while the conscience of young men and women addicted to verse was troubled with a variety of heresies, the malignity of which is hardly to be realized by us after fifty years. Mr. Bailey’s “Festus” was a real power for evil, strong enough to be a momentary snare to the feet of Tennyson in writing “Maud,” and even of Browning. A host of “Spasmodists,” as they were presently called, succeeded in appalling the taste of the age with their vast and shapeless tragedies, or monodramas. Then, with a

totally different voice, but also far removed from the paths of correct tradition in verse, came Clough, singing in slovenly hexameters of Oxford and the pleasures of radical undergraduates in highland bothies. Clough, with his hold on reality, and his sympathetic modern accents, troubled the Preraphaelites a little; they were less moved by a far more pure and exquisite music, a song as of Simonides himself, which also reached them from Oxford, when Matthew Arnold, in 1849, made his first appearance with his lovely and long neglected "Strayed Reveller." Mr. Coventry Patmore, with his "Poems" of 1844, was a recognized elder brother of their own, and almost everything else which was to be well done in verse for many years was to arise from among themselves, or in emulation of them. So that never was periodical better named than "The Germ," the seed which put forth two cotyledons, and then called itself "Art and Letters"; and put forth two more little leaves, and then seemed to die.

Among the anonymous contributions to the first number of "The Germ"—that for January, 1850—are two which we know to be Miss Rossetti's. These are, "Where Sunless Rivers Weep," and "Love, Strong as Death, is Dead." In the February number, under the pseudonym of Ellen Alleyn, she printed "A Pause of Thought," the song "Oh, Roses for the Flush of Youth," and "I said of Laughter, It is Vain." To the March number, then styled "Art and Letters," Ellen Alleyn contributed a long piece called "Repining," which does not seem to have been reprinted, and "Sweet Death" ("The Sweetest Blossoms Die"). To the fourth and last number, in which an alien and far more commonplace influence may be traced than in the others, she contributed nothing. Of her seven pieces, however, printed in "The Germ" in 1850, when she was twenty, there are five (if we omit "A Pause of Thought" and "Repining") which rank to this day among her very finest lyrics, and display her style as absolutely formed. Though the youngest poet of the confraternity, she appears indeed in "The Germ" as the most finished, and even, for the moment, the most promising, since her brother Gabriel, if the author of "The Blessed Damozel," was also responsible for those uncouth Flemish studies in verse which he very wisely refused in later years to own or to republish.

Time passed, and the obscure group of boys and girls who called themselves Preraphaelites found themselves a center of influence and curiosity. In poetry, as in painting and sculpture, they conquered, and more readily, perhaps, in their pupils than in themselves. The first independent publications of the school, at least, came from visitors who had been

children in 1850. These books were scarcely noticed by the public; if Mr. Morris's "Defence of Guinevere" attracted a few readers in 1858, Mr. Swinburne's "Queen Mother" fell still-born from the press in 1860. These prepared the way for real and instantaneous successes—for Miss Rossetti's "Goblin Market" in 1862, for Mr. Woolner's "My Beautiful Lady" in 1863, for Mr. Swinburne's dazzling "Atalanta in Calydon" in 1865. At last, in 1870, there tardily appeared, after such expectation and tiptoe curiosity as have preceded no other book in our generation, the "Poems" of Gabriel Rossetti.

It is with these poets that Miss Rossetti takes her historical position, and their vigor and ambition had a various influence upon her style. On this side there can be no doubt that association with men so learned and eager, so daring in experiment, so well equipped in scholarship, gave her an instant and positive advantage. By nature she would seem to be of a cloistered and sequestered temper, and her genius was lifted on this wave of friendship to heights which it would not have dreamed of attempting alone. On the other hand, it is possible that, after the first moment, this association with the strongest male talent of the time has not been favorable to public appreciation of her work. Critics have taken for granted that she was a satellite, and have been puzzled to notice her divergences from the type. Of these divergences the most striking is the religious one. Neither Gabriel Rossetti, nor Mr. Swinburne, nor Morris has shown any sympathy with, or any decided interest in, the tenets of Protestantism. Now Miss Christina Rossetti's poetry is not merely Christian and Protestant, it is Anglican; not her divine works only, but her secular also, bear the stamp of uniformity with the doctrines of the Church of England. What is very interesting in her poetry is the union of this fixed religious faith with a hold upon physical beauty and the richer parts of nature which allies her with her brother and with their younger friends. She does not shrink from strong delineation of the pleasures of life even when she is denouncing them. In one of the most austere of her sacred pieces, she describes the Children of the World in these glowing verses:

Milk-white, wine-flushed, among the vines,  
Up and down leaping, to and fro,  
Most glad, most full, made strong with wines,  
Blooming as peaches peared with dew,  
Their golden windy hair afloat,  
Love-music warbling in their throat,  
Young men and women come and go.

There is no literary hypocrisy here, no pretense that the apple of life is full of ashes, and this



gives a startling beauty, the beauty of artistic contrast, to the poet's studies in morality. Miss Rossetti, indeed, is so didactic in the undercurrent of her mind, so anxious to adorn her tale with a religious moral, that she needs all her art, all her vigorous estimate of physical loveliness, to make her poetry delightful as poetry. That she does make it eminently delightful merely proves her extraordinary native gift. The two long pieces she has written, her two efforts at a long breath, are sustained so well as to make us regret that she has not put out her powers in the creation of a still more complete and elaborated composition. Of these two poems "Goblin Market" is by far the more popular; the other, "The Prince's Progress," which appeared in 1866, has never attracted such attention as it deserves. It is not necessary to describe a poem so well known to every lover of verse as "Goblin Market." It is one of the very few purely fantastic poems of recent times which have really kept up the old tradition of humoresque literature. Its witty and fantastic conception is embroidered with fancies, descriptions, peals of laughing music, which clothe it as a queer Japanese figure may be clothed with brocade, so that the entire effect at last is beautiful and harmonious without ever having ceased to be grotesque. I confess that while I dimly perceive the underlying theme to be a didactic one, and nothing less than the sacrifice of self by a sister to recuperate a sister's virtue, I cannot follow the parable through all its delicious episodes. Like a Japanese work of art, again, one perceives the general intention, and one is satisfied with the beauty of all the detail, without comprehending or wishing to comprehend every part of the execution. For instance, the wonderful scene in which Lizzie sits beleaguered by the goblins, and receives with hard-shut mouth all the syrups that they squeeze against her skin — this from the point of view of poetry is perfect, and needs no apology or commentary; but its place in the parable it would, surely, be extremely hard to find. It is, therefore, astonishing to me that the general public, that strange and unaccountable entity, has chosen to prefer "Goblin Market," which we might conceive to be written for poets alone, to "The Prince's Progress," where the parable and the teaching are as clear as noonday. The prince is a handsome, lazy fellow, who sets out late upon his pilgrimage, loiters in bad company by the way, is decoyed by light loves, and the hope of life, and the desire of wealth, and reaches his destined bride at last, only to find her dead. This is an obvious moral, but it is adorned with verse of the very highest romantic beauty. Every claim which criticism has to make for the singular merit of Miss Rossetti

might be substantiated from this little-known romance, from which I must resist the pleasure of quoting more than a couple of stanzas descriptive of daybreak:

At the death of night and the birth of day,  
When the owl left off his sober play,  
And the bat hung himself out of the way,  
Woke the song of mavis and merle,  
And heaven put off its hoddied grey  
For mother-o'-pearl.

Peeped up daisies here and there,  
Here, there, and everywhere;  
Rose a hopeful lark in the air,  
Spreading out towards the sun his breast;  
While the moon set solemn and fair  
Away in the West.

With the apparent exceptions of "Goblin Market" and "The Prince's Progress," both of which indeed are of a lyrical nature, Miss Rossetti has written only lyrics. All poets are unequal, except the bad ones, who are uniformly bad. Miss Rossetti indulges in the privilege which Wordsworth, Burns, and so many great masters have enjoyed, of writing extremely flat and dull poems at certain moments, and of not perceiving that they are dull or flat. She does not err in being mediocre; her lyrics are bad or good, and the ensuing remarks deal with that portion only of her poems with which criticism is occupied in surveying work so admirably original as hers, namely, that which is worthy of her reputation. Her lyrics, then, are eminent for their glow of coloring, their vivid and novel diction, and for a certain penetrating accent, whether in joy or pain, which rivets the attention. Her habitual tone is one of melancholy reverie, the pathos of which is strangely intensified by her appreciation of beauty and pleasure. There is not a chord of the minor key in "A Birthday," and yet the impression which its cumulative ecstasy leaves upon the nerves is almost pathetic:

My heart is like a singing-bird  
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;  
My heart is like an apple-tree  
Whose boughs are bent with thick-set fruit;  
My heart is like a rainbow-shell  
That paddles in a halcyon sea;  
My heart is gladder than all these  
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;  
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;  
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,  
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;  
Work it in gold and silver grapes,  
In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys;  
Because the birthday of my life  
Is come, my love is come to me.

It is very rarely, indeed, that the poet strikes so jubilant a note as this. Her customary music is sad, often poignantly sad. Her lyrics have that *desiderium*, that obstinate longing for something lost out of life, which Shelley's have, although her Christian faith gives her regret a more resigned and sedate character than his possesses. In the extremely rare gift of song-writing Miss Rossetti has been singularly successful. Of the poets of our time she stands next to Lord Tennyson in this branch of the art, in the spontaneous and complete quality of her *lieder*, and in their propriety for the purpose of being sung. At various times this art has flourished in our race; eighty years ago most of the poets could write songs, but it is almost a lost art in our generation. The songs of our living poets are apt to be over-polished or under-polished, so simple as to be bald, or else so elaborate as to be wholly unsuitable for singing. But such a song as this is not unworthy to be classed with the melodies of Shakspere, of Burns, of Shelley:

Oh, roses for the flush of youth,  
And laurel for the perfect prime;  
But pluck an ivy-branch for me  
Grown old before my time.

Oh, violets for the grave of youth,  
And bay for those dead in their prime;  
Give me the withered leaves I chose  
Before in the old time.

Her music is very delicate, and it is no small praise to her that she it is who, of living verse-writers, has left the strongest mark on the metrical nature of that miraculous artificer of verse, Mr. Swinburne. In his "Poems and Ballads," as other critics have long ago pointed out, as was shown when that volume first appeared, several of Miss Rossetti's discoveries were transferred to his more scientific and elaborate system of harmonies, and adapted to more brilliant effects. The reader of Mr. Swinburne would judge that of all his immediate contemporaries Miss Rossetti and the late Mr. Fitzgerald, the translator of Omar Khayyám, had been those who had influenced his style the most. Miss Rossetti, however, makes no pretense to elaborate metrical effects; she is even sometimes a little naïve, a little careless, in her rough, rhymeless endings, and metrically her work was better in her youth than it has been since.

The sonnets present points of noticeable interest. They are few, but they are of singular excellence. They have this peculiarity, that many of them are objective. Now the great bulk of good sonnets is purely subjective—occupied with reverie, with regret, with moral or religious enthusiasm. Even the celebrated sonnets of Gabriel Rossetti will be found to

be mainly subjective. On the question of the relative merit of the sonnets of the brother and the sister, I hold a view in which I believe that few will at present coincide; I am certain Miss Rossetti herself will not. If she honors me by reading these pages, she may possibly recollect a conversation, far more important to me of course than to her, which we held in 1870, soon after I had first the privilege of becoming known to her. I was venturing to praise her sonnets, when she said, with the sincerity of evident conviction, that they "could only be admired before Gabriel, by printing his in the 'Fortnightly Review,' showed the source of their inspiration." I was sure then, and I am certain now, that she was wrong. The sonnets are not the product of, they do not even bear any relation to those of, her brother.

Well do I recollect the publication of these sonnets of Gabriel Rossetti, in 1869, when, at a moment when curiosity regarding the mysterious painter-poet was at its height, they suddenly blossomed forth in a certain number of the "Fortnightly Review," in whose solemn pages we were wont to see nothing lighter or more literary than esoteric politics and the prose mysteries of positivism. We were dazzled by their Italian splendor of phraseology, amazed that such sonorous anapests, that such a burst of sound, should be caged within the sober limits of the sonnet, fascinated by the tenderness of the long-drawn amorous rhetoric; but there were some of us who soon recovered an equilibrium of taste, in which it seemed that the tradition of the English sonnet, its elegance of phrase, its decorum of movement, were too rudely displaced by this brilliant Italian intruder, and that underneath the melody and the glowing diction, the actual thought, the valuable and intelligible residue of poetry, was too often much more thin than Rossetti allowed it to be in the best of his other poems. As to Gabriel Rossetti's sonnets being his own best work, as has been asserted, I for one must entirely and finally disagree. I believe that of all his poetry they form the section which will be the first to tarnish. Quite otherwise is it with Miss Christina Rossetti. It is in certain of her objective sonnets that her touch is most firm and picturesque, her intelligence most weighty, and her style most completely characteristic. The reader need but turn to "After Death," "On the Wing," "Venus's Looking-Glass" (in the volume of 1875), and the marvelous "A Triad"<sup>1</sup> to concede the truth of this; while in the more obvious subjective manner of sonnet-writing she is one of the most successful poets of our

<sup>1</sup> Why has Miss Rossetti allowed this piece, one of the gems of the volume of 1862, to drop out of her collected poems?



## *Christina G. Rossetti.*

time. In "The World," where she may be held to come closest to her brother as a sonneteer, she seems to me to surpass him.

From the first a large section of Miss Rossetti's work has been occupied with sacred and devotional themes. Through this most rare and difficult department of the art, which so few essay without breaking on the Scylla of doctrine on the one hand, or being whirled in the Charybdis of commonplace dullness on the other, she has steered with extraordinary success. Her sacred poems are truly sacred, and yet not unpoetical. As a religious poet of our time she has no rival but Cardinal Newman, and it could only be schismatic prejudice or absence of critical faculty which should deny her a place, as a poet, higher than that of our exquisite master of prose. To find her exact parallel it is at once her strength and her snare that we must go back to the middle of the

seventeenth century. She is the sister of George Herbert; she is of the family of Crashaw, of Vaughan, of Wither. The metrical address of Herbert has been perilously attractive to her; the broken stanzas of "Consider" or of "Long Barren" remind us of the age when pious aspirations took the form of wings, or hour-glasses, or lamps of the temple. The most thrilling and spirited of her sacred poems have been free from these Marini-like subtleties. There is only what is best in the quaint and fervent school of Herbert visible in such pieces as "The Three Enemies," "A Rose Plant in Jericho," "Passing Away, saith the World," and "Up-Hill." Still more completely satisfactory, perhaps, is "Amor Mundi," first included in the "Poems" of 1875, which takes rank as one of the most solemn, imaginative, and powerful lyrics on a purely religious subject ever printed in England.

*Edmund Gosse.*



## THE JUNO OF ARGOS.

### A RECENT DISCOVERY OF THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF ATHENS.

BY THE DIRECTOR OF THE SCHOOL.

THE excavations of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens in Attica, Bœotia, Eubœa, and other districts of Greece, which in the course of the last six or seven years have yielded such satisfactory results, during the past year reached the highest point of attainment.

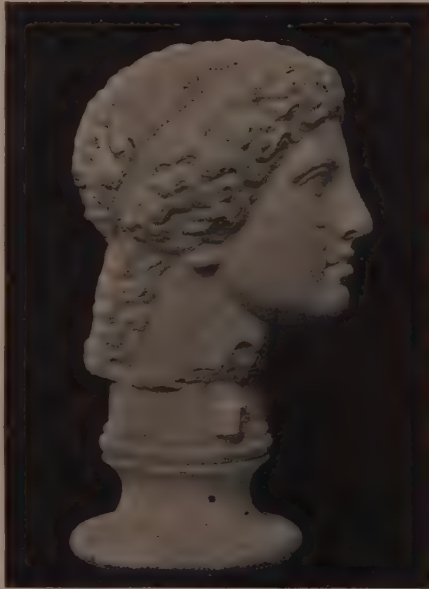
Owing to the generous subvention of the Archæological Institute of America, we were enabled during the season to undertake work on a much larger scale, with a large corps of workmen (nearly two hundred men), which for the interest in the site chosen, and the importance of the discoveries made, may bear comparison to the work of the Germans at Olympia, and to Schliemann's excavations among the ruins of Troy, Mycenæ and Tiryns.<sup>1</sup>

The site of the most important of our several excavations during the season of 1892 was that of the temple of Hera, or Juno, about three miles from the town of Argos at the slope of one of the mountains (Eubœa), running on the east of the Argive plain down to the promontory of Nauplia and the beautiful Nauplian Bay. It thus lies about half-way between the most ancient and important cities of the heroic age of Greece, Mycenæ and Tiryns, and was in the Homeric days the chief sanctuary of the district—in fact of the whole of the Peloponnesus. The Heraion, or Temple of Hera (Juno), at Argos was the cradle from which all service of Hera emanated for the whole of Greece. Even in Homer she is chiefly identified with Argos; for Zeus there

says to her, "Twain goddesses hath Menelaos for his helpers, even Hera of Argos and Alkomenean Athene." And Hera answers him, "Of a surety three cities are there that be dearest far to me, Argos, and Sparta, and wide-wayed Mycenæ."

It was here that, according to a later tradition, Agamemnon offered sacrifices before leaving for Troy. This ancient temple, perhaps the most ancient in Greece, though it had a stone substructure, was, as such early temples were,

built to a great extent of wood. In the year 423 B. C., through the negligence of the priestess, who fell asleep and did not attend to the light, the famous sanctuary was burned down. A few years later, from 420 to 416 B. C., the temple was rebuilt (as we have found) immediately below the site of the earlier one, by the architect Eupolemos. The great gold and ivory statue of Hera in this temple was the work of the famous sculptor (second only to Pheidias, his contemporary) Polykleitos of Argos. The renown of this statue was as great as that of the Athene of Pheidias in the



RIGHT PROFILE. (FROM A CAST.)

Parthenon, and nearly as great as that of the statue of Zeus by the same master at Olympia. In fact, the Heraion of Argos with its statue held the same position for the Peloponnesus in the ancient world that the Parthenon with its statue held for Attica and the rest of Greece above the Isthmus of Corinth.

In the year 1854, the late Mr. Rizo-Rhagabé, archæologist, statesman, poet, and historian, whose recent death we have had to

<sup>1</sup> The director was most ably assisted in this work by the annual director, Professor Poland of Brown

University, and the students of the school, Messrs. Brownson, Fox, De Cou, and Newhall.

deplete, made tentative excavations on the site of the Heraion. But the very limited means which he had at his disposal, as well as the fact that the art of excavating was at that time in its infancy, did not enable him to do more than run trenches around two sides of one of the temples to a depth below which most of our finds were made. Of the earlier temple the supporting wall, built of huge unhewn blockspiled one upon the other, has ever been visible. This form of architecture is called cyclopean. We cut trenches above this supporting wall, and there found, besides the remains of a stone platform, thick layers of charred wood, together with some interesting fragments of the earliest kinds of pottery, bronze, and beads, which are the actual, tangible proof of the historical record concerning the burning of this temple. Of the second temple, built by Eupolemos, virtually nothing was visible at the time we began our excavations. We cleared away the earth that had accumulated upon the foundation walls of this temple, which proved to be 128.48 feet in length by 65.62 feet in width. On these walls the soil had accumulated to a height of between four and five feet. After clearing this away we also dug in the interior of the temple, laying the whole of the foundation bare, and one end, in front of the temple, we cut down to a depth of over thirty feet.

Besides the walls and the architectural ornaments belonging to the temple which were thus discovered, the harvest of objects of ancient art and craft dating from the earliest prehistoric periods to later Roman times was exceedingly rich and varied. It included large masses of early pottery, terra-cotta figurines and idols, statuettes and other objects in bronze, innumerable rings in bronze, lead, silver, and gold, as well as scarabs, Egyptian images, terra-cotta plaques, heads in glass, amber, bone, and stone, and many other objects in ivory, gold, silver, iron, and terra-cotta. Most of these objects go back to the remotest antiquity. They are far earlier than the building of this temple in the fifth century B. C., and were found in a layer

of black earth mixed up with decayed organic matter and bones of animals found about fifteen feet below the top soil at the deep cutting which we made at the west end of the temple. They thus ran below the foundation of the

temple, and either mark the site of an early altar below the earliest temple, or were thrown over the supporting wall of the earlier temple and accumulated here, or, finally, were used as what is called dry rubbish to fill up the uneven surface when the second temple was built.

The early terra-cotta images of Hera, of which I shall speak, were found here. Immediately outside and within the walls of the temple we were fortunate enough to come upon some well-frescoed works of marble sculpture of the period of the building of the temple itself, which manifest the



LEFT PROFILE. (FROM A CAST.)

highest artistic qualities, and are of supreme archaeological interest. Besides a well-preserved portion of a metope, representing a nude warrior in high relief, two marble heads in comparatively perfect preservation—probably from these metopes—were found; while the gem of the whole excavations of the year 1892 is the life-size marble head of Hera, which, being undoubtedly an original work of the time of Pheidias and Polykleitos, and manifesting the touch of a great master, is in itself a unique treasure, perhaps the finest head of the great period of Greek art in existence.

Thus on this site alone we have discovered the earliest and rudest types of the primitive representations of the goddess Hera, while, at the same time, we are presented with a representation of this goddess coming from the highest period of the development of Greek art. In the rudest form of image the face looks more like that of a bird than of a human being. Schliemann found similar images at Mycenæ and Tiryns, and representations of them on jars at Hissarlik (Troy). A second category of such figures, though still rude, shows indications of a head with some pretensions to humanity in form. A third group, still very rude, shows a marked advance, representing the human form

and face, if not with beauty, still with distinctness of meaning.

We find that Hera, like most Greek gods, was at one time worshiped in an image, or rather a symbol, which had no likeness to a human figure. At Argos there was a pillar which was preserved and seen even in Roman times, and this pillar was meant to represent the goddess. It is highly probable that we have discovered this very pillar in our excavations. At Samos Hera's image in the earliest times was a simple board, and we are told that this board was superseded by an image having human shape which Prokles brought from Argolis. Through Prokles we get a fixed date, and we thus know that there existed at Argos an image of Hera in human form before the Dorian migration, certainly before the year 1000 B. C.

From these earliest and rudest types we pass onward through the periods in which Greek art emancipated itself from the trammels of archaic conventionality. The fifty years from 510 B. C. to 460 B. C. marked a change from the lifelessness of works not far removed from those we have just described to the masterpieces of a Pheidias. When once the Greek artist was relieved from the constraint which the symbolism of religious cults placed upon him, and when, on the other hand, through the custom of erecting statues to athletic victors, he was encouraged, and even forced, to strain his power in the perfect rendering of the human form, and finally, with the great impulse which the Greeks received from their victory over the Persian foe, and the consequent uplifting of their national spirit, their artistic genius was directed into channels of wide and lofty thought. In the well-known frieze from the Parthenon, in the portion containing the assembly of the gods, seated beside Zeus there is a matronly female figure holding with her one hand the veil which covers her head. The face of this figure in relief is sadly mutilated, but in the whole form we can divine that all elements of conventionality have been cast off, that with Pheidias an adequately lofty conception of the queen of the gods was attained. But the creation of the ideal of Hera in art was not the work of Pheidias or of the Attic school, but was achieved by Polykleitos and the Argive school. The statue of Hera which this great artist made for the temple near Argos which we have been excavating was one of the most famous in antiquity. The statue was of gold and ivory, colossal in dimensions (certainly over thirty feet in height), and represented the goddess seated on her throne. The face, the nude portions of the body (neck, arms, hands, and feet) were of ivory; while the richly decorated throne, as well as the drapery and

the crown on her head, were of gold profusely decorated with repoussé patterns, chased and enameled, so that to the beauty of form were added harmony and brilliancy of color. She had a crown or band of gold surmounting her head upon which the Hours and Graces were represented in relief. In her left hand she held the scepter surmounted not by the eagle, as is the case with Zeus, but by the cuckoo, a bird specially connected with her mythology. In her right hand she held a pomegranate, a symbol of vitality appropriate to this matronly protectress of married life. The nearest approach to the artistic quality of the great work is now afforded by the discovery of the marble head, which was found in front of the west side of the temple containing the gold and ivory statue.

This head of the Argive goddess, of which we present three views, is of Parian marble, and is of life-size. If we attempt to define the nature of the statue to which it belonged, we must first consider that the head was evidently placed straight between the shoulders at right angles to the chest. This absolute straightness of position of the head, and hence of the look of the eyes, gives to a statue a solemnity, simplicity, and severity which in the earlier works contribute to the impression of hardness and lifelessness. Throughout, in this head, in the symmetry maintained in each half, there is a repose which is saved from lifelessness by the delicate modeling of the eyes, cheeks, nose, and mouth, and by the graceful contour of the whole. This regularity is maintained in the oval outline of the face, in the arrangement of the waves of hair on each side of the central parting; but the intermediary modeling of the details of the face, and even of the ridges of the hair, gives a life and a play of light and shade, especially when seen from a distance, which enliven this almost mechanical symmetry to a graceful sense of repose and dignity. On the other hand, the graceful and delicate treatment of the lips, mouth, and chin, set, as it were, in the severer surroundings of this solemn simplicity of outline composition in the head as a whole, especially when placed straight upon the neck at right angles to the chest, does not tempt us to dwell solely upon this element of grace at the expense of the severer qualities. Still, in the modeling the work is far removed from the hard conventional treatment of the earlier works. It has all the qualities of breadth and grandeur which characterize the work of the fifth century B. C., more especially that associated with Pheidias and the Parthenon, and may be said to mark the highest point in the religious conceptions of the ancient Greeks.

*Charles Waldstein.*





## “MY WHITE ROSE O’ KILLARNEY.”

WITH PICTURES BY IRVING R. WILES, ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

OH, plight to me thy loving troth,  
 Oh, pledge thy lily-white hand;  
 The sail is set, I go from thee  
 Unto a distant land.  
 False fortune sends me from thy side,  
 Across the stormy sea,  
 But better fortune shall be mine,  
 And fetch me back to thee.  
 My white rose o’ Killarney,  
 My white rose o’ Killarney,  
 I ’ll ne’er forget,  
 Till life shall set,  
 My white rose o’ Killarney.



For thy sweet smile I ’ll danger dare,  
 For thee wealth shall be mine,  
 That it may throw its luster bright  
 About thy form divine.  
 I fear not that thy heart will change,  
 Nor all that fate may show;  
 My heart it is forever thine,  
 Thy love hath honor’s glow.  
 My white rose o’ Killarney,  
 My white rose o’ Killarney,  
 I ’ll ne’er forget,  
 Till life shall set,  
 My white rose o’ Killarney.

*Jennie E. T. Dowe.*

## THE WHITE ISLANDER.

By the Author of "The Romance of Dollard," "Old Kaskaskia," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FRANCIS DAY.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART I.

The Chippewa Indians of the settlement were playing a game of baggatiway with some neighboring Sacs, and as they pursued the ball across half a mile of sandy beach from one post to the other, their shouts approached or retreated. The fortress gates stood open, officers and soldiers lounging outside to watch the game. Henry could see the expanse of sparkles which Lake Michigan spread beyond the palisade tips. Fort Michilimackinac was one of the oldest outposts of civilization on the continent. The earliest explorers had rested here; and now that French rule was giving way before the pressure of England, this post grudged itself to the new colors hanging from the flagstaff. It had never been strongly built, having only wooden bastions and palisades, and it had never been so carelessly guarded as on this June day.

Within the area, and against eastern walls, which gave them shadow, sat Chippewa squaws, huddling their blankets around them in spite of the heat. There was a canoe at the beach, just arrived from Detroit, and the trader made haste to finish his letters that he might go out and inquire the news of the English garrison there. His habit of self-control kept him at his task while the whole settlement played.

A trampling rush of the Indians driving their ball to the post nearest the fort came like a sudden rustle of the lake against its beach. Out of this noise rose another, echoing from the pine-woods back of the clearing, and filling the sky's hollow and the lake's plane. It was the Indian war-whoop, and meant death to the garrison.

Henry sprang to his feet, and seized his rifle, expecting to hear the drum-call to arms. But the savages took the fort in an instant. Not an English voice was raised except in death-cries. The squaws threw back their blankets, revealing the weapons they had carried into the inclosure, and gave these to the swarming Chippewas. Half-naked figures, their ridged sinews working like lines of fire, struck down and scalped all they met in their furious courses. The earth seemed turned to a frightful picture, and incredible things were done where a deceitful tribe had just been amusing themselves and their victims with ball-play.



ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

"AN INDIAN GIRL STOOD THERE WITH A BLANKET IN HER HANDS."

FORT MICHILIMACKINAC.

THE young fur-trader, Alexander Henry, sat in his house within the fort, writing letters. The June day was sultry. Such mid-summer heat was rarely felt on the straits where the great lakes mingled.

That long moment of waiting for the signal of defense blanched the young trader. It was useless for him to take up arms alone against four hundred Indians. He saw through his open windows more than one soldier struggling between buckskin knees. The first sav-

which grew from century to century, was strongest at this very time. The French settlers were not to be included in the massacre.

Lake Michigan sparkled. The hot sunshine lay unchanged and serene on a turf soaking pools of scarlet, and on bodies outstretched or



HENRY.

ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

age eye turned his way would mark him for its next victim. The Canadians of the fort stood by unhurt, looking at the destruction of the English, as trees appear to rise calmly above a flood which they cannot stop, but which does not sweep them away. That kindness between French and aboriginal blood,

doubled upon themselves in heaps. Henry was conscious of perfume from the garden outside the palisades. Bees were stooping to gooseberry-bushes or searching the apple-boughs. A water-freshened breeze came upon the land, stirring foliage, while seventy-men were being hacked down by six times as many



savages. The gun sunk in the trader's grasp. He looked around for some hiding-place. As soon as the savages left off slaughter for sacking, his storehouse would be their first thought. He could not escape through the palisades to the woods. Langlade's cottage

silver bands riveted on her naked ankles. Her rounded arms were bare. Only that morning, when the sun showed the crimson of her cheeks, Henry had noticed that she was handsomer than the girls of the northern tribes; but he saw her now as the means of escape. Pani beckoned to him, and threw the blanket over his head. The trader knew he was stumbling on the low fence, and then within Langlade's door. It was a back room into which Pani took him, and she pushed him up a staircase. The mob's howling filled every crevice of earth and sky that sound could penetrate.

They reached the attic. The Indian girl looked at him earnestly before she closed the attic door, shaking her head when he whispered his thanks. The young man heard her draw the key from the lock as she turned it, and her moccasins went down-stairs without his knowledge. She had put him out of the massacre for as long a time as his hiding-place would conceal him. There were no windows in this roof-room, but Henry found a crevice between timbers through which he could look into the fort. Chippewa voices were already raising the shout, "It is done!" Some half-naked fellows ran, knife in hand, toward the storehouse. At the same instant he heard others breaking into the room below.

Langlade's house had nothing but a layer of boards between lower rooms and attic. Distinctly the guttural inquiry rose through loosely covered joists:

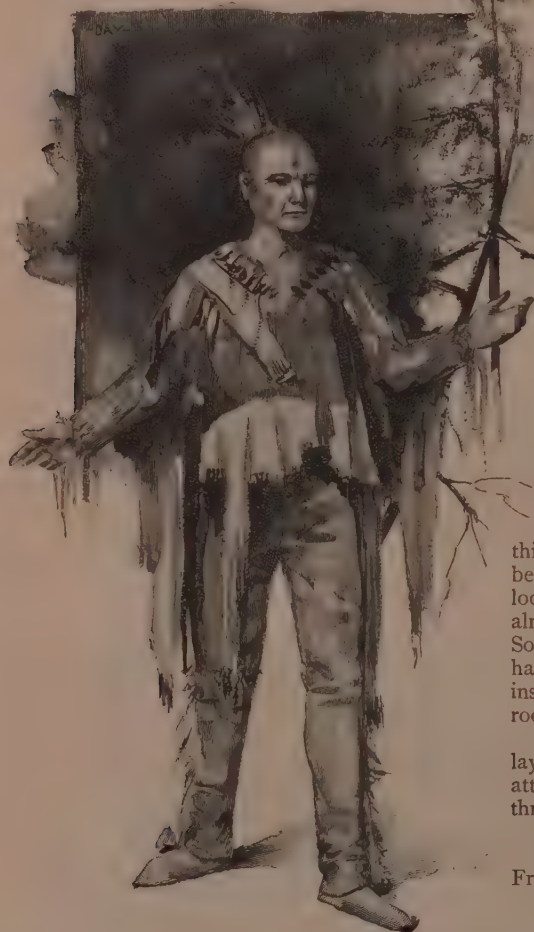
"Are any English hiding in this house?"

"I do not know of any," replied the Frenchman.

"Where, then, is the trader?"

"You can search for him if you think he is here, and satisfy yourselves."

The man in the attic stood up and looked around him. There was a feather-bed on the floor, and in one corner were some birch-bark vessels and troughs used in making maple sugar, and during their season of disuse piled at one end of the floor under the low rafters. Henry crept to the heap and inserted himself feet foremost. He could hear the crowding of moccasins on the narrow stairs as he labored. Water stood in chill drops on his face. He dared not disturb the light birch boxes too vigorously, for fear they would fall with a clatter, or raise suspicious dust in the air. Indians have many



WAWATAM.

ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

stood next to his. The French family were gathered safely within, and it flashed through Henry that they might mercifully hide him. He was at his back door, when it opened, and an Indian girl stood there with a blanket in her hands. She was Langlade's slave, whose name her owners never took the trouble to pronounce. They called her Pani, from her tribe. Her copper skin had not its usual tint, the grayness of extreme anxiety clouding it. Pani had often come into the storehouse, and stood looking at the trader. She wore

senses beside sight. They shook the locked door, and bumped it with their hatchets, until the key was handed up from below. Then four light-footed searchers came into the room.

Henry was scarcely concealed. His breath stopped. He expected to be seized and dragged from the heap instantly, and closed his eyes to his fate. Buckskin legs trod around in the darkness of the attic, kicking the pile, and twice brushing against him. The boxes rattled, but did not fall apart. The exhilarated savages talked of what they had done, and stood counting the number of scalps they had taken. Their search was rapid and careless. They trod on the feather-bed, and prodded the darkest corners with their hatchets. They went down-stairs, still talking, obligingly locking the door again before returning the key.

The trader crept out to the feather-bed and lay down, exhausted by suspense. His body relaxed, and he fell soundly asleep.

When he awoke it was as black as midnight in the attic, and rain was beating the bark roof over his head. The tinkling and the rush of streams down irregular grooves soothed him. It was one of those moments between perils when a fugitive rests, indifferent to his pursuers. He could hear the storm roaring on the lake. He knew it was washing away blood-stains in the fort, and perhaps quenching to sullen smoke fires which the Indians would be sure to start. Their voices in drunken cries at intervals struck across the monotone of the storm. Casks of liquor were long ago rolled out from the fort's stores. In the rain, or under shelter of barracks or officers' quarters, the victors were sprawling and drinking.

Henry sat up and looked at his hopeless case. He was probably the only living Englishman in Fort Michilimackinac. It was four hundred miles to Detroit, the nearest point of safety. If the door were unlocked, or if he could make an opening in the roof and steal out unseen as far as the beach, and find a canoe, he had nothing with which to stock it; and the whole route lay through hostile tribes who were evidently united in rising against the English. Yet to stay was to die. These Indians knew him well. They owed him for goods. By morning they would search him out, and as many as could unite in paying him with their hatchets would cut him down.

His troubled thoughts, and the downpour on the roof, must have shut his ears to noise in the room below; for he was startled at seeing a rod of light appear under the attic door. By this token Henry knew a candle was coming upstairs.

Monsieur Langlade was the bearer of it.

"You searched the place yourselves," he said outside the door, his key groping for its bolt in

the lock. "Very good. Look again. Look until you are satisfied."

The door swung back, and Monsieur Langlade stepped in, lifting his candle so that its sheen fell upon naked red heads and shoulders gorging the staircase.

The young trader stood up. His person expanded, and he fixed an unmoving eye on the rabble. As Monsieur Langlade's candle revealed the occupant of the attic, he uttered a nervous cry. It was for the children asleep below, rather than for the trader, whose concealment in his house might bring vengeance on them. He had himself so many times braved death with coolness that it did not seem to him the worst thing which could befall a man, but it was a pitiable thing for the very young.

The foremost savage caught Henry by the collar, and lifted his knife. Death was endured in that action, though the raised arm was not permitted to inflict it. A Chippewa in hunting-dress caught the knife-handle.

The little yellow flame scarcely showed two struggling figures, or the faces brought close together by the bracing of sinewy limbs. Other Indians poured into the attic, but waited, weapons in hand, respecting the brief wrestle of the two for the knife. In the midst of this effort made for him, Henry was conscious that a mouse squeaked in a corner, and he saw the heap of birch-bark troughs enlarging and contracting in the weird play of light. Imperfect as was his knowledge of the Chippewa tongue, he seized the meaning of the fierce words between the holders of the knife.

"Will you kill my adopted brother before my eyes?"

The hunter was Wawatam. Henry knew his voice.

"We will make broth of all the English."

"But every man in the tribe promised me to save the life of my brother, if I would go away and not tell him. I went."

"We know that well. We know Wawatam went hunting, instead of lifting the hatchet against the English. The fort at Detroit is taken, and all the tribes are risen with Pontiac to sweep the English from our country. And Wawatam goes hunting."

"Stop! I am a Chippewa, but I cannot eat my brother's people. My blood is in his arm, and his blood is in my arm. I cannot eat my own blood."

"But we can eat all the English."

"Give me this knife. I believed you were false Chippewas, and so I came back."

"Let go the knife!"

"I will not let it go. I have brought a present to give in exchange for my brother. You taunt me with going hunting. I went to my lodge."

"Yes; Wawatam goes to his lodge in time of war."

"It is well for you now that you hold the knife. I am no woman, but neither am I the eater of my brother's flesh. Will the Chippewas take my present and let him go, or will they cut down one of their chiefs with their enemies?"

The Frenchman who held the light waited the end of this dispute with more visible anxiety than the Englishman. Henry began to feel that no Indian could kill him. His brother Wawatam seemed to prevail. The squad of warriors remembered their promise. They were a people ruled only by persuasive eloquence moving on the surface of their passions, and they felt in their own lives and practices the force of Wawatam's plea. The Chippewa in his grasp inquired where his present was. Wawatam said it was in the kitchen below. His antagonist relaxed hold, and Monsieur Langlade lifted the candle high to light the descent.

A knot of bodies emerged from the foot of the stairs, Wawatam keeping close to Henry. Rain was pouring down the kitchen windows in sheets, showing diamond lights against a background of blackness. The muddy prints of many moccasins tarnished Madame Langlade's scoured floor. Her husband's face was drawn with anxiety to have the business over and the party out of his house.

Wawatam dragged his packet from the spot where he had dropped it, and stooped to one knee while he uncorded it. Fine skins and wampum enough to satisfy the greedy eyes around him were displayed as well as the light could display them. Wawatam was quick in completing this tacit bargain. Only a few of his tribe were parties to the exchange, and so jealous and changeable is the savage nature that he could not count on their continued acceptance of it.

"Take your brother," said the man with whom he had struggled for the knife; and Wawatam at once opened the door and slipped with Henry into the storm. He gave no backward glance to Chippewas dividing the furs or to Frenchmen waiting their pleasure, but he and Henry made their way around the house and toward the palisade gate. It stood wide open. They could see the whiteness of the hissing lake. Wawatam spoke at his brother's ear, wind and water even then half destroying the sound, and directed Henry to tread close behind him. They stumbled across bodies. Lightning smote the world vivid with its glare, and Henry saw one of those faces; but Wawatam swept his eye around for living and drunken Chippewas. He mistook a shout for the outcry of discovery and pursuit, and leaped with Henry through the gate into deep wet sand.

The Chippewa chief pushed his canoe directly out, and bade his brother get in. They were off from the shore in a breath, each balancing himself and paddling with desperate care. No Indian would ordinarily trust his life to the lake on such a night. If driven to the water he would skirt the shore. But Wawatam steered out across the straits as well as he could in the darkness. Their first efforts kept the two men from seeing anything but the lake heaving its awful shoulders to swamp them. They rode swells which made the little boat shiver. Foam hissed around them, and stuck upon their persons in white specks. But as their muscles grew to acting with automatic sweep and balance, the universe around them could be swiftly noticed. There was no sky except when the lightning spilled it. Then vision flashed abroad to immensity, and suddenly contracted to blindness. Thunder belowered among the islands, and shook like some substance afloat in the air, until the long reverberations lost themselves. The fort was an opaque mass against a low-lying foreground, lighted in one or two spots. White Canadian houses behind it showed their sleek walls as phosphorescence, and then vanished. The scant forest on the mainland pricked out its pine points, and withdrew them again.

Rain trickled down Henry's face, and his long hair clung in tendrils around his neck and ears. He had no hat. Wawatam, who never wore anything on his shaven poll but a chief's decoration, shone when electrical light revealed him. Their peril grew as they advanced farther into the waste blackness. The Englishman answered the motions of his pilot with steady nerve. That day had given him sights which seared the mind. He was ready to drown, though if the canoe swamped he felt he might mechanically swim.

From the general direction of their zigzag tossing he guessed the port which Wawatam hoped to reach. But no talk could pass between the two men except at the top of their voices, and they kept silence.

Henry knew very little about this Chippewa who had adopted him with the superstitious selection peculiar to the Indian nature. Wawatam had begun a year before to make him presents, *spéeches*, and lover-like visits. Henry had responded, amused and touched, giving presents in return, and practising his store of Chippewa words with a good will. He felt no sacred claim upon the Indian, and acknowledged in himself no necessity to risk life in such a service as this. The character of the silent red man loomed before him a colossal manito, of unsuspected worth. He had seen the brutal side of savage nature; he was seeing now its spiritual side.



The trader understood that Wawatam had a family, and he thought of the squaw waiting in anguish, and looking from her lodge at this black chaos. They had been out so long that he forgot every function of life except an automatic balance and the fight with the paddles, when he began to take notice of a roseate star in the north. Lightning blotted it, but in darkness it burned steadily, and he finally saw it was low against a mass of land.

"The island of Mackinac?" he shouted in Chippewa at Wawatam.

"Yes; the Great Turtle," shouted back Wawatam.

Henry had not crossed the straits since his arrival at Fort Michilimackinac, and the islands were unknown worlds to him. He was the pioneer of the English fur-trade, and had ventured with audacious courage to the wooden outpost poorly maintained by a mere advance-guard of his nation. Received coldly by the settled French, with warnings by the soldiers, and sullenly by the Indians, he had not plunged into the woods at all, though their spring freshness tempted him, and the glare on the sand was a monotonous sight, but remained about the fort, guarding his stores, and making such headway as he could into savage friendship. The Great Turtle, or Mackinac, Island was about five miles distant from Fort Michilimackinac across the strait. On clear days, in the elastic and transparent air at the mouth of the lakes, he could see the white cliffs of Mackinac half smothered in foliage. He knew the Chippewa venerated it with superstitious feeling. They gathered there for their great ceremonies. It was sometimes thronged with lodges, and sometimes left in solitude. A colossal manito brooded over the place, and other invisible beings worked spells there. Henry smiled in the darkness at being flung for safety, through flood and storm, upon this enchanted land. Wawatam was attempting, as well as he could, to put his brother in barbarian sanctuary.

A smaller island lying south of the Great Turtle reached out for them with a long phosphorescent arm. Pale green and diamond lights flashed from this sandy bar as the water rolled over it, coruscating and changing through countless tones of color. Wawatam steered far from the uncanny grappling-hook. Henry was ignorant of these insular coast-lines. When, therefore, after long darkness the dying lightning made its revelations, he was startled by the nearness of the shore. It stood above him. The canoe tossed like a chip at the base of wooded heights. The low-lying star which he had watched emerged from the windings of their course a conflagration. They no longer needed the lightning. A fire roared in a stone

fireplace on the beach, and rose-colored smoke escaped from the penthouse of its front. Logs of some size, and much small fuel, heaped the hearth. Henry could hear through the hiss of water a crackling of pine and cedar. The fireplace was in a sheltered cove partly walled around by rocks. On the beach floor and in front of the glare two figures moved about, the rain scarcely veiling them. Henry was so wet that he knew his fingers were shrunken and white around the paddles. The June night chill reached his bones. The fire, like a home hearth inviting him to this unknown coast, appealed with a power that his flesh instantly acknowledged. But the tenders of it so surprised him that his discomfort was forgotten in straining sight at them. They were two white children, a girl, and a short, grotesque boy. The girl stood well within the shelter of rocks, and directed the boy in his laying of the wood. Light poured upon her, now rising so that Henry could even note the flush of her cheek and the lines of her eyebrows, and now sinking until her face became a rosy blot in the dimness. She appeared to be dressed in gray gull-feathers lying smoothly downward, untarnished by the rain. This plumage gave roundness to her young shape. Her hair hung in two large braids down the front of her shoulders. When the boy had put wood on the fire, he resumed turning a leather string on which a piece of meat hung roasting. The string was fastened to a crosspiece upheld by two forks set in sand and stones. At a corner of the hearth a bark platter of fish stood ready, savory incense suggesting itself in the air above. Henry noted all these things with a quick glance or two; the picture of the wilderness kitchen so illuminated filled his mind by a single impression.

Such a narrow strip of beach paved it that every swell of the lake threatened to overwhelm the fire. Yet the high-riding water always broke hissing among fragments of rock lying scattered at the edge—waste stuff that it had carved out in past ages when it made the fireplace. Not a spatter of foam reached the girl or the supper she was tending.

She and her companion watched the outer darkness, but, dazzled by the light in which they stood, they were blind to the speck riding so near them. Wawatam knew every inch of the Mackinac coast; but remembering all they had dared that night, Henry thought he was absurdly cautious about landing his canoe. He held it out in the weather, and moved on eastward, until the kitchen's shine lay behind them, a heaving bar across the water. They passed a turn of the cliff, and after much skilful paddling came into a softly rounded cove which could scarcely be called a bay, but which sheltered and let them easily on shore.

Henry guessed at these things by the massing or retreating of glooms above him, and the line of the water. The organ breathing of evergreens overhead convinced him that pine and cedar clothed these heights like a garment.

To feel hard pebbles underfoot, and to grasp a rock or a bough, was returning to life after long suspension in what was neither life nor death. They pulled their canoe in, and Henry helped Wawatam conceal it and the paddles in a thicket of balsam fir which scratched their hands with its wet needles.

Their path under the cliff was a very narrow one. Several times they had to wade, and the lake washed their legs as they hugged the wall. Wawatam led the way. He grunted cautious words to Henry when the Englishman fell behind in crossing a pool or lost the direction among rocks. Again they saw the shine on the water, and felt it reaching to them through chinks of the trees. Wawatam suddenly raised his voice in a low, penetrating hoot. He held the trader in a pause. A similar call answered him from the kitchen.

They came to the broadening of the beach and the roaring fireplace. If it had seemed cheerful from the lake, it seemed home's own altar now, and the offerings smoked in readiness for two hungry, exhausted men. Henry looked eagerly around. No human being was there; not a rustle came from the shadows. He felt disappointed. He felt even tricked by the influences of the island. Two figures had certainly passed before the hearth. In this empty place he had traced the outlines of a girl's eyebrows. No noise of climbing, no crackle of broken brush, betrayed a retreat. There was only the crackle of the fire, and to that he was obliged to give himself, turning himself in luxury and drying his steaming clothes.

Wawatam seemed only half pleased by what the vanished islanders had done for them. He took his knife and swiftly cut small pines, piling them between the glowing fireplace and the lake. It required so many to make a screen high enough, that Henry was quite dry when Wawatam finished his task.

Still looking waterward with misgivings, he made his English brother sit against the pile, hid from possible voyagers, while they ate their supper.

Before Wawatam sat down he brought water from a spring near by. Listening, Henry could distinguish its gush from the falling of the rain. It came down the cliff, as he learned for himself later, but at that time he thought its small noise was simply an escape into the lake. The water and the venison and fish were delicious enchanted drink and food. Henry felt his blood revived with sudden impetus

such as wine gives. It flew through his arteries, a distinct rapture. His eyes laughed, and the long taciturnity of the night passed away like a trance. He wanted to raise a shout, and make his voice ring against the cliff, but the precautions of Wawatam were a warning to recklessness. So he only talked rapidly, managing the Chippewa words as well as he could, but exuberantly slipping into English or French where expression failed him.

Wawatam listened, and answered seriously, or with a smile slightly loosening the corners of his mouth. He was glad his brother was safe and full of spirits. He was a straight-featured Indian, spare but sinewy. His face, as it dried in the firelight, showed a clearness of tint and a benignity unusual in his tribe. The drizzling rain robbed him of no dignified effect in his clothes. He was well dressed in buckskins, the fringed collar opening and showing a clean-cut neck finely done in human bronze. Exposure to sun and weather had printed small radiating lines at the corners of his unshaded eyes. He was very little older than Henry, but his forefathers of the wilderness had left their somber and aging impress on him, as Saxon and Norman had left their brighter impress on the Englishman.

"My brother has brought me to a good lodge."

"Best not stay here long," said Wawatam.

"Have you some hole to put me in on the island?"

"A good hole," said Wawatam.

"You are not going to let your brother down like Joseph into some pit?"

"Joseph is not in a pit. Joseph stands on the altar," remarked Wawatam, whose knowledge of Hebrew history was bounded by the mission church at L'Arbre Croche.

"I did n't mean the saint. But I shall be safe wherever you put me."

"There is no pit," said Wawatam, "except the rift; and that is not a pit. It is where the heart of the island broke."

"What broke its heart?"

"Once the manito left Mackinac: that broke the island's heart."

"Did he ever come back?"

"Who could stay away?"

"Is your lodge on the island, Wawatam?"

"Yes."

"You are never afraid of the spirits?"

Wawatam glanced around under the rims of his eyelashes. He did not answer, but excused the light inquiry of his brother.

The young Englishman rested against his evergreen cushion and looked at the mysterious cliffs. He was open to beautiful impressions. Strong love of the wilderness had brought him to this perilous frontier. Before penetrating a

yard into the island he felt its influence like the premonition of love. It drew him and claimed him. The fire gave him a flickering sight of crumbly limestone full of little sockets and cleavages filled with moss. Gnarly pine-trees hung down, distorted with gripping the rock. Wet young ferns breathed somewhere under cover, their shy maid's breath being brought to him by the dampness.

"Who were those spirits tending the fire before we landed?" inquired Henry.

Wawatam relaxed his mouth- corners more, and answered:

"They were no spirits. They were part of my family."

"But seen from the lake they looked like a white boy and girl."

"Yes; they are white."

"How did you get a white family, Wawatam?"

"Not all my family are white. My old grandmother is Chippewa."

"How many are there in my brother Wawatam's family?"

"Three: my old grandmother and the boy and girl."

"Was their mother a white woman?"

"Yes; both their mothers were white."

"Then they are not your children?"

"No; the boy is my adopted son. He has but one eye. The girl is my wife."

Henry had a sensation of discomfort mar- ring his perfect physical happiness. As he low- ered his eyes to the glowing coals he asked himself why an Indian like Wawatam should not have a white wife if he wanted one.

"Your wife?" repeated the trader.

"She will be my wife," corrected Wawatam.

"She lives yet in the lodge with my grand- mother. When peace comes I will take her in my canoe to the priest at L'Arbre Croche. No time for marrying now. Too much war; too many evil birds making a noise."

"Who is she, Wawatam?"

"She is a girl without father or mother."

"I understand, then, that my brother has at some time kept her from being killed as he has just kept me from being killed. Is she English?"

"No; French."

"But your people are the friends of the French."

"I did not say I had kept her from being killed."

"And is the boy her brother?"

"No; he is English. He is what you call an idiot," said Wawatam, with unconscious humor. "But we do not call it so." Henry laughed.

"The English at Michilimackinac certainly behaved like idiots to-day when they threw

the fortress gates open. And nearly all of us have died the death of idiots. My escape was by no wisdom of mine."

"No more time to talk," said Wawatam, rising. "You must hide."

He took the largest firebrands and plunged them into the lake. The logs and coals he put out with water carried in the gourd which had supplied them from the spring. A hissing white vapor and clouds of ashes drove Henry up from the evergreens, and darkness grew where the hospitable hearth had shone.

As the ashes settled, and steam ceased rising, Wawatam spoke in the darkness to his adopted brother.

"I must go back to my tribe, to the feasts and war-councils, or they may search you out and kill you yet. They think I am only half- hearted in this war. The French girl that is to be my wife will have to bring you food; for there is no one else on the island but my old grandmother, and the boy, who could not remember."

Henry drew in his breath with a quick im- pulse. But he waited with all the gravity which this hint imposed. After a few minutes he made the promise:

"She shall be my sister as Wawatam is my brother."

The Indian on his side kept silence in the darkness. When he spoke he said:

"I will trust my brother."

He began the march, and Henry followed him. They took the same way along the beach by which they had come, wading pools and walking around rocks. The rain thinned, and the lightning had become a flicker on the hori- zon, but the angry lake still rolled in white ridges, and made a wide-spread noise of its wash on the shore. When they came to the cove where the canoe lay hidden, Wawatam waited and listened. Satisfied by sound or lack of sound which could not be detected by his white brother, he then made rapid progress. The ground stooped to them; the wooded heights sloped down to draw a lovely semi- circle, rounding the froth and glitter of waters. Wawatam did not follow the shore-line here, but struck up a long shoulder of hill, tracing some course he knew well, though the pine boughs had to be parted out of their way. Henry trod directly behind him. A hint of morning was already abroad, in that thinning of the darkness which is more the wan failure of night than the decided approach of day. Birds were inquiring of one another in their unseen retreats. Uncanny wings went past Henry's face, giving him a shuddering start.

"Bats," observed Wawatam.

Moisture in the evergreens and low, broad- leaved oaks rained upon them; but in all this



indistinctness and blind following of his leader, Henry felt the exhilaration of the island. The wet was a sprinkling of balm. Heavenly incense from thousands of primeval censers filled the woods, and filled his spirit. Two or three times he thought he heard twigs breaking behind them, and told Wawatam. The chief listened with him once, and moved on undisturbed.

They had groped over many levels, through many mazes of juniper and hemlock and acres of thick-studded trees, when Wawatam ascended a little mound of flinty waste, and stood breasting a large rock covered with tangle.

"Here it is."

"What is it?" inquired the trader.

"The Skull Rock."

"Do we stop here?"

"You must creep in."

He pressed his hands on his brother's shoulders, and made Henry stoop to the low opening.

"Creep in as far as you can," said Wawatam.

"Is it a cave?"

"Yes."

"A large one?"

"Not very large. But you can hide there."

"Will my brother rest in this cave, too?"

"No; the storm is past now. I must go back to Michilimackinac before the sun is up. It will be better if I am there in the morning. My tribe will not know how far I have brought you."

"But you have had no sleep all night."

"No matter."

"And the lake is still covered with white-caps."

"The paddling will be easier when there is some light."

"How soon shall I see my brother Wawatam again?"

"Not soon, unless there is danger. My brother must lie quiet and wait in patience until I can find some chance to send him to his people."

Henry squeezed the Chippewa's hand. This was no farewell for Wawatam, who took his white brother in his arms. The forest breathed around them, and bits of sky above the trees were translucent with rising light.

"Bless you, old fellow. I am not worth half the trouble you have taken for me. I hope I can do something for you some time, and that you'll never regret you saved my scalp."

"Good-by, my English brother."

"Good-by, my Chippewa brother."

Henry crawled into the cave's mouth. The dank odor repelled him, and he turned his head back to ask Wawatam, who yet stooped watching him:

"No snakes in here, I suppose?"

"No; Skull Rock is a sacred cave. No snakes on the island except two kinds, and they have no poison."

The trader crept down the cavern's slope. He looked back once more to see the red face at the opening of the rock; but Wawatam's moccasins were silently moving away on their journey to Michilimackinac.

The place was paved with uneven fragments, which rolled under Henry's hand as he groped. It was an irregular hollow, turning at right angles in the rock, and when he reached the turn he thrust his feet backward into the further mystery, and stretched himself out with his face to the opening. He was stiff from his long paddling, and faint from living such a day. The elixir of the island no longer reached him. The presence and restraint of a stoic like Wawatam being taken away, he gave himself up to weakness, and slept like a dead man, unmoving and pale.

(To be continued.)

*Mary Hartwell Catherwood.*

## BALCONY STORIES.

### THE STORY OF A DAY.

WITH PICTURES BY A. E. STERNER.



IT is really not much, the story; it is only the arrangement of it, as we would say of our dresses and our drawing-rooms.

It began with the dawn, of course; and the skiff for our voyage, silvered with dew, waiting in the mist for us, as if it had floated down in a cloud from heaven to the bayou. When repeated, this

sounds like poor poetry; but that is the way one thinks at daydawn, when the dew is yet, as it were, upon our brains, and our ideas are still half dreams, and our waking hearts, alas! as innocent as waking babies playing with their toes.

Our oars waked the waters of the bayou, as motionless as a sleeping snake under its misty covert—to continue the poetical language or thought. The ripples ran frightened and

shivering into the rooty thicknesses of the sedge-grown banks, startling the little birds bathing there into darting to the nearest, highest rush-top, where, without losing their hold on their swaying, balancing perches, they burst into all sorts of incoherent songs, in their excitement to divert attention from the near-hidden nests: bird mothers are so much like women mothers!

It soon became day enough for the mist to rise. The eyes that saw it ought to be able to speak to tell fittingly about it.

Not all at once, nor all together, but a thinning, a lifting, a breaking, a wearing away; a little withdrawing here, a little withdrawing there; and now a peep, and now a peep; a bride lifting her veil to her husband! Blue! White! Lilies! Blue lilies! White lilies! Blue and white lilies! And still blue and white lilies! And still! And still! Wherever the veil lifted, still and always the bride!

Not in clumps and bunches, not in spots and patches, not in banks, meadows, acres, but in—yes; for still it lifted beyond and beyond and beyond; the eye could not touch the limit of them, for the eye can touch only the limit of vision; and the lilies filled the whole sea-marsh, for that is the way spring comes to the sea-marshes.

The sedge-roots might have been unsightly along the water's edge, but there were morning-glories. All colors, all shades. Oh, such morning-glories as we of the city never see! Our city morning-glories must dream of them, as we dream of angels. Only God could be so lavish! Dropping from the tall spear-heads to the water, into the water, under the water. And, then, the reflection of them, in all their colors, blue, white, pink, purple, red, rose, violet!

To think of an obscure little Acadian bayou waking to flow the first thing in the morning not only through banks of new-blown morning-glories, but sown also to its depths with such reflections as must make it think itself a bayou in heaven, instead of in the *Paroisse St. Martin*. Perhaps that is the reason the poor poets think themselves poets, on account of the beautiful things that are only reflected into their minds from what is above? Besides the reflections, there were alligators in the bayou, trying to slip away before we could see them, and watching us with their stupid, senile eyes, sometimes from under the thickest, prettiest flowery bowers; and turtles splashing into the water ahead of us; and fish (silver-sided perch) looking like reflections themselves, floating through the flower reflections, nibbling their breakfast.

Now our bayou had been running through swamp only a little more solid than itself; in fact, there was no solidity but what came from the roots of grasses. The banks began to get

firmer now, from real soil in it. We could see cattle in the distance, up to their necks in the lilies, their heads and sharp-pointed horns coming up and going down in the blue and white. Nothing makes cattle's heads appear handsomer, with the sun just rising far, far away on the other side of them. The sea-marsh cattle turned loose to pasture in the lush spring beauty—turned loose in Elysium!

But the land was only partly land yet, and the cattle still cattle to us. The rising sun made revelations, as our bayou carried us through a drove in their Elysium, or it might have always been an Elysium to us. It was not all pasturage, all enjoyment. The rising and falling feeding head was entirely different, as we could now see, from the rising and falling agonized head of the bogged—the buried alive. It is well that the lilies grow taller and thicker over the more treacherous places; but, misery! misery! not much of the process was concealed from us, for the cattle have to come to the bayou for water. Such a splendid black head that had just yielded breath! The wide-spreading ebony horns thrown back among the morning-glories, the mouth open from the last sigh, the glassy eyes staring straight at the beautiful blue sky above, where a ghostly moon still lingered, the velvet neck ridged with veins and muscles, the body already buried in black ooze. And such a pretty red-and-white-spotted heifer, lying on her side, opening and shutting her eyes, breathing softly in meek resignation to her horrible calamity! And, again, another one was plunging and battling in the act of realizing her doom: a fierce, furious red cow, glaring and bellowing at the soft, yielding, inexorable abyss under her, the bustards settling afar off, and her own species browsing securely just out of reach.

They understand that much, the sea-marsh cattle, to keep out of reach of the dead combatant. In the delirium of anguish, relief cannot be distinguished from attack, and rescue of the victim has been proved to mean goring of the rescuer.

The bayou turned from it at last, from our beautiful lily world, about which our pleasant thoughts had ceased to flow even in bad poetry.

Our voyage was for information, which might be obtained at a certain habitation; if not there, at a second one, or surely at a third and most distant settlement.

The bayou narrowed into a canal, then widened into a bayou again, and the low, level swamp and prairie advanced into woodland and forest. Oak-trees began, our beautiful oak-trees! Great branches bent down almost to the water,—quite even with high water,—covered with forests of oak, weeds, lichens, and with vines that swept our heads as we

passed under them, drooping now and then to trail in the water, a plaything for the fishes, and a landing-place for amphibious insects. The sun speckled the water with its flickering patterns, showering us with light and heat. We have no spring suns; our sun, even in December, is a summer one. And so, with all its grace of curve and bend, and so—the description is longer than the voyage—we come to our first stopping place.

To the side, in front of the well-kept fertile fields, like a proud little snowman, stood the little house. Its pointed shingle roof covered it like the top of a chimney-pot, reaching down to the windows, which peeped out from under its little eaves.

A woman came out of the door to meet us. She had had none during our graceful winding up to prepare for us. What an ironical bow to old maidenhood! At least twenty-five, almost a possible grandmother, according to Acadia's computation, and well in the grip of advancing years. She was dressed in a suit dark red velvet gown, with a white apron. Her black hair, smooth and glossy under a varnish of grease, was plaited high in the back, and dropped regular ringlets, six in all, over her forehead. That was the epoch when her calamity came to her, when the hair was worn in that fashion. A woman seldom alters her coiffure after a calamity of a certain nature happens to her. The figure had taken a complete rigidity, an unflinching inflexibility, all the world away from the elasticity of matronhood; and her eyes were clear and fixed like her figure, neither falling, nor rising, nor pouting under other eyes. Her lips, her hands, her slim feet, were conspicuously single, too, in their intent, neither reaching, nor feeling, nor running for cause other lips, hands, and feet which should have doubled their single life.

That was Adeline Métonaux, otherwise the most industrious Acadian and the best command-weaver in the parish. It had been short, her story. A woman's love is still with those people her story. She was thirteen when she met him. That is the age for an Acadian girl to meet him, because, you know, the large families—the thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, twenty children—take up the years; and when one wishes to know one's great-great-grandchildren (which is the dream of the Acadian girl) one must not delay one's story.

She had one month to love him in, and in one week they were to have the wedding. The Acadians believe that marriage must come *au point*, as cooks say their sauces must be served. Standing on the bayou bank in front of the Métonaux, one could say "Good day" with the eyes to the Zéverin Theriots—

that was the name of the parents of the young bridegroom. Looking under the branches of the oaks, one could see across the prairie,—prairie and sea-marsh it was,—and clearly distinguish another little red-washed house like the Métonaux, with a painted roof hanging over the windows, and a staircase going up outside to the garret. With the sun shining in the proper direction, one might distinguish more, and with love shining like a sun in the eyes, one might see, one might see—a heart full.

It was only the eyes, however, which could make such a quick voyage to the Zéverin Theriots; a skiff had a long day's journey to reach them. The bayou sauntered along over the country like a negro on a Sunday's pleasure, trusting to God for time, and to the devil for means.

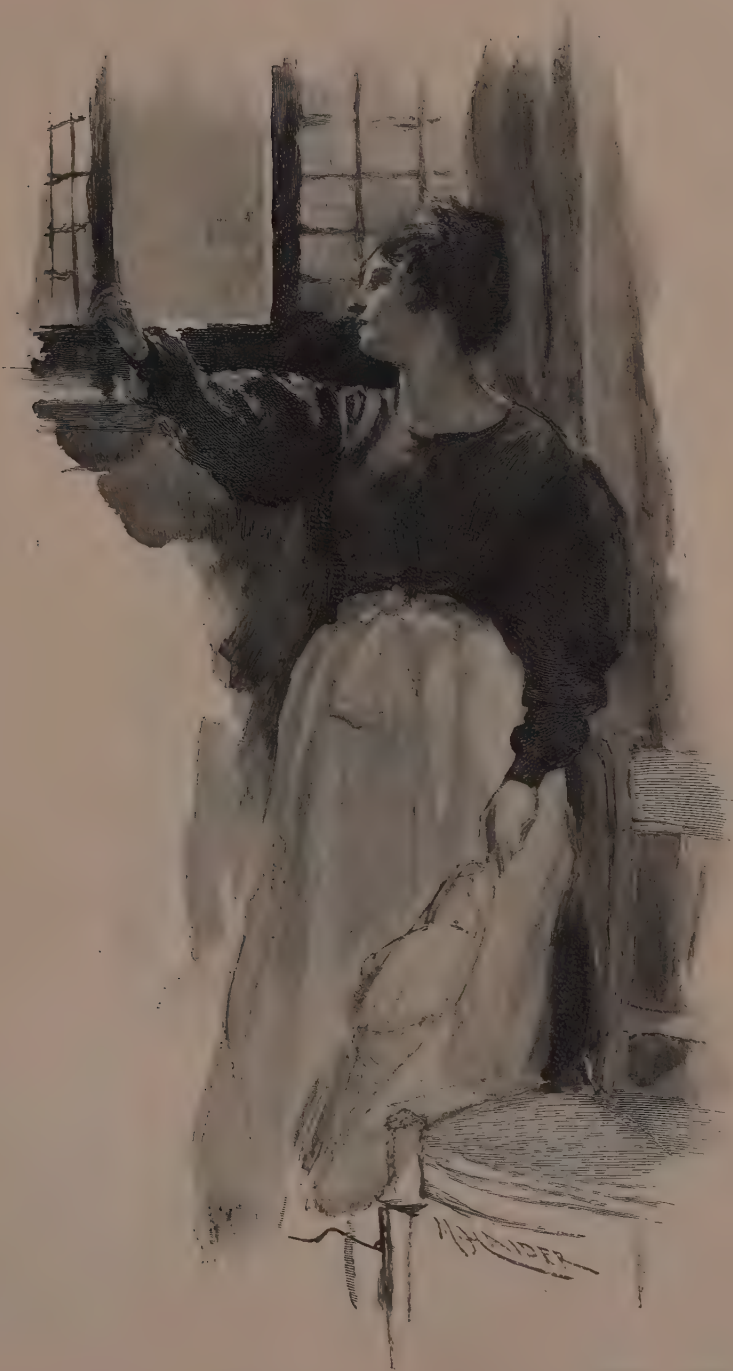
Oh, nothing can travel quickly over a bayou. Ask any one who has waited on a bayou-bank for a physician, or a life-and-death message. Thought refuses to travel and turn and double over it; thought, like the eye, takes the shortest cut—straight over the sea-marsh; and in the spring of the year, when the lilies are in bloom, thought could not take a more heavenly way, even from beloved to beloved.

It was the week before marriage, that week when, more than one's whole life afterward, one's heart feels most longing—most—well, in fact it was the week before marriage. From Sunday to Sunday, that was all the time to be passed. Adeline—women live through this week by the grace of God, or perhaps they would be as unreasonable as the men—Adeline could look across the prairie to the little red roof during the day, and could think across it during the night, and get up before day to look across again—longing, longing all the time. Of course one must supply all this from one's own imagination or experience.

But Adeline could sing, and she sang. One might hear, in a favorable wind, a gunshot, or the barking of a dog from one place to the other, so that singing, as to effect, was nothing more than the voicing of her looking and thinking and longing.

When one loves, it is as if everything was known of and seen by the other; not only all that passes in the head and heart, which would in all conscience be more than enough to occupy the other, but the talking, the dressing, the conduct. It was then that the back hair was braided and the front curled more and more beautifully every day, and that the calico dresses became stiffer and stiffer, and the white crocheted lace collar broader and lower in the neck. At thirteen she was beautiful enough to startle one, they say, but that was nothing; she spent time and





ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

"HER HEART DROVE HER TO THE WINDOW."



"ALL THAT DAY WAS DESPONDENCY, DEJECTION."

care upon these things, as if, like other women, her fate seriously depended upon them. There is no self-abnegation like that of a woman in love.

It was her singing, however, which most showed that other existence in her existence. When she sang at her spinning-wheel or her loom, or battling clothes on the bank of the bayou, her lips would kiss out the words, and the tune would rise and fall and tremble, as if Zepherin were just across there, anywhere; in fact, as if every blue and white lily might hide an ear of him.

It was the time of the new moon, fortunately, when all sit up late in the country. The family would stop in their talking about the wedding to listen to her. She did not know it herself, but it—the singing—was getting louder and clearer, and, poor little thing, it told everything. And after the family went to bed they could still hear her, sitting on the bank of the bayou, or up in her window, singing and looking at the moon traveling across the lily prairie—for all its beauty and brightness no more beautiful and bright than a heart in love.

It was just past the middle of the week, a

Thursday night. The moon was so bright the colors of the lilies could be seen, and the singing, so sweet, so far-reaching — it was the essence of the longing of love. Then it was that the miracle happened to her. Miracles are always happening to the Acadians. She could not sleep, she could not stay in bed. Her heart drove her to the window, and kept her there, and — among the civilized it could not take place, but here she could sing as she pleased in the middle of the night; it was nobody's affair, nobody's disturbance. "Saint Ann! Saint Joseph! Saint Mary!" She heard her song answered! She held her heart, she bent forward, she sang again. Oh, the air was full of music! It was all music! She fell on her knees; she listened, looking at the moon; and with her face in her hands, looking at Zepherin. It was God's choir of angels, she thought, and one with a voice like Zepherin! Whenever it died away she would sing again, and again, and again —

But the sun came, and the sun is not created, like the moon, for lovers, and whatever happened in the night, there was work to be done in the day. Adorine worked like one in a trance, her face as radiant as the up-turned face of a saint. They did not know what it was, or rather they thought it was love. Love is so different out there, they make all kinds of allowances for it. But, in truth, Adorine was still hearing her celestial voices or voice. If the cackling of the chickens, the whirl of the spinning-wheel, or the "bum bum" of the loom effaced it a moment, she had only to go to some still place, round her hand over her ear, and give the line of a song, and — it was Zepherin — Zepherin she heard.

She walked in a dream until night. When the moon came up she was at the window, and still it continued, so faint, so sweet, that answer to her song. Echo never did anything more exquisite, but she knew nothing of such a heathen as Echo. Human nature became exhausted. She fell asleep where she was, in the window, and dreamed as only a bride can dream of her groom. When she awoke, "Adorine! Adorine!" the beautiful angel voices called to her; "Zepherin! Zepherin!" she answered, as if she, too, were an angel, signaling another angel in heaven. It was too much. She wept, and that broke the charm. She could hear nothing more after that. All that day was despondency, dejection, tear-bedewed eyes, and tremulous lips, the commonplace reaction, as all know, of love

exaltation. Adorine's family, Acadian peasants though they were, knew as much about it as any one else, and all that any one knows about it is that marriage is the cure-all, and the only cure-all, for love.

And Zepherin? A man could better describe his side of that week; for it, too, has mostly to be described from imagination or experience. What is inferred is that what Adorine longed and thought and looked in silence and resignation, according to woman's way, he suffered equally, but in a man's way, which is not one of silence or resignation, — at least when one is a man of eighteen, — the last interview, the near wedding, her beauty, his love, her house in sight, the full moon, the long, wakeful nights.

He took his pirogue; but the bayou played with his impatience, maddened his passion, bringing him so near, to meander with him again so far away. There was only a short prairie between him and —, a prairie thick with lily-roots — one could almost walk over their heads, so close, and gleaming in the moonlight. But this is all only inference.

The pirogue was found tethered to the paddle stuck upright in the soft bank, and — Adorine's parents related the rest. Nothing else was found until the summer drought had bared the swamp.

There was a little girl in the house when we arrived — all else were in the field — a stupid, solemn, pretty child, the child of a brother. How she kept away from Adorine, and how much that testified!

It would have been too painful. The little arms around her neck, the head nestling to her bosom, sleepily pressing against it. And the little one might ask to be sung to sleep. Sung to sleep!

The little bed-chamber, with its high mattress bed, covered with the Acadian homespun quilt, trimmed with netting fringe, its bit of mirror over the bureau, the bottle of perfumed grease to keep the locks black and glossy, the prayer-beads and blessed palms hanging on the wall, the low, black polished spinning-wheel, the loom, — the *métier d'Adorine* famed throughout the parish, — the ever goodly store of cotton and yarn hanks swinging from the ceiling, and the little square, open window which looked under the mossy oak branches to look over the prairie; and once again all blue and white lilies — they were all there, as Adorine was there; but there was more — not there.

Grace King.





DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

THE HERMIT-THRUSH.

## AN HOUR WITH ROBERT FRANZ.



IN the quiet Prussian university town of Halle, where Handel was born two hundred and eight years ago, there lived until October 24, 1892, one of the greatest song-composers the world has ever seen — in some respects the greatest of them all. Like Beethoven, who never heard a note of music from his thirty-second year to his death at the age of fifty-seven, Robert Franz had been deaf almost a quarter of a century. The muscles of his hands also were partly paralyzed, and it was with difficulty that he could write a note, while he ceased composing years ago. There he lived in a modest house in the large university town, seventy-seven years old, yet almost completely ignored by his countrymen.

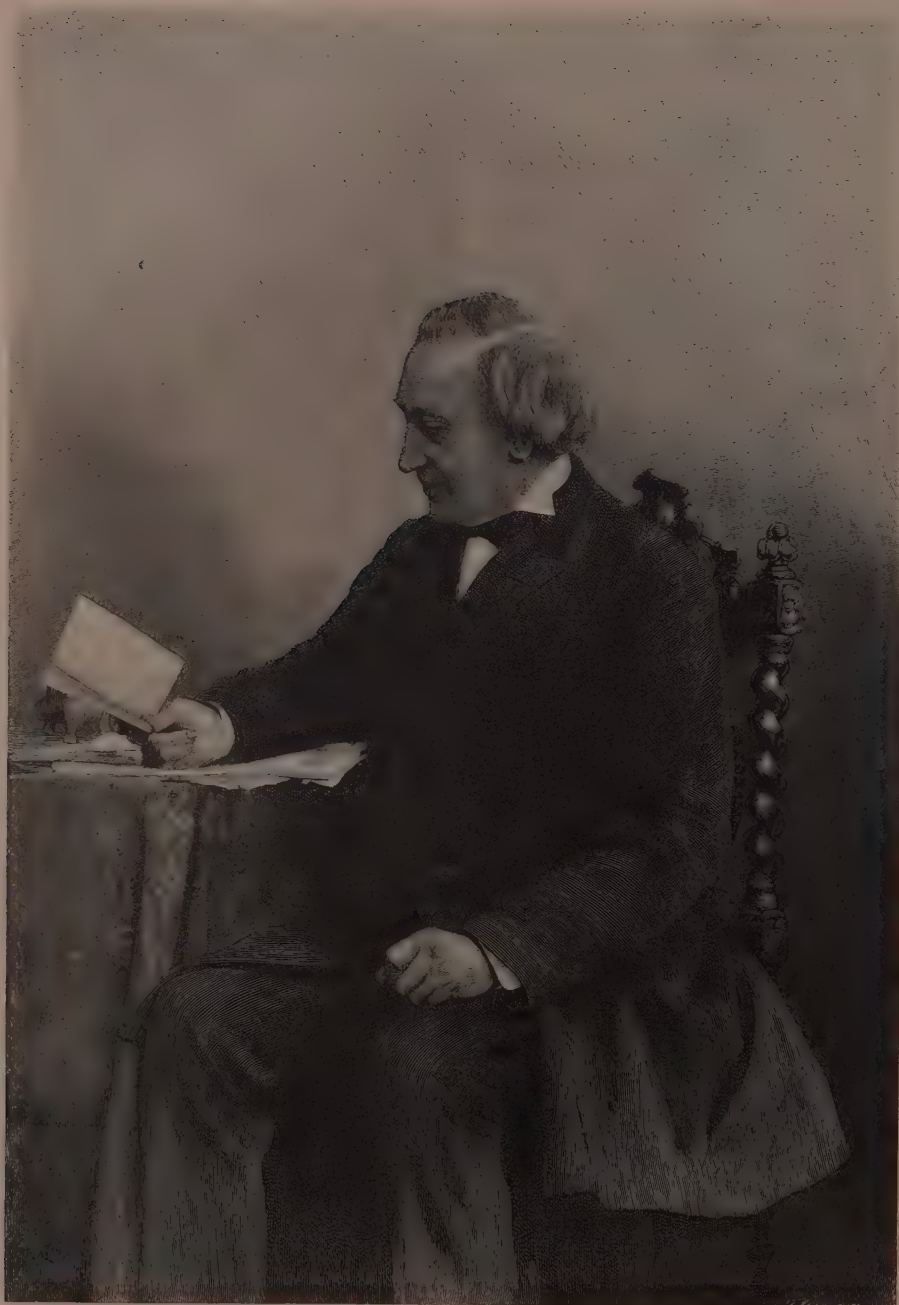
The life of Robert Franz was almost as uneventful as that of his idol Bach. As in the case of so many other great composers, his parents refused to recognize or encourage the musical talent which he showed in his childhood, and at school he was punished severely and repeatedly for yielding to his impulse to add a harmonic part to the choral melodies sung by the other children! He reached his fourteenth year before he himself or any one else suspected that he was destined to be a musician. One day he accidentally came across an old-fashioned piano, or spinet, in the house of a relative, and, as he relates in an autobiographic sketch, this decided his fate. He now went to work, unaided, to unravel the mysteries of musical notation. His devotion finally softened the heart of his father, who bought the old piano for him, and put him under a cheap teacher. Neither this rickety instrument, however, nor his incompetent teacher satisfied him long, and he soon found himself going from church to church on Sundays to hear his favorite chorals, and perchance to get permission from a friendly organist to take his place for a few minutes.

His next step was to try his hand at composing, again unaided; the result being such that, as he remarked in later years, if any youth should come to him with similar productions he would advise him to choose anything but music for a profession. He neglected his other studies at the same time, and at twenty his father sent him to pursue his beloved art under Friedrich Schneider at Dessau. Two years later he re-

turned with a number of compositions for piano and for voice, to which he continued to add, although his father's fears that music would prove a profitless art for him were shown to have been well founded, for he was unable to get a position or remunerative employment. For this disappointment he found consolation in a loving study of the scores of Bach and Handel, and especially of the songs of Schubert, which made an overwhelming impression on him, and kindled an enthusiasm for that form of art that definitively decided his fate and his vocation.

One result of these studies was that he pitilessly destroyed all his own compositions, and for five years did not again venture to write anything, devoting much of his time to a study of philosophy and esthetics at the university. It required the magic power of love to arouse his creative faculties from their torpor; and just as Schumann, in the year of his marriage, turned to song, and in that twelvemonth wrote over a hundred of his inspired *lieder*, so Franz, though in a more modest measure, came forward as a song-composer, and published a collection of twelve *lieder*, which he dedicated to Schumann. At that time Schumann was approaching the end of his career as critic and professional discoverer of musical geniuses, and his trained eye immediately saw that here was a new light piercing the darkness of Philistinism. These songs, he declared, belonged to the noble modern style which shows what great progress the *lied* — and the *lied* alone — has made since the days of Beethoven. "Poetic singers only can do them justice; they are best if sung in solitude and in the twilight." And so on for a whole page, culminating in the remark, "Were I to dwell on all the exquisite details, I should never come to an end." Subsequent volumes were dedicated to Mendelssohn and to Liszt, who were no more obtuse than Schumann. Mendelssohn wrote to him: "May you give us many, many more works like this, as beautiful in conception, as refined in style, and as original and euphonious." And Liszt wrote his well-known and admirable essay, which, proportionately, did as much to establish Franz's fame as his Weimar essays on Wagner's early opera did for that exiled and unappreciated composer four decades ago.

But while those geniuses, with Chopin, Gade, Henselt, and others, thus recognized and appreciated a fellow-genius, the critics and the public were slow in following suit, and poor Franz



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. HÖPFNER.

ROBERT FRANZ.



shared the fate of Schubert — his *lieder* sold for a mere song, and he had to earn his scant daily bread as organist, director of the academy of singing, and lecturer on music at the university. The trouble with his ears, which began as early as 1841, and was aggravated by the whistle of a locomotive, gradually became more and more serious, and in 1868 it reached such a point that he was obliged to give up all his duties. As the income from his songs was a mere trifle, he would have been obliged literally to starve, or become an inmate of a poorhouse, had it not been for the generosity of Liszt, Joachim, and Frau Magnus, who gave a series of concerts in Germany, England, and Austria-Hungary which yielded \$22,000, on the income from which Franz was able to subsist modestly but comfortably for the last twenty years of his life.

Such, in brief, is the story of Robert Franz's life. My wife and I had been for many years ardent admirers of his compositions, and in July, 1891, on our way from Berlin to Bayreuth, we took the opportunity of stopping for a few hours at Halle, in order to make his acquaintance. As we walked up the handsome Leipziger-strasse to the market-place, we were confronted by the Handel statue — a sight which harmonized perfectly with our quest of the great restorer and writer of Handel's scores. It was lunch-time, and, espying a restaurant on one side of the square, we had something to eat, and then asked the waiter to bring us the city directory. Imagine yourself looking in a city directory for Mozart, or Beethoven, or Schubert, with the intention of calling on him! The name was soon found, and quite imposing did it look with all the appendages — Franz, Dr. Robert, Universitäts-Musikdirector, Königlich Bairischer Maximilian Orden für Kunst und Wissenschaft, Herzoglich Sächsisches Coburg-Gothaer Verdienstkreuz für Kunst und Wissenschaft; König-strasse 38, I. The "Dr." prefixed to his name recalled the fact that the University of Halle had made him an honorary doctor for his valuable services to art in editing the scores of Bach, Handel, and other old masters.

So König-strasse 38, I. was to be our goal. It was found without any difficulty, and it was a pleasure to reflect that, thanks to the generosity of Liszt, Joachim, and Frau Magnus, we did not have to search for the great song-writer in a garret, but found him occupying spacious rooms on the second floor of a large apartment-house on one of the main streets, facing an open place with trees and shrubbery. We had been told in Berlin that his wife had died only three months before, so we did not know whether he would receive a visit from strangers. The parlor was furnished in the usual simple German style. The door presently opened, and in walked the immortal tone-poet, a rather large man, with

a broad face, square chin, and in a certain way resembling Liszt. His forehead receded more than Liszt's, but there was much the same expression of firmness about his mouth. He was somewhat bald, but his hair was still only iron-gray, although he had passed his seventy-seventh birthday. He held out his hand with a cordial gesture and greeting, but not a cordial pressure, for, alas! of each of his hands all but the first two fingers are paralyzed.

"Do you understand German?" was his first question, and, without waiting for an answer, — for the best and saddest of reasons, — he continued, "I, alas! am absolutely deaf, and if you wish to say anything to me I must beg you to write it on one of those slates."

Two ordinary school-slates, with moist sponges attached, lay on the piano. I wrote a few words on one of them.

"America again!" he exclaimed, after reading what I had written. "Most of my friends seem to be Americans. I do not say this as a mere polite phrase, but because it is actually true. I assure you that of every six letters I receive five are from America or England. The Germans do not seem to be aware of my existence. You know how it is in this country. Envy and jealousy are so rampant that a man who does anything that rises above the average is in danger of being torn to pieces.<sup>1</sup> We have hundreds of musicians, each of whom has a deskful of manuscripts which he is anxious that the world should appreciate; hence each of these men regards every one else as his natural rival and enemy, who must be belittled or ignored as much as possible. Other nations are proud of their authors and composers, — look at France, England, and Italy, — but the Germans ignore theirs till they are dead, and then they erect statues to their memory."

He arose to get a copy of the London "Musical Record," which was lying on the piano. "You have noticed, perhaps," he said, "that my name has been bandied about a good deal lately in England apropos of the use of my edition of the 'Messiah' at a music festival. It is a curious thing," — and he laughed heartily, — "but Mr. Prout has told those critics the truth. The old masters did not elaborate their scores in all the details, but filled them out at the organ during the performance. For modern purposes these missing parts have to be filled out, as far as possible, in the spirit of the old masters. Bach and Handel were my earliest masters, my friends and companions through life, and I have done my best to preserve

<sup>1</sup> I cannot vouch for the exact words used by Franz, which, moreover, were spoken in German. But as I noted down his remarks minutely, immediately after leaving him, I can, at least, vouch for the substantial accuracy of what is here recorded.



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. HÖPFNER.

MADAM FRANZ. (MARIE HINRICHS.)

their spirit in my additional accompaniments. Some of my 'bold changes' that the English critics have complained of were simply restorations of Handel's text which Mozart had altered! You see, there are pedants in music, as in every other department of learning—men who swear by the letter and miss the spirit. I was once present at the funeral services of a very orthodox minister. His colleague, in his eulogy of the deceased, dwelt on the fact that he had believed so firmly in the letter of the Bible that if he had read therein that the city of Halle is situated in America he would have believed it.

"Besides," he continued, "we must remember that Bach and Handel were human beings, who made errors like all other mortals, which their editors to-day must not overlook. They wrote enormous quantities of music—it would take a man forty years merely to copy what Handel or Bach wrote. Among Handel's manuscripts in England there was found a detail which neatly showed how rapidly that composer wrote. On the top of a left-hand page of a large score sand was found adhering to the notes, showing that before the ink had had time to dry on the first lines of that page Handel's pen must have reached the bottom of the next page!" He rose again, and brought us the facsimile reprint of the "Messiah" score. "Here you can see how hastily the work was done: here are a few lines canceled with a stroke of the pen, here a bar blotted out with a daub of ink, and here" (this seemed to amuse him particularly) "see how he has actually blotted out notes with his finger, too impatient to erase them." He closed the score, and continued: "Ah, but these were the greatest of all masters! To-day music appears to be manufactured; in Mozart's days it grew, and still more so in the days of Bach and Handel: their thoughts came spontaneously, and shaped themselves naturally, like crystals. To-day we have music which has neither melody nor harmony nor rhythm. Moreover, the theater has absorbed all our musical life; all the arts contribute, but not always their best. And—to use a homely simile—it is the waiter who serves the dishes that gets all the honors, while the cook, whose skill has devised them, is unseen and uncared for. You read about that opera-singer the other day—horses unhitched, drawn to hotel by enthusiasts. But the composer whom the singer used as a pedestal, who cares for him?"

He paused a moment, and I wrote on the slate, "Do you still compose songs?"

"No," was the answer; "when a man has reached his seventy-sixth year he does not care to compose any more." Then he suddenly exclaimed, "But do you know my wife's songs?"

while a sort of triumphant expression came over his face.

I had not seen them, and he brought a copy from the piano—a collection of songs by Marie Hinrichs. To the eye they looked much like his own songs. As the reader doubtless knows, there is an individual appearance about each composer's (printed) scores that makes it easy for an expert to tell at a glance the author of a piece placed before him; and as Clara Schumann's songs resemble her husband's, why should not those of Marie Hinrichs resemble Franz's?

"Ah, but those *are* songs!" he exclaimed. He placed his finger on one, and followed the melody as he hummed it. Being absolutely deaf, he could not get all the intervals of the melody correctly, but only the general drift—a point of psychologic interest, for his speaking voice was always correctly modulated, and had none of the harsh quality so common to the deaf. It was indeed uncommonly expressive, had an insinuating emotional quality, and sometimes rose to a pitch of real eloquence, especially when he was speaking of his wife. After humming the melody, he read the underlying poem by Heine to show how beautifully the two harmonized. It was most pathetic to see the deaf old master, shut out from the tone-world he had helped to create, dwelling for fifteen minutes on the songs of his wife—of his own he seemed to have no thought—with tears repeatedly rolling down his cheeks. "Her picture is in the other room—did you see it? No? Then I must get it." Placing it in my wife's hands, he exclaimed: "There, take a good look at that! Such a face you will never see again!" And we could not but reflect what an inestimable boon it must have been for the poor composer in his more than twenty years of deafness to have such a companion, whose kindness of heart is mirrored in her countenance. No wonder he worshiped her above his own works, above even his idols, Bach and Handel. "Her eyes are black," my wife whispered; "now I know why his black-eyed song is one of his best" ("Weil' auf mir, du dunkles Auge").

I asked him if he would kindly copy for me a few bars from one of his favorite songs. "I am very sorry," he replied, "but my paralyzed fingers make it so difficult for me to write that I have not even sent a letter yet to my daughter, who has been absent several weeks." Nevertheless he sat down, and copied a few bars with a pencil. I told him that I intended to write an article about him for an American magazine, and asked for permission to illustrate it with his own and his wife's portrait.

"My own pictures," he explained, after resuming his seat, "are all bad; I have never



succeeded in getting a good one. My face is so completely changed by expression that when I sit down before that infernal machine I am not myself. This picture, which you will get, is the only tolerable one—note the amused expression on it. It happened in this way. All the university professors were to be photographed. I sat eleven times, and was about to give up in despair, when, as a final attempt, the photographer suggested that I should sit down at the table. There was a book on it and a piece of music. The book contained Heine's poems, and the song was that barrel-organ piece, 'The Little Fisher Girl.' The contrast struck me as being so ludicrous that a smile crept over my face, and the wary photographer took this opportunity to fix it, as you see. I have another picture which is better than this, but it is taken from behind. It is a sketch of me made by a young lady." It showed him walking in the woods, with his overcoat on, and his umbrella under his left arm. There is no grace in it, but very much character—every inch a German savant, reminding one somewhat of that well-known semi-caricature of Beethoven by Lyser. "See what life there is in all those lines," he commented; "there you see a real picture, although the face is not visible. Some Berlin critics, by the way, have a theory that I do not compose my own songs, but hire a somnambulist, who dictates them to me, and that I then hypnotize him again to correct the manuscript,—the cruellest cut of all! Perhaps my picture is to blame; no one in looking at it would believe that I had written those songs." This reminded me of a little Gounod anecdote a young lady once told me. She met Gounod at a Viardot-Garcia soirée, and in a course of chat with him remarked that one would hardly suspect from his appearance that he could have written such an inspired work as "Faust." Whereupon Gounod replied with a smile, "Il faut être Américaine pour dire cela!"

Fearing that we might fatigue our entertaining host, we now rose to leave. His last words were a request to greet certain of his American friends cordially. He directed the maid to accompany us to the photographer, and on the way we learned from her some interesting particulars regarding her master's habits and daily doings. She said that he was still quite robust, and took a four-hour walk every day when the weather permitted, his hours being from 3 to 7 P. M., and his favorite haunts the woods. One of his eccentricities, she said, was the habit of stopping to crush every cherry-stone he saw on the sidewalks. For this she could give no reason except that, being unable to converse with any one during his walks, he sought diversion in that way. It reminds one of

Dr. Johnson's habit of touching every picket of a fence he passed, and even stepping back if he had accidentally missed one. Franz always retired at nine, got up at ten, and often read in bed. Sometimes he played a few bars on the piano; but with only three fingers on each hand, and no ears to guide them, the result was usually not as pleasant as it might have been. His daughter, as already stated, was away on a visit, and he had a son who was a professor at Leipsic. He was always pleased, the maid said, when visitors called on him; but they were few and far between.

Strange people, these Germans, thus to neglect their men of genius during their lifetime. Now that Robert Franz is dead a monument will no doubt be erected to him on the marketplace at Halle, facing the Handel statue; critics and antiquarians will spend days and weeks in searching old newspapers and letters for the tiniest bits of information regarding his habits, his appearance, his work, and his opinions; while as long as he lived among them, a very treasure-house of information and esthetic suggestion, no one even took the trouble to ring his door-bell! The plain truth is that the Germans, as a nation, do not even yet realize what a great genius Robert Franz was, although other men of genius—Liszt, especially, and Schumann—told them all about it several decades ago. In Liszt's admirable brochure on Franz there is a passage which Americans will always read with pride, for it points out the fact that it was in America that Robert Franz's genius was first recognized generally, and his songs frequently heard in concert-halls, thanks largely to the missionary work of Mr. Otto Dresel in Boston.

This is something to be grateful for, but it is not a tithe of what is due to Franz. It must be said that in no branch of music are there so many gems of the purest water unknown to the public at large as in that of the *lied*, or lyric song, from Schubert to the present day. When Schubert died only two or three of his six hundred songs were generally known, and to the present day many of his most inspired *lieder* are utterly unknown to the public. As regards Franz, I have often been amazed to find even enthusiastic amateurs, who know almost every opera and piano piece by heart, utterly ignorant of his immortal songs. After I had made them procure the collections published in the Peters and the Breitkopf and Härtel editions, their amazement at their oversight was soon as great as mine had been, and was equalled only by their ardent gratitude. They wondered with considerable indignation why the great vocalists of the day had been so remiss in making them acquainted with these songs. The answer to this is very simple; the singers ignore the Franz songs because they do not consider them

"grateful" (*dankbar*, as the Germans say); that is, because they were not written mainly with a view to showing off the singer's best notes, but were inspired by purely musical motives. What annoys the singers especially is that in these songs the voice so often dies away in the last few bars of the piano part, instead of soaring up to a few final high, loud notes, which are so provocative of cheap applause. But these singers forget one thing: they forget that while the applause of the illiterate in music can always be cheaply bought with a loud, high note, a trill, or a run up and down the scale, musical people, who after all are occasionally seen at concerts, are only disgusted by such claptrap, and would have more respect for singers if they remembered that the interpreter is of less importance than the creator. What these musical people want to hear is a Franz or other song honestly sung, and the poem to which it is wedded distinctly declaimed. It might surprise those singers to find what a great "effect" they could produce by allowing the poet and the composer to speak directly to the audience, keeping their vocalistic egotism and vanity entirely in the background.

It is, no doubt, true that lyric songs, like lyric poems, are better suited for home enjoyment than for a public place. In a concert-hall it is the dramatic songs, like Schubert's "Erl King" or Schumann's "The Two Grenadiers," that are most applauded; but in Franz's songs there is little of the dramatic element. They are usually true lyrics—expressions of moods and personal feelings which only a hearer of poetic temperament can fully appreciate. Dramatic moods are easily imposed on a large audience by acting or reciting stirring events, but lyric moods are as subtle and evanescent as the fragrance of a violet, and only an artist of rare magnetism can impose them on a multitude. Such singers are not abundant at present; hence Franz's lyrics will not, perhaps, be in great vogue in our concert-halls for some time to come. But for the home circle nothing is better suited than these songs; familiarity with them invariably leads to enthusiastic admiration. Lovers of lyric poetry will especially relish them. It would be hardly an exaggeration to say that those who know well the poetic style and physiognomy of Heine, Goethe, Burns, Mirza Schaffy, Lenau, Eichendorff, and Osterwald well could often tell from the color and atmosphere of a Franz song (without having heard the words) to what poet it belongs, so wonderfully does he individualize in his style, as Liszt has shown in his masterful analysis. And, even more than Schubert, Franz has proved by his clinging, tender melodies that Wagner was right in describing the union of poetry and music as a marriage in which music is the feminine element. Only two other com-

posers—Chopin and Schubert—have shown such a refined and tender feminine spirit in their music as Franz.

In the home circle Franz's songs are a source of endless delight even to those who cannot sing; for it is one of their most striking peculiarities that the vocal and the piano parts are so closely interwoven that it is easy to play both parts together, and thus make a complete "song without words"; indeed, in not a few cases, the "accompaniment" contains the whole of the vocal melody, so that the voice-part need not even be played along. This is one of the points in which Franz resembles Wagner, of many parts of whose operas the same might be said. So far from being a shortcoming, as some have maintained, this is the very perfection of musico-poetic art; for in this last and highest development of modern music the voice is no longer the only bearer of the melody, but every harmonic part of the accompaniment is a melody. Such accompaniments are termed polyphonic, or many-melodied, and with these the chief function of the voice becomes the distinct melodious declamation and interpretation of the poetry. Franz is as conscientious as Wagner in never sacrificing the poet to the musician. In Wagner's operas the singer is primarily an actor representing the dramatic poet, and in Franz's songs he represents the lyric poet, toward whom is his first duty, while the orchestra or the piano represents the claims of the musician. It was not a mere accident, but a common artistic instinct, that made Franz, in 1850, an enthusiastic convert to Wagnerism, after hearing "Lohengrin," and that led Wagner to keep Franz's songs, by the side of Bach, constantly on his piano during the period in which he was composing his Nibelung Trilogy in Switzerland.

Many of Franz's songs, as I have just said, are beautiful if played on the piano alone, unaltered or with slight changes. Liszt, besides providing for Franz financially, and pleading his cause eloquently in a brochure (which should be translated into English), also translated a number of Franz's best songs into the most elegant pianistic idiom, and in some instances even improved on Franz in a justifiable way, as in the wonderful "Das ist ein Brausen und Heulen," where the introductory bars have a more realistic stormy effect than in the original version. But, however delightful these songs may be as simple piano pieces, to get their full beauty the vocal part must be added. Without the voice they will charm, with the voice they will move to tears. Read one of the poems alone, play the music alone, and then perform them both together; and you will realize that poetry and music combined are a greater emotional power than

either of them alone. Rubinstein has recently proclaimed that pure instrumental music is superior to music united with poetry; but I think most of my readers will agree with Wagner on this point, and feel with Schumann when he wrote to a friend, in 1840: "I can hardly tell you how delightful it is to write for the voice as compared with instrumental composition, and what a stir and tumult I feel within me when I sit down to it."

A whole number of this magazine, and scores of illustrations in musical type, would be required to point out all the peculiarities and evidences of original genius in Franz's songs. Considerations of space permit me to dwell on only two of their principal characteristics; namely, their relations to the German choral and to the German folk-song. It is to the melodious folk-songs which they hear at home from their infancy, and to the superb harmonic chorals which they hear constantly in church,—and formerly played by trombones on church towers thrice a day,—that the Germans owe the fact that they have become the most musical of nations. The choral and the *volkslied* are the basis of what is most German in music, from Bach to Franz; and in no other composer are these two elements more conspicuous than in the last-named. The choral was Franz's first love. His earliest recollection is of hearing, as a child of three years, Luther's famous choral, "A mighty fortress is our God," blown by trombones on a church tower. His father also was fond of chorals, and often had them sung in his house. Later in life Robert learned to love and worship the grandest chorals ever written, those of Bach,<sup>1</sup> which he himself pronounced the most potent of the forces which molded his style. Many of Franz's best songs might be simply defined as melodious chorals in modern harmonic garb, in which romantic love and religious devotion are exquisitely blended.

Among the best of these choral-like songs are "O danke nicht für diese Lieder," "Schemen erloschener Lieder," "Weil' auf mir, du dunkles Auge," "Leise zieht durch mein Gemüth." In the melodies of these songs the same varied harmonies are latent as in the old chorals, and Franz has enriched them with all the exquisite modulations of the modern German schools, which prove that harmony and modulation have even a greater emotional power than mel-

ody itself. And besides mingling the major and minor modes in that delightful brotherly fashion which Schubert first taught the world, Franz has enriched modern music by reviving the medieval church modes in his harmonies, which adds still greater variety to the emotional tints, and points out one of the paths in which the music of the future will develop.

But the most remarkable thing about Franz's songs is that while thus embodying all that is best and most artistic and advanced in modern music, they have at the same time many of the characteristics of the simplest and most primitive form of genuine music—namely, the folk-song. Some of his songs, like "Mei Mutter mag mi net," and "Lieber Schatz sei wieder gut mir," might have originated among the people, so far as the melody and tone are concerned; and very many of his other songs have the charming naïveté, simplicity, and spontaneity of the folk-song. Here, then, we have a most remarkable phenomenon. Folk-songs, as everybody knows, spring up among the people like proverbs, one man originating them, another improving on them, until, like pebbles in the bed of a brook, they have become smoothed and polished to perfection. Such songs, we are inclined to think, were made only in the good old times; but here we have had among us a genius who not only originated scores of them, but with his own hand polished them until they surpassed in brilliancy the oldest of the song-pebbles.

Franz has written no fewer than 267 pieces, and among them there are fewer imperfect or uninteresting ones than among the collections of any other song-writer, thanks to his habit of self-criticism. The other day I went through the first volume of the Peters edition of these *lieder* with a pencil, marking those I considered especially good. When I got through, I found I had marked all but two or three in a collection of forty! The second volume has not so many of the best, while the third and fourth have perhaps even more. Many good ones not included in these volumes are contained in the Breitkopf and Härtel issue. These five volumes embrace about one half of the Franz songs. The other half are not yet printed in an English edition. When they are, it is to be hoped that they will be supplied with less villainous English translations than many of the poems in the above collection. A good poetic and musical translation of the Franz songs is a task worthy of one of our greatest lyric poets,—a task which would add many a leaf to his laurels,—for these are the lyric songs of the future.

Henry T. Finck.

<sup>1</sup> A collection of these is published by Breitkopf and Härtel. I know of nothing else in music so well calculated to develop a taste for the higher harmonic side of music in young minds as a daily playing of these chorals.



## THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

### THE DUTY OF THE NATION IN GUARDING IT.



THE good old Scriptural designation of three score years and ten as the term of human life, whether based upon the facts or fancies of an elder time, has worn well. It has seen the eager search for the fountains of perpetual youth falter and cease; it has seen the hope of an earthly immortality, in one generation after another, kindle and fade. Why, even at life's best, the physical activities of the body, now a little earlier, and now a little later, but somewhere, as a rule, among the shadows of three score years and ten, should grow tremulous and halt, we cannot certainly say.

We do not usually murmur at the natural term of life, however its brevity at the best may be accounted for. It is the accidents which we deplore and dread—accidents which befall us by the way, halting us as the shadows have only just begun to lengthen, or in mid-career, or when hope and promise as yet are all, and demanding our birthright.

The effect upon the average length of life of these accidents, which come sometimes from without, sometimes from within, and include all diseases, all hereditary misdirection of the body's machinery, and all adverse surroundings, has been so closely studied and so often recorded, that nowadays we have elaborate tables from which one may cast his horoscope, and learn year by year how much of his heritage, by the law of chance, he still can fairly claim, when his residence, his occupation, his age, his sex, and his race are taken into the account. "The expectation of life" is the phrase by which the summing up of this most significant of inventories is known among the statisticians. The fact is, however, that comparatively few people do realize their legitimate three score years and ten. And it is through disease that this sinister curtailment of life's allotted term most often occurs.

Since we have learned that no moral or physical rectitude, no diablerie of the crucible, no appeal or incantation, can much delay the natural ending of life, the dreams and hopes and toils of the minister at the bedside, of the solitary worker in his laboratory, or the stu-

dent at his books, have been leading them toward a new goal—not an extension of life's farthest limit, but its maintenance until it more often nears its natural bourn.

It is not easy—perhaps it is not possible—wholly to realize, as we drift along the busy stream of modern life, that we are just now living through and making an epoch in the knowledge of disease which is full of promise for the welfare of individuals and of nations, such as no other time has ever contemplated, save in dreams. We have long known that clean living, that avoidance of all excesses in work or play, in food or dress, afforded us, under whatever adverse conditions of heredity or environment, the best assurance possible of the fulfilment and enjoyment of life's allotted term. But in the last decade new light has come to us. We have learned little by little, as one by one the toilsome researches into the causes of disease have been brought to light, that a considerable number of the most common and dreaded scourges which so often stop life in the first flush of its promise, or at its full tide of enjoyment and usefulness, may be largely limited, or almost wholly blotted out, by intelligence and care. We now know that these appalling accidents to individuals and communities called plagues and pestilences, which aforesaid have masqueraded in the guise of "visitations of God's wrath," "pitiless calamities of fate," or the working of whatever the time recognized as a public or private Nemesis, are not inevitable factors in modern life.

We may regard the human body as a delicate, complex machine, planned, or fortuitously fitted, if you will, to run on for a certain period. But the delicate adjustment of its various tissues and organs is very liable to be disturbed. These disturbances of adjustment we call disease, and the ways in which they occur are numerous and varied.

A certain number of the diseases which lessen the enjoyment and usefulness of life, or steal it away altogether, are due to hereditary maladjustment of the organism. Some arise from causes which we do not understand. Many more are due to excesses and abuses of the body's powers, which we ignorantly, or carelessly, or wantonly, bring upon ourselves, and these directly concern only the individuals affected. This bartering of one's birthright to the full term of life, at the dictates of passion

or the palate, at the behest of fashion, ambition, or sloth, are common enough, and from these modern Esaus come most often the wailings and complaints at the shortness and fickleness of life.

For those whose birthright is threatened by any of the causes already indicated, the ministrations of the physician and, when not too late, the reformation of the life afford the best outlook. But even a cursory inspection of a table of vital statistics in any country shows us that it is not these inherited weaknesses of the body, or these self-engendered diseases, which are most concerned in that wholesale robbery of man's birthright that has actually reduced his expectation of life, as nowadays he enters upon the scene, to a scant *two* score years and ten. It is the infectious or contagious diseases which have made such inroads upon our little stretch of eternity. It has been fully realized for many years that if we could strike these diseases from the list of life's enemies, we could enter at once into a far fuller possession of our heritage. But how to strike them out? What causes them? Where do they come from? How battle with them in a larger way before they gain a foothold in the citadel?

Recent studies have shown, as most educated people well know to-day, that this whole class of formidable diseases is caused by minute organisms which enter the body from without, and, each after its kind, poison or kill. It is a long and sinister list, with consumption or tuberculosis at the head. In its train follow pneumonia, diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, cholera, smallpox, measles, typhus fever, yellow fever, malaria, and more of the devilish brood.

Twelve years ago we knew practically nothing of these invisible enemies, the pathogenic germs, which nevertheless carried off prematurely and under untold suffering a large part of the human race. To-day some of them are present at the roll-call in every well-furnished bacterial laboratory; their pedigrees, their lurking-places, and their habits are as distinctly matters of record as are those of larger criminals in statelier prison-houses. To-day we know something of the stories of nearly all of them, and of many how they produce their dire effects in the body; we know the conditions under which they thrive; we know how, outside of the body at least, they can be killed. Now and again it has seemed as if the veil were parting, and we could catch glimpses of a time not far off when we shall be able to battle with these intruders, even in the body, when their ravages are already under way.

But as yet the great practical result of this decade of discovery lies not so much in the power which we have acquired to cure, as in

the power to prevent, bacterial disease. We have learned that in a large number of bacterial diseases the inciting germs have no breeding-places outside the bodies of those men or animals which are their victims, and that if all materials thrown off from these be at once destroyed by heat, by fire, by chemicals, or in any other way, all danger of transmission is removed.

In regard to such diseases, then, as typhoid fever, cholera, diphtheria (and in large measure the same is true of consumption and pneumonia), our point of view has entirely changed. They are not inevitable accidents, even under the complex and in many ways unfavorable conditions of life in crowded communities. When to-day we hear that this or that useful citizen has fallen by the way, stricken with typhoid fever, or when diphtheria claims the light of the household, we know that ignorance or carelessness, be it private or official, is alone to blame. We cannot always, we cannot often, trace the fault, so complex are the conditions of modern life. It may be the milk-dispenser, it may be an inefficient street-cleaner, it may be a polluted water supply, or the filthy folly of trailing skirts along the streets, which has brought the germs to the victim. They are sown by indiscretion, and fostered always by ignorance and neglect. Diphtheria claims yearly in this land its hundreds of thousands of child victims, uselessly sacrificed on the altars of public apathy or private indolence. A conservative comparison and estimate shows that in the State of Michigan alone, during the three years 1886-88, at least 10,000 cases of diphtheria were probably prevented, and more than 1700 lives saved, by intelligent isolation and disinfection.

Consumption counts in its harvest about fifteen per cent. of all who die. A large proportion of these the faithful application of definite and simple preventive measures might save. Typhoid fever need no longer work such havoc among us if only once and forever men would insist that sewage, though diluted, is not fit to drink, and, so insisting, would see to it that by no official carelessness, by no false municipal economy, should drinking-water be polluted, or, if polluted, used without proper cleansing.

Science, then, has pointed out the way in which a great curtailment of serious disease may be brought about, and a large share of man's lost heritage in life may be restored, and is now feeling her way slowly and toilsomely toward the solution of the problems of cure. The fact is, sanitary science is far in advance of sanitary practice.

But for the effective prevention of bacterial disease two sets of forces must act in concert:

First, the people must know wherein the great sources of danger lie, and that by simple, intelligent cleanliness these sources of danger may be largely sealed. It requires only a moderate degree of intelligence, and the mastery of only a small domain of fact, to make each person a most useful agent in this new crusade against disease; nor is it necessary that such knowledge and such helpfulness should involve much or sustained attention. Ours has been aptly enough called "an age of pitiless enlightenment"; but if now and then, at the dictates of Hygeia, we must lend attention to the bald, gruesome dangers which crowd in menace upon our path, surely she is cruel only to be kind. The cleanliness which Hygeia demands to-day is a little cleaner, that is all, than that which has been hallowed these many years. It is only necessary to be a little more discriminating regarding the pedigree of dirt, and to realize that dirt from infectious sources can kill.

But the fact that his danger of acquiring infectious disease comes to the citizen largely from without his walls, and from sources which he cannot directly control, leads us to the second and greater force which must be brought to bear if we are to enter into and retain our restored inheritance—that is, to the individual and concerted action of local health boards. These organized bodies of men devoted to the interests of the public health must now add to the powers which they have wielded so long and so well the weapons won from the new knowledge. To see to it that water supplies are kept unpolluted; that human waste is safely disposed of; that food supplies are not derived from infectious sources; that streets and other public places are kept clean; that overcrowding in schools, tenements, and lodging-houses is not allowed; that proper measures of isolation, disinfection, and cleansing shall be practised wherever infectious disease occurs; that the citizen may be intelligently counseled whenever in doubt about his sanitary surroundings, or coerced to cleanliness when ignorantly or wantonly at fault—these are some of the tasks which rest in the hands of local health authorities, and upon whose intelligent and faithful execution our immunity from infection so largely depends.

But while these tasks are deputed by the citizen to his agents in the health department, he should not forget that such officers must be men carefully chosen for their fitness, experience, and special knowledge, and not from the flotsam and jetsam of the political ocean, from which too often strange, uncouth things are stranded in offices where misfeasance may mean death to some, disease to many.

But after the intelligent and careful citizen has fulfilled his duties in matters sanitary to his neighbors and to himself; after local health authorities have used their larger powers in banishing or controlling the common enemy, there yet remain, in a great country like ours, imperative duties to be done, large vital problems to be solved, which must be undertaken by such forces as the National government alone can command.

The most obvious way at the present moment in which the National government can be useful in preserving the public health is in the assumption of the powers and duties involved in the establishment of a national quarantine, to the end not only that serious infection be not poured in upon us from foreign countries, but also that in holding aloof disease and its carriers, such barbarities as have been lately witnessed at our greatest port may never again be repeated.

Furthermore, it is unquestionably the duty of the National government to share in and to foster those toilsome researches into the causes of disease, and the methods of curtailment of its ravages, which have already given such beneficent results, but which hitherto in this country have found few devotees outside of privately supported laboratories, or the shelter of the colleges. Good work has been done by the health boards of certain States, but these and their limited resources are mainly occupied with the practical application to the preservation of health and life of facts elsewhere elicited.

Of great importance, too, is the recording and making available the statistics of disease in all parts of the nation, the effects of our varied climates, of race, occupation, etc., on the general health. Further, the study of the effects of certain diseases of cattle upon man is of the utmost importance, and could most efficiently be done with the power and resources of the Federal government. The establishment of a Museum of Hygiene and Sanitary Appliances, which should serve as a great object-lesson and a record of progress, would materially further the ends in view.

A National Bureau of Health would command, as no other less important organization could, the learning, experience, and counsel of sanitarians and experts from all parts of our domain. Such a bureau would be useful in the wide dissemination of sanitary knowledge, through which alone can this or any nation share in the harvest of lengthened life which science has so patiently fostered and now freely offers to whomsoever will enter in and reap.

In arranging for harmonious action and uniform procedures among local health organizations; in raising the standards toward which



all sanitation should be ceaselessly striving ; in exalting the dignity which belongs to the office of a public minister of health in village, town, or State, such a bureau could hardly fail to benefit every citizen in the land.

This is no new experiment which is suggested. In other countries national health departments have long ago amply justified their establishment by the strong bulwarks which they have formed against the dissemination of disease, and the new facts and principles which they have brought to light.

Some of us admire, others wonder at, the courage and placidity with which England faces a threatened invasion of cholera. This is because she is ready to encounter it, not only with intelligent sanitation well under control all over the land, but because she meets it as a unit, and not as we are still forced to do, in haphazard fashion, as the resources and the sanitary intelligence of a single State may decree, or as the whim of an autocratic officer may dictate.

A great central Bureau of Health, in which administration, instruction, research, and record in matters concerning the public health should center, and to which in stress local authorities could turn for help and counsel,—a department which, representing the sanitary and hygienic interest of this great nation, could make common cause with similar departments long since established in other lands against the ravages of disease,—such a Bureau of Health is urgently needed in the United States to-day, and should soon be established. Such a

bureau might well be organized in the Treasury Department, and consist primarily of an executive board of trained sanitarians under a competent head, which, in coöperation with the Marine Hospital Service, and, if desirable, with the medical services of the army and navy, should perform all those far-reaching functions in the interest of the national health which the Federal government alone could safely and effectively assume. An advisory board composed of physicians and sanitarians of experience and established repute, from different sections of the country, selected by the President and confirmed by the Senate, should be called in council by the executive force of the bureau, in deciding upon the general scope and nature of the work to be done at all times, and be ready to advise and sustain them in times of special danger. No agency could so certainly avert panic and commercial disaster in the face of threatened pestilence, and none so surely stay its progress. The economic interests alone which are involved in a more widespread prevention of disease, and in the prolongation of the average term of life, should effectively commend the establishment of such a Bureau of Health at the nation's capital.

It is surely thus, and thus only, that this country can justify its claim to stand among the nations of the earth which are foremost in advancing the welfare of mankind. So, and so only, can it fulfil its mission, long since declared, to secure for its citizens, one and all, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

*T. Mitchell Prudden, M. D.*

## "IF SPIRITS WALK."

I have heard (but not believed), the spirits of the dead  
May walk again. —WINTER'S TALE.

**I**F spirits walk, Love, when the night climbs slow  
The slant footpath where we were wont to go,  
Be sure that I shall take the self-same way  
To the hill-crest, and, shoreward, down the gray,  
Sheer, graveled slope, where vetches straggling grow.

Look for me not when gusts of winter blow,  
When at thy pane beat hands of sleet and snow ; /  
I would not come thy dear eyes to affray,  
If spirits walk.

But when, in June, the pines are whispering low,  
And when their breath plays with thy bright hair, so  
As some one's fingers once were used to play —  
That hour when birds leave song, and children pray,  
Keep the old tryst, sweetheart, and thou shalt know  
If spirits walk.

*Ellen Burroughs.*

## WITH TOLSTOY IN THE RUSSIAN FAMINE.



N January, 1892, while living in Sweden, I received letters from the hunger-stricken provinces in Russia, describing especially those sufferers who from various causes were neglected by the official helpers. Small sums given for this cause by friends in Sweden were forwarded to Russia. Hopes of larger contributions having been held out by friends in Great Britain and America, it was proposed that I should go to Russia, and try to organize benevolent work among the more destitute and neglected. Fearing that it would be difficult, if not impossible, for a foreigner to carry out such a plan on his own responsibility, I wrote to the Countess S. Tolstoy, asking her advice. In reply I received the following letter, written in English :

DEAR SIR: It is so difficult to give advice in such a matter as beneficence. Any help in such a distress is welcome, and an organization of relief for the famine-stricken in Russia could do very much good. But organizations (private) are not permitted in Russia; every one does for the help of the people what he can.

If any one would like to send considerable sums of money, it could be sent either to the committee of the Grand Duke Cesarevitch in St. Petersburg, or to the committee of the Grand Duchess Elizabeth in Moscow; or, if you prefer to direct money in private disposition, my husband and all my family would do our best to spend it as usefully to the profit of the national distress as possible.

I think that if you would come to Russia yourself, you could help very much, as personal help is wanted nearly as much as money-help. But the life in those famine-stricken villages is very hard; one must bear very much inconvenience; and if you have never been in Russia, and have no idea what a Russian village is, you will not endure life in it.

The famine is dreadful! Though the Government is trying to do as much as possible, private help is very important. The horses are dying for want of food, the cows and all the cattle are either killed by the peasants, or are falling dead from starvation. A very small part of them will be left.

We were thinking, if we were to receive considerable sums of money, of buying horses when spring comes, in the south of Russia, so as to give our peasants the possibility of working. Our peasants can do nothing without cattle. But

those are only plans. At present we have so much to do to keep the people alive. How dreadfully sad it is to see our poor suffering peasants, so helpless, and looking for help, so full of hope when they meet any one who shows them pity and interest! If you try, sir, to do anything, God will bless you. Yours very truly,

COUNTESS S. TOLSTOY.

January 20th (Old Style), 1892.

In the middle of February I received a cablegram from America settling the plan of my going to Russia. It was decided that all contributions from my friends should be sent either to Countess Tolstoy to be used in the work of her family, or to trustworthy persons in southern Russia to be used for the relief of families who were suffering from persecution as well as from famine.

When I was on the point of leaving Stockholm, there were reports that Count Tolstoy was a prisoner on his estate, and that he was to be banished from the country. I was recommended by a friend to the special help and protection of the Swedish ambassador in St. Petersburg, and was also provided with introductions to prominent Russian officials. As my instructions would not permit me to place one cent of the gifts for the starving in the hands of Russian officials, I had to avoid as much as possible all contact with them and with Russian committees.

I left Stockholm on February 24. In Berlin I was informed that the Slavophil press in Russia had expressed its disapproval of assistance from Germany, and my friends doubted if I would be permitted to visit the famine-stricken villages. Thus with rather gloomy prospects I left Berlin on the night train for Warsaw. At the border station of Alexandrovo, next morning, Russian officials searched our luggage. I traveled second class. On boarding the Russian train I observed that the passports were returned to my fellow-passengers but not to me, which caused me some anxiety. Finally a gendarme came in and handed me my passport. After a few minutes the same gendarme came again, accompanied by the conductor, and said to me in a commanding tone, "Vash passport!" ("Your passport!") I answered as politely as possible that my passport had already been examined and stamped, and asked why he wanted it a second time. Stepping up to me, the gendarme roared out as if he were drilling a fresh recruit from the village: "Eto nashe dielo! Vash passport!"

("That's our business! Your passport!") I produced it without further remark. My fellow-passengers looked at me, as it seemed, with suspicion, and my own feelings reminded me of the words of a Russian nobleman to me on a former visit, "Russia is a gigantic prison, where honest men must submit to be treated as criminals." Two years previously I had written a book on the religious movement in Russia, which had been forbidden by the Russian censor, but I did not think my name could be on the list of suspicious or dangerous foreigners. After about an hour the conductor handed me my passport. On examining it I could not discover that anything had been done to it beyond writing my name in Russian on it. An old German gentleman, who had observed my anxiety, said to me in a low and paternal tone, "In Russia you must never ask questions nor make objections, nor worry yourself, but quietly submit, and leave everything to God."

My sleeping-car ticket for the forty-eight hours' journey from Warsaw to Moscow cost five rubles. In the compartment where I had my "number" I found three men, whose appearance did not inspire me with confidence. One, who proved to be the keeper of a kind of hotel in Moscow, was of Jewish extraction. The second, an agent, was short and very stout, with thick lips, large mouth, double chin, and glossy pop-eyes. The third, a rich saloon-keeper from Smolensk, was tall and thin, with sharp looks and features. I had hardly entered the car before they assailed me with questions as to my errand in Russia. A letter of introduction to a Swedish resident in Russia saved me from disclosing the real object of my visit. There were seven other sleeping-car passengers. The men spent all their time till after midnight in drinking, gambling, boasting of their horses, dogs, wines, dinners, and adventures, and laughing over filthy stories. We had not traveled far into the country before we began to see crowds of emaciated and forlorn-looking muzhiks in rags, each with a bag of sackcloth thrown over his shoulder, and shivering from cold, standing at every station, with uncovered heads and outstretched hands, begging for bread. At some large stations I counted as many as seventy-five of them. One could see by their looks and their behavior that they were not habitual beggars. With trembling voices they called out, bowing and making the sign of the cross: "Our foster-fathers and benefactors, help us for Christ's sake!" "Give a little of holy alms for Christ's sake, for the salvation of your soul!" or, "Give us a little bread; we are dying of hunger!" Many of these poor people were horribly disfigured by disease.

The contrast between these starving muzhiks and the carousers on the train was painful in the extreme. I now had an opportunity of introducing the subject of the famine in conversation with my fellow-travelers. At one station I was told by two intelligent Russians, who came from the interior of the country, that a number of muzhiks had recently been found dead in the snow near the roadside. When I repeated this sad story, the fat man, wiping his brow with a handkerchief and heaving for breath after his exertions in the restaurant at the same station, exclaimed: "The muzhiks are cattle. Their condition is not so hard as some people think. They are not used to anything else, and they are contented and happy."

Among the passengers was a very intelligent old Russian gentleman who had spent over twenty years in western Europe. He said that the distress among the muzhiks was no doubt great, but the accounts in the foreign press were exaggerated. To my inquiry if he had visited any of the hunger-stricken villages, he replied in the negative; but he had conversed with governors and other high officials from those regions. In general I found that my fellow-passengers avoided as much as possible all conversation on the subject of the famine, but they were all exceedingly interested in horse-racing, dogs, hunting, balls, and dinners. Dressed in homespun woolen cloth, and refusing to take part in the drinking and gambling, I soon became an object of derision or suspicion.

When we were about half-way to Moscow, we began to see at almost every station piles of flour-sacks, and large numbers of peasants coming with loads of flour and grain. At many places the train was detained for an hour or more, on account of the immense transport of grain and flour to the famine-stricken provinces.

Arriving at Moscow, I took an *izvostchik*, and drove directly to the house of Count Tolstoy. After half an hour's ride the driver stopped before a plain two-storied wooden house in one of the suburbs. It was surrounded by a wooden fence. Over the fence gate was written, according to Russian regulation, the name of the owner of the house in large golden letters: "Dom Grafa L. N. Tolstova" ("the house of Count L. N. Tolstoy"). A few years ago the count, I was told, took away this inscription, putting in its place a shoemaker's sign with a painted boot and the following letters: "L. N. Tolstoy, Shoemaker." But the attention of the Czar having been directed to this sign-board during a visit to Moscow, the count was forthwith ordered to take it down, and to replace it by the usual inscription. I entered the gate, and rang the bell at the main entrance. A man-servant let me in. After waiting a few moments, a tall thin-looking young man, with



dark complexion, came into the reception-room, and saluted me in English. This was Count Tolstoy's second son, Count Lyeff Lvovitch, of whose work among the starving in Samara I shall have much to tell in another article. He told me that his mother was not at home, and invited me to dinner at 5 P. M., when she would be present. Meantime I found a suitable lodging-place.

On returning I was shown up-stairs into a large and plainly furnished hall. After a few moments the Countess Tolstoy entered, and saluted me very cordially in English. Countess Sophia Andreevna Tolstoy is a tall and stately-looking lady. She retains in a wonderful degree the freshness, beauty, and elasticity of youth. She speaks with great rapidity and fluency, and yet with precision. She asked me if I knew about the persecution that had been started against her husband by "The Moscow Gazette." I answered in the affirmative, declaring that I had heard so many contradictory rumors that it was impossible to make out what was true; but I had heard enough to entertain the gravest fears with regard both to the count and the object of my journey. By this time the dinner-bell rang. In the dining-room, downstairs, I again met the young count, and was introduced to a few guests and to those of the family who were at home. The dinner consisted of four courses and *kvas*. The countess apologized for "the very plain dinner," adding, "We do not wish to encourage luxury in our family." During the conversation it was suggested that foreign publishers of the count's works who do not pay any royalty to the author ought to contribute something toward the count's work of relief; and I volunteered to remind some of them of their duty in this matter, and, I am glad to say, not in vain. On leaving the table the conversation about the persecution against the count was resumed. "You cannot imagine," said the countess, "how cruelly the motives and actions of my husband are distorted and wilfully misconstrued." I remarked that in doing good one can take comfort and be calm even in the most trying circumstances. "My husband," she continued,

"is no political revolutionist, as his enemies represent him to be. What he above all is aiming at, is a moral regeneration of the individual and of society, and it is a deep and strong moral indignation which lies at the bottom of his words and actions."

The latest attacks against the count had been very characteristic. He had written an interesting article on the distress among the peasants, and how to relieve it. This article he offered to Russian papers, but it was refused. According to his habit in such cases, he allowed the article to be translated and published in the foreign press, and after some time it appeared in the London "Daily Telegraph." In the article the count had said that it was not enough to provide the peasants with food, but they must be roused from their hopeless apathy and elevated from their deep debasement. This sentence in the Russian original had not been very faithfully rendered in English. Now "The Moscow Gazette," the principal organ of the fanatical and autocratical "obscurantism," pounced upon this sentence, distorting the words of the count to the extent of making them mean that "the peasants must be aroused against the authorities." Prince Stcherbatoff, the father-in-law of the late Mr. Katkoff,<sup>1</sup> the former editor of "The Moscow Gazette," published a cynical article in that paper against Count Tolstoy, urging the necessity of "exterminating this evil" (namely, Count Tolstoy and his work). These articles were the signal for other attacks. That this plan was not executed may probably be ascribed to the visit of the Countess Tolstoy to St. Petersburg, and her private audience with the Czar.

These attacks upon the count, and the rumors about his imprisonment or banishment, caused such a sensation that \$20 was offered for a single copy of "The Moscow Gazette" containing the article. A large number of letters came from friends and followers, from professors and students at universities down to simple people who could hardly write a legible hand, asking: "Is it possible that our dear count, who by word and deed has taught us to follow the teaching and example of Christ

<sup>1</sup> This Prince Stcherbatoff and his late son-in-law have gained notoriety through their treatment of the peasants in the village of Karbolati, on the estate of the prince in the government of Saratoff. Many years ago these peasants, numbering several thousands, appealed to the father of the present prince to buy in his name a large tract of land that was for sale, but on their account. The old prince gave his consent on condition that the peasants should pay him a certain sum in annual instalments. On these conditions over 300,000 acres of partly wood and grazing land and partly arable land were paid for by the peasants, whose rightful property the land then of course became. But these ignorant and simple peasants neglected to follow up all the formalities necessary to obtain indisputable legal pos-

session of it before the old prince died. The present Prince Stcherbatoff and his son-in-law withheld all this land from the poor peasants, who were reduced to the greatest misery, and in their despair appealed to the governor for help and protection. But this representative of Russian justice ordered that the peasants should be flogged "for their obstinacy." The matter was brought before the Russian bar, and the muzhiks, without influence or means, lost the case. During the winter of 1891-92 the most pitiable distress prevailed among those poor and plundered peasants of Karbolati. I have here only to add that in the Tolstoy family, or from any of its members, I have never heard even the name of Prince Stcherbatoff mentioned, much less the above incident.

in not resisting evil, but blessing those that curse us and doing good unto those that hate us—is it possible that he has, as it is stated in 'The Moscow Gazette,' fallen so deep as to proclaim the doctrines of hate and bloody revolt instead of the gospel of love, self-sacrifice, and patient endurance?"

The count himself paid no attention to these attacks, and continued his work among the starving. At last his friends prevailed upon him to use the right accorded him by law in such a case; namely, to have his defense published in the paper which had contained the attacks. He wrote a short and moderate reply for insertion in the paper, but this legal right was denied him. The house of Count Tolstoy was constantly surrounded by detectives, who went so far in their insolence as to look into the rooms through the windows. On one occasion the countess said, "I sometimes feel as if I would not take it too much to heart if our family were banished from Russia."

The well-known energy of the Countess Tolstoy, and her extraordinary capacity for work, were taxed to the utmost during the time of the famine. She showed me a pile of letters and telegrams which she had received on that day from almost all parts of the world. Some of them related to the work of relief, of which the countess herself has charge, buying up immense quantities of different articles of food and sending them to the headquarters of her husband in Ryazan, and to the similar work of her son in Samara. Many contained appeals for help for the starving; but the largest number were from friends of the suffering in different countries, containing money or promises of help, inquiries with regard to the famine, etc. She had no secretary. "It has grown to be a habit with me," she said, "to answer all letters myself. Otherwise I cannot feel perfectly at ease."

The majority of Russians of the upper class in Moscow with whom I conversed were not willing to own that the famine was so formidable as it had been represented, although the city was teeming with begging muzhiks. "Look here," said a jovial and well-fed Russian, "our cafés and restaurants and our pleasure-resorts are as much frequented as ever. This is certainly no sign of famine." To my question if they had visited any of the hunger-stricken villages, these people invariably answered, "No." An educated and prominent gentleman told me that the authorities had tried as long as possible to ignore the terrible distress in the famine districts, representing it only as a *golodovka*, a little hunger, which is chronic, and occurs every year. He also showed me extracts from a large number of Russian papers, containing descriptions of the famine

that were more incredible than those in the foreign press. According to these, not only chaff, chopped straw, goosefoot (*Chenopodium* L.), leaves, and bark from trees, but even sand and dried muck, formed the principal part in the "bread" used by the starving muzhiks. Carcasses of horses were lying in hundreds by the roadsides, polluting the air. People were dying by thousands from hunger. Children were found lying by the roadside struggling with death. Entire families were sometimes found dying of starvation without any one being able to render them the least help. Mothers had killed their children in despair, and then had committed suicide. Many of these shocking notices were taken from such papers as "The Moscow Gazette" and "Novoye Vremya," and could not therefore have been invented by any ill-disposed foreigner. Later on, however, the Russian papers were forbidden to publish similar reports from the field of the famine, the very word *golod*, famine, being prohibited, and *nieurashai*, failure of crops, and other circumlocutions being substituted. The gentleman I have mentioned estimated that about thirty millions of people were suffering. The immense sums at last voted by the Government, and the magnificent gifts from private persons in all countries, could, he said, render only partial relief. "Our muzhiks," he said, "possess an almost superhuman power of enduring hunger and privations, but this power has its limits. They cannot get used to living upon chaff and sand!"

To my question if there were not means to be found in the country toward relieving the distress, he answered that there were both money and large stores of grain, even in the hunger-stricken provinces; but they were in the hands of usurers, who profited by the distress. If the authorities had followed Count Tolstoy's advice, and had compelled the owners of the grain to sell it at a fair price, the distress might have been averted or materially lessened. As for the capitalists, very few of them gave any considerable sums for the relief of the starving. There were a few aristocratic families, as, for example, the Tolstois, the Bobrinskys, Countess Schouvaloff, Colonel Paschkoff, Lareff Pissareff, Professor Stebut, etc., who rendered the suffering people substantial aid. I was also informed, and had myself opportunity afterward to verify the statement, that a considerable number of private persons had offered to feed smaller or larger numbers of starving people, but had not been allowed to do so by the authorities! Thus a wealthy lady of Moscow, Madame Barbara Marosoff, went to the Minister of the Interior and asked him what would be the consequences if she sent a number of wagon-loads of food to a district where 10,000

people were suffering. "They would be confiscated," was the answer! She was advised to give money to the official committees, but, having no confidence in them, she did not give anything.

In Moscow it was decided that I should first go to Ryazan, and spend a couple of weeks at the headquarters of the old Count Tolstoy, and then accompany his son Lyeff Lvovitch to Samara, where he was to resume his work, and where the distress was said to be greater than elsewhere. On the day that I was to leave Moscow I happened to come to a house where there was a photographic exhibition. "Have you no photographs of the starving in the hunger districts?" I asked one of the men. "Zaprestcheno!" ("It is prohibited"), was the laconic answer. "Why?" "Neznaiu" ("Don't know"). Entering another room, I found a large variety of amateur apparatus, which a courteous German explained to me; and though more than one amateur photographer had been taken charge of by the police in the Russian villages, I resolved to buy a kodak. Many of my kodak pictures are imperfect in an art sense, but they at least possess the value of being direct from nature, and, so far as I know, are the only photographs taken in the hunger-stricken provinces.<sup>1</sup>

Late on March 5 I left Moscow for Kletsk, where I hoped to arrive on the following day; but a snow-storm delayed us until eight o'clock the following night. With a burning headache, and a scanty store of Russian phrases, I stepped out into the penetrating cold, not without misgivings lest I should fall into the hands of detectives, who were said to be swarming in those quarters. On entering the second-class waiting-room, where a number of men and women were bowing and crossing themselves before the icons (the room being furnished as a chapel, with a large number of pictures of saints), I observed a distinguished-looking lady sitting alone. I spoke to her in French, and found, to my glad surprise, that she also was on her way to Count Tolstoy to take part in his work. Mme. B——, who belonged to a prominent family of Moscow, gave me medicine, and introduced me to Mr. F—— S——, a young man dressed in peasant garb, who invited me to spend the night with him. Making our way a couple of miles through the blinding snow-storm, my host and I stopped at a small one-storied wooden house with one somewhat spacious room provided with a number of benches, a large table, and a small closet, used as a bedroom. This room was used as a "court-house" by my host's uncle, who was a justice of the peace. My host proved to be one of Count Tolstoy's warmest admirers and

followers, who had left his property, and was following his master's example in living with the muzhiks. He was now coöperating with the count in his work of relief. The night had gone far into the small hours before we retired.

In spite of the storm, which continued on the following day, Mme. B—— resolved to start for the count's headquarters at Byegitchevka, twenty-six miles distant. Packing our luggage in one *rozvalny*, and embedding ourselves in another, we started on our way over the desolate plains. Here and there we observed a few trees surrounding some gentleman's house, or the gilded cupola of a church towering above rows of snow-covered huts. We had to rest the horses in villages on the way, where we warmed ourselves with a cup of tea. After a few hours' ride we reached the river Don, on the opposite side of which we saw the village of Byegitchevka. In a few minutes our *yamstchik* drew up in front of a plain wooden house, and called out, "Vot dom Tolstova!" A number of muzhiks with loads of grain, flour, wood, etc., were to be seen about the premises. Entering the house, we found the anteroom crowded with muzhiks, who were silently standing and waiting to see the count. We passed into a plainly furnished hall, but neither the count nor his daughter was in. I was told to step into the count's room, behind the hall. It was a small room, furnished with a sofa, a cot-bed, a few plain wooden chairs, and a large table covered with papers and account-books. After a few minutes a young lady came in, and saluted me in a cordial way. To my question if she was the count's daughter, she answered: "No; I am his niece. My name is Kuzminsky." As I was talking with her, another young lady, with lively, expressive eyes and energetic features, entered, and, like the former, saluted me in good English.

"Countess Tolstoy?" I asked.

"They call me so," she said.

At the same moment I heard a deep voice in the hall, and the count himself stood before me, dressed in a large *polushubok*, a fur coat of sheepskin used by the muzhiks. With a hearty shake of his strong hand he wished me welcome, inquired about the journey, admired my Lapp dress, and showed me into a small room, which I was to occupy. Then he told me to hold out my feet, and pulled off my Lapp boots. All this was done in a natural way which excluded all thought of the Russian aristocrat, or of affectation on the part of a man who not only preaches but lives the gospel of brotherly love and humility.

We immediately went in to dinner, where I was introduced to a number of the count's helpers, young persons of both sexes, of edu-

<sup>1</sup> An English newspaper correspondent took sixty kodak pictures, none of which could be reproduced.



cation, and belonging to prominent families. During the dinner, which consisted exclusively of vegetables, the count and his helpers all being strict vegetarians, the conversation was on the all-absorbing question of the famine. The count is no pessimist, and is very guarded in his statements, but he said that the distress was fearful. "You will now have an opportunity to see for yourself," he said. After dinner, in speaking about the immense sums of money voted by the Government for the stricken provinces, he said: "I will use an illustration to give you an idea of the state of things. Suppose this little round table placed in a distillery and covered with bottles of different sizes and all filled with spirits. Under the table there is an intense heat, which causes the contents of the bottles to evaporate, after which it is condensed in the cold air higher up into two streams of which one discharges itself into the great reservoir of the capitalists, and the other into that of the Government. Now all these bottles having been emptied, and therefore not being able to produce any more, they must of course be filled again to some extent, in some way or other. Then a large pail is taken, dipped in the great reservoir, and its contents poured over the bottles on the table; but most of it flows outside the bottles. We are now trying to put funnels in the bottles, so that the contents may not run outside."

In the afternoon the count and his helpers were all busy aiding the muzhiks, who crowded the premises all the time. I went with the ladies to visit the "eating-rooms." Later on in the evening a number of the count's helpers came home from their work in the villages, telling sad stories of suffering and distress. Every Saturday night a dozen or so of the helpers used to come together at the count's headquarters, to relate their experiences and to exchange opinions regarding the work of relief, or to listen to the views of the count upon different subjects. I need not say that these evenings with Count Tolstoy were deeply interesting. Sometimes the conversation, out of kindness to me, was held in English, French, or German, but when the speakers became animated it usually glided into Russian, of which I had an imperfect knowledge. But the count and the ladies had the kindness to tell me in English or French the substance of what was said.

I have already mentioned the fact that famine is chronic in Russia, a majority of the peasants being always kept on the border of starvation; but a famine affecting over twenty provinces, with a population of about thirty millions, is extraordinary even for Russia. This was not the first time that Count Tolstoy had engaged in the work of helping the peasants. As a young man he had an experience which he has de-

scribed in his novel "*Utro Pomestchika*" ("The Morning of a Country Gentleman"). Later on he expended much work and money on his educational schemes for the elevation of the peasantry; and finally it has become part of his religion, so to speak, to lead the life of a peasant in order to help the peasants both materially and spiritually. With his experience and thorough knowledge of the state of things in his country, he foresaw terrible famine, and warned the Government of it. His warnings were not only left unheeded, but were regarded as dangerous and published abroad as nihilistic plots.<sup>1</sup> In spite of the scoffings of such papers as "*The Moscow Gazette*," and the prohibition against private work of relief, Count Tolstoy and his family took up the work of benevolence, and their example was followed by other families. The help given by the Government consisted of the monthly distribution of flour according to certain rules. This gave rise to many difficulties of various kinds. It often happened that the muzhiks sold the flour received from the Government, and bought *vodka*, liquor, for the money, leaving their families to starve; or it was taken from them by heartless creditors. But even if it was not disposed of in this way, it lasted only from fifteen to twenty days; the rest of the month the family had to starve. The effect of this was seen in the fact that most cases of sickness and death occurred during the latter part of the month, the sickly and the feeble among the people then literally dying in large numbers from starvation. In many cases the muzhiks could not even prepare their food from the flour, having no fuel for cooking, and thus they had to eat their food raw. The consequence was that many were attacked with sickness, and died even from this cause. Another difficulty was that many of those who were most in need did not receive any help whatever. Thus no help was given by the Government to "laborers,"—that is, persons "who could work,"—or to families possessing a certain number of horses and cattle. Now, what were these people to do, there being no work for the "laborers" and no food for the horses and the cattle? It must also be remarked, with regard to the distribution of the official aid, that, besides the heavy expenses, immense quantities of flour were either stolen, or mixed with chaff and sand, or allowed to spoil. More than one case of this kind came under my personal observation, not to speak of the individuals and classes of persons who were overlooked

<sup>1</sup> It was "*The Moscow Gazette*" which discovered in the count's article on the famine "one of the links of a wide-spread conspiracy," and unsuspecting newspaper correspondents telegraphed to foreign countries that "a wide-spread nihilistic conspiracy" had been discovered in Moscow! It is the way many of the stories of "nihilistic conspiracies" originate.

and pushed aside as black sheep in the fold, such as sectarians, especially Stundists, people of non-Russian extraction, and others who were not looked upon with friendly eyes by the representatives of "the powers that be."

Count Tolstoy's plan was to render as efficient help as possible to those who were overlooked by the authorities. The first thing to do was to find out who were the most destitute and needy. This was by no means easy. A "Westerner" would have put all the muzhiks under the same head as destitute, but our Russian friends knew that there was a gradation downward. The easiest way would have been to apply to the village authorities, such as the *starosta* or the pope, to make out a list of the most needy; but alas! the *starosta* is not always a person in whom there is no guile, and the pope is not always a saint. Not even messengers sent by whole communities, who came and asked for help, could be trusted implicitly. Therefore the count and his helpers had to go themselves into the villages, visiting every house, making out a list of the names of each family, the number of its members, the number of children, of old and sick persons, of their belongings, and the help, if any, received from the Government or from other quarters. To verify the statements of the muzhiks, the whole *mir*, village community, was convened and the list gone through and discussed before its members, and measures resolved upon toward helping the most distressed. These tables were perhaps the most exact statistics in Russia. They showed that as early as March on an average two thirds of the horses and cattle had been killed or had died from starvation. In these regions, where people burn straw, there being no wood, the famine had deprived them of fuel; the suffering from this cause was terrible during the cold season. In many villages the straw roofs of more than half the houses had been pulled down and used for fuel, or as food for the cattle; groups of families, together with their cattle, crowded together in small and dirty *ishbas* to keep themselves warm from the exhalations of their bodies, meantime inhaling poison and disease. Then there were the poor little children, whose starving mothers were not able to feed them, and the thousands who were carried off by disease, without hospitals, or nourishment, or medical care.

The principal branch of Count Tolstoy's work was the establishing of free eating-rooms, where the most needy were served with two meals every day. At the meeting of the *mir* a locality was selected for an eating-room; a suitable woman, who was in need of help, was appointed to prepare the food and to have charge of the kitchen; and the peasants themselves furnished the kitchen utensils, etc. When the guests came

to their meals, they brought with them bowls and spoons. So far as possible everything was done in conference and by coöperation with the peasants themselves. The guiding hand and watchful eye of the count and his efficient helpers were present everywhere. In some villages where there was a supply of flour only warm food was served to the guests; otherwise both bread and warm food were given to them. These "eating-rooms without bread" were established in March, because the Government then began to distribute thirty pounds of flour a month to each person. In these eating-rooms the following quantities of food were distributed for each ten persons per week: 5 lbs. of rye (for kvass); 2 lbs. wheat flour (for soup); 10 lbs. pease-meal, oatmeal, or corn-meal (for *kisel*, a kind of jelly, a Russian dish); 10 lbs. pease; 10 lbs. millet (for *kasha*, a kind of gruel, or *kulesh*, a kind of soup); 2 *meri* (about 72 pounds) of potatoes; 1 *mera* of beets; 1 quart of cabbage;  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of hemp-oil; 4 lbs. of salt; 1 lb. of onions. During the winter  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. of kerosene oil and 60 of wood were consumed each month for every kitchen. This made per day for each individual: 2 lbs. of vegetables (potatoes, cabbage, and beets), and  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of farinaceous food of different kinds, which, when prepared, amounted to 4 lbs. per day for each person.

The count and his helpers told me that the peasants, in spite of their distress, were at first dissatisfied with the eating-rooms without bread, because to the muzhik sour black rye bread is almost the only thing which deserves the name of food. After some time, however, they learned their mistake, and came in large numbers, and asked to be received as guests. Some of the guests brought with them to their meals a few small pieces of bread, and often came entirely without bread. They were hale and strong the whole winter, their food costing between two and three cents a day; whereas, when their food had been principally of bread, the expenses per day were about double that amount.

Here is the bill of fare for a week, the dinner costing one cent. It will be observed that some of the dishes for supper are included, to give a full idea of the diet.

Monday: *Stchee* (a kind of cabbage soup) and *kasha* (gruel) both for dinner and supper. Tuesday: *Pokhlodka* (soup of potatoes, shelled barley, and mushrooms) and *kisel* of pease (mashed pease) both for dinner and supper. Wednesday: Pea-soup and boiled potatoes for dinner; pease with kvass (a favorite dish) for supper. Thursday: *Stchee* and *kisel* of pease for both dinner and supper. Friday: Potato soup and *kulesh* (a kind of millet soup) for both dinner and supper. Saturday: *Stchee* and boiled potatoes for dinner;

potatoes and kvass for supper. Sunday: Peasoup and kasha for dinner; peas with kvass for supper.

In most of the eating-rooms, however, bread was used together with the above variety of vegetable food. In all the kitchens, which numbered at the time of my visit about 150, over 10,000 people were fed daily. Afterward this number was more than doubled, I was told.

Besides the eating-rooms for grown people, it was soon found necessary to establish special eating-rooms for little children. These were the particular care of the count. I shall describe later some of the difficulties he had to overcome in this work. In Russia, as a general thing, nearly half of all the children born die in infancy, and during the famine the mortality was terrible. The eating-rooms for children were provided with food made from milk, oatmeal, millet, buckwheat, etc. At the time of my departure the count had established about seventy-five such eating-rooms.

After the new year the count opened a new branch of his work, to provide fuel for the distressed population. About 400 cords of wood were distributed during the winter, either gratuitously or for a small compensation in the form of work.

A fourth branch of his work was to feed the horses of the peasants. For this purpose the count established a large stable in which 300 horses were fed; and through his agency a large number of horses were sent to parts of the country where there was plenty of fodder, to be fed until spring.

A fifth branch of his work was to distribute flax and bast among the muzhiks, to give them some work. The bast plays a very prominent part in the clothing of the muzhik, who rarely can afford to wear leather shoes. From this bast they make a kind of low shoes, and they use rags about their legs instead of stockings. Some of the peasants obtained these materials gratuitously, while others paid a trifle for them. All the shoes which were not needed by the muzhiks who had made them the count bought at full price, and distributed among the needy.

The sixth branch of his work consisted in buying sowing-seed—wheat, rye, potatoes, oats, millet, and hemp—for distribution among the most destitute. The need of this help was very pressing, not only from the fact that the majority of the peasants had no possible means of providing themselves with seed, but also because of the fact that about one third of the autumn sowing had been destroyed by ice, which covered the fields for thousands of versts.<sup>1</sup> The help voted by the Gov-

ernment toward providing seed was altogether insufficient, and often went to the *kulaks* ("fists"; i. e., peasant usurers) instead of to the muzhiks. Of course a very small number of the destitute millions could be reached by this help. This seed was distributed on condition that it should be paid for at a moderate price after the next harvest. The income from this was to be used toward establishing homes for destitute children.

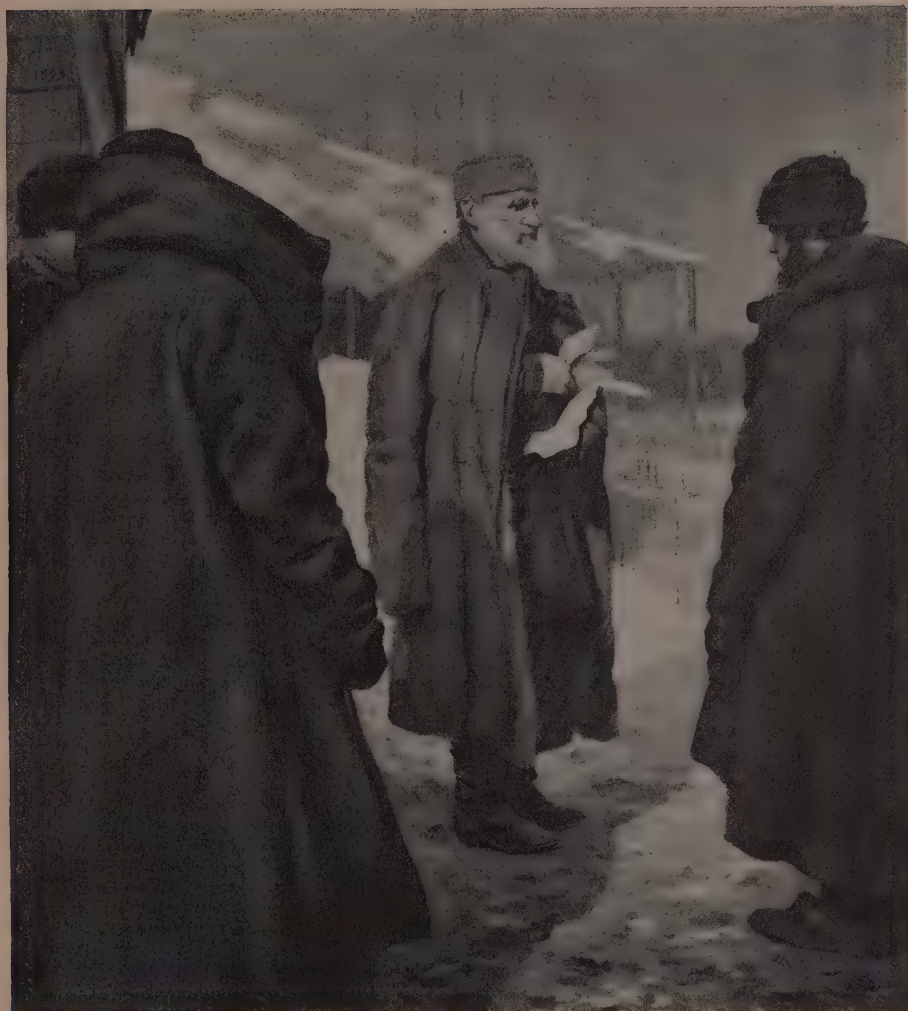
There was still another branch of the count's work, the buying of horses and distributing them to the very destitute. Besides the large number of muzhiks who had never had a horse, amounting in many villages to forty per cent., most of the remaining number had lost their horses or were losing them every day, and must of necessity be reduced to the greatest misery or complete slavery, if they were not helped. During my visit, arrangements were made to buy one hundred horses at an average price of thirteen dollars apiece; but many more were bought and distributed later on. The horses were given away on the following conditions: Every one who received a horse must till the soil for two other peasants who were without a horse, or for widows and orphans. The count and his family also helped the starvelings in other ways. Several bakeries were established, where bread was baked and sold at the cheap rate of 60 kopeks per *pood* (40 lbs.). Small sums of money were also given for pressing needs like burial expenses. The count and his helpers did all in their power to render spiritual aid. In a kind and loving way they encouraged and counseled the people. They always had on hand a large store of suitable tracts, which they distributed among the muzhiks who could read. They also tried to establish schools for peasant children, which, under the circumstances, was exceedingly difficult.

On my arrival at Byegitchevka it was resolved that the following day I should accompany the young Countess Maria Tolstoy on her tour in the villages. As early as six in the morning the muzhiks began to crowd the count's premises, and between eight and nine o'clock not only the rooms inside were filled, but the house itself was fairly besieged by men with haggard looks and hollow eyes, miserable-looking women clothed in rags, and poor little children shivering from cold. A few of them looked strong and hale at a distance, but when you approached them, you found that their bodies were swollen, showing the symptoms of hunger-typhus. Some of these muzhiks had come from great distances, sent as deputies by entire communes to ask for help.

The count and his helpers were always cheerful and kind, and seemed to be indefatigable. The harrowing stories of these people

<sup>1</sup> A verst is nearly two thirds of an English mile.





DRAWN BY KENYON COX, FROM THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPH.

TOLSTOY RECEIVING APPEALS FROM THE PEASANTS.

were an infinite variation on the same theme—hunger, disease, death, and sorrow. Very often they had not come to the end of their stories before they broke out into sobbing, crying: "For Christ's sake, help us! Our horses and cattle have starved to death; we have pawned our land, our winter clothing, everything; we have nothing to eat." "We have not eaten anything for days. Our women and our children are dying from hunger." "My husband died last night, and I have no means of getting him buried." "The authorities have taken our last cow and our last flour in payment of the taxes." The authorities not only took all that could be taken in payment of the taxes, but also, when

there was nothing more to take, had the poor muzhiks flogged; and when this did not help, they were imprisoned.

The young countess was up very early looking after the household, and when the peasants began to come she took part in the work among them until the time for breakfast and the departure for the villages. At nine o'clock we had breakfast, consisting of vegetables, butter and bread, and tea or coffee, the count preferring coffee. The young countess acted as lady of the house, and in her absence, her cousin Miss Kuzminsky. Maria Lvovna, or "Masha," as the count calls her, is a devoted follower of her father. In the dress of a peas-



TOLSTOY'S DAUGHTER AND NIECE CONVERSING WITH PEASANTS.

ant girl she follows her father's example in living and working with the peasants. Dressed in a polushubok, felt boots, and a winter cap of Siberian sheepskin, she opened the door to my room and called out, "Ready!" I followed her into a *sani*, a primitive and unpainted sleigh, drawn by a little well-fed and lively Samara horse. Dressed in my Lapp costume, I had taken my place at her side, when I discovered that I had forgotten my gloves. "Here, take mine," said the count, who stood by the side of the sleigh. Off we started at a whirling speed, the countess holding the reins herself. I have often seen Russian ladies driving a troika at a breakneck speed. The young countess certainly knew how to handle her lively little horse. In a few minutes we had passed the Don, and were out on the desolate plains. The cold was sharp, and a blinding snow-storm swept over the steppes. The road not being marked out, we soon lost our way. After having driven for a while in the storm, the snow whirling about us so that we could not see farther than the length of the horse, she drew in the reins, saying: "I think we must turn back home. Soon we shall see nothing." "Do you know the direction of the village where we are going?" I asked. "Yes." "Then let us

try to get there." "All right. Get up, Malt-Chik!" (Little Boy) and off we sped again westward along a ridge covered with ice. After a little while we found the road again.

The countess, who speaks English fluently, told me that for a number of years she had been working among the peasants, trying to help them. She had conducted a school for peasant children on their estate, but as she did not teach them to cross themselves and to worship the images of the saints, the priests closed her school. Then she invited the peasant children to her home to tea, and thus continued to instruct them.

In speaking of their home at Yasnaya Polyana, she said that a great many foreigners visited them in summer-time. "Don't you think," I asked, "that some go to see your father out of mere curiosity?" "You have hit the mark," she said, laughing. "I have seen so many descriptions of my father,—his eyebrows, his nose, his muzhik costume, his boot-making,—that I know pretty well what every foreigner will write and tell about him." "Your father," I remarked, "is said to deny the immortality of man. This I have never been able to comprehend, as being incompatible with his views of life and his way of living." "My father deny

the immortality of man!" she exclaimed. "You should have heard him recently in a circle of friends. As our shadowy dreams, he said, are to our present life, so this shadowy life is to our future existence."

By this time we descried through the storm a long row of snow-covered mounds. On coming nearer we found that they were rows of huts, from the roofs of which the snow-drifts slanted down to the bottom of the street. This was the village of Piulsi. It looked desolate in the extreme. Almost every other hut was without a roof. No living being was seen about, no smoke rose from the huts; all seemed to be ruins and death. We stopped in front of an izba where the count had established a school and an eating-room. On entering the low hut we were at first unable to see any object distinctly, but the softness under our feet told us that the naked soil served as floor, and when our eyes got accustomed to the dim light, we discovered a number of benches and about thirty children standing silent between them and looking at us, while the teacher, an intelligent young man, came forward and saluted us. A couple of elderly people were standing in a corner. Heavy breathing and coughing were to be heard near the oven, on the top of which we saw three children lying covered with black smallpox. I suggested to the countess that they ought to be removed at once. She answered that it should be done as soon as possible, but she declared at the same time that it was not easy to isolate the sick, since there were no hospitals, and almost every home was infected with disease. These poor children had been brought to the school "because it was warm there."

While the countess attended to the business of the school and the eating-room, I went from house to house through parts of the village. In my diary concerning these visits I wrote: In izba no. 1 I found one cow, three elderly persons, of whom one was lying sick with typhus on top of the oven by the side of two children who were in the last stages of the black smallpox. In no. 2 I found a child with the black smallpox, an elderly man sick with typhus, and two women whose bodies were swollen. No cattle; all starved to death. No fuel, no food. In no. 3 my eyes met a most curious sight. When I entered the small hut, which was so cold that its earthen floor was frozen hard, I saluted, but received no reply, nor did I see anybody. As I was about to go, I heard heavy breathing and a sound as of sweeping coming from the oven, and all at once I saw a pair of feet, wrapped round with rags, sticking out of the oven, and in a moment a big muzhik came out

of the opening of the oven.<sup>1</sup> Then there came creeping from behind the oven a sickly-looking woman, shivering with cold and holding her right hand to her brow. To my question as to what was the matter with her, she answered, "Golova bolit" ("My head aches"). "Have you no children?" "Yes; look here," she said, bursting into tears, as she pointed to what looked like a heap of rags on top of the oven, and which proved to be two children, one of them evidently near death from consumption or hunger, the other one from the black smallpox. The tall and strongly built man, with drawn and stony face and hollow eyes, his uncombed hair standing out in all directions, was standing motionless on the frozen earthen floor, a picture of hopelessness and apathy. No cattle, no fuel, no food but what was received from outside. In no. 4 were two grown people and two children, both sick. Taking away the rags which covered the body of one of the children, the mother burst into tears, while I saw large drops rolling down the cheeks of the poor disfigured girl herself. Something stuck in my throat and made me unable to utter a word, as I handed a silver coin to the poor mother, and left. Passing a number of houses which were partly torn down and left empty, I entered izba no. 5, where I found a woman disfigured by a disease shockingly common among the peasants, and two sickly and forlorn-looking children. In no. 6 were three families, one cow, one horse, and two sheep crowded together to protect themselves against the intense cold. It was a strange sight to see the fine-looking *dyadushka*, grandfather, with hair and beard as white as snow, climbing out of a crib, to which the horse was tied. He came tottering on his old limbs up to me, and saluted me with a deep bow. "Where do you come from, *barin*, and what is your business?" he asked. On telling him that friends of the muzhiks in foreign countries had sent me with help to their suffering brethren in Russia, he said with a feeble and trembling voice: "What good people! May God bless you!"

I now returned to the school, which by this time had been changed into an eating-room, filled with young and old people to the number of forty, who, after having crossed themselves and said their prayers, sat down to eat. The dinner, consisting of black rye bread and pea-soup, tasted very good. After the countess had made arrangements for establishing an eating-room for little children, we started for home. "What impression did you get of your first village visit?" the countess asked me. "Terrible!" was the only word I could utter. "Are you not afraid of catching the smallpox and the typhus?" I asked her. "Afraid! It is immoral to be afraid. Are you afraid?" she replied. "No;

<sup>1</sup> Afterward I got used to similar sights. To protect themselves against the cold, the muzhiks, having no fuel, crept into the ovens.





DRAWN BY KENYON COX, FROM THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPH.

#### REGISTERING THE STARVING.

I have never been afraid of infectious diseases while visiting the poor," I answered. "It is terrible to see such hopeless misery. It makes me sick only to think of it!" I exclaimed. "And is it not shameful of us to allow ourselves so much luxury, while our brothers and sisters are perishing from want and nameless misery?" she added. "But you have sacrificed all the comforts and luxuries of your rank and position, and stepped down to the poor to help them," I rejoined. "Yes," she said; "but look at our warm clothes and all other comforts, which are unknown to our suffering brothers and sisters." "But what good would it do to them if we should dress in rags and live on the border of starvation?" "What right have we," she retorted, "to live better than they?" I made no reply, but threw a wondering look into the eyes of that remarkable girl, in which I saw a large tear trembling. I felt as if something was compressing my heart and threatening to choke me. "But how is it possible that the authorities permit such a terrible state of things?" I asked. "I don't know," was the short and significant answer.

When the count came home in the evening, tired and wearied, he was quite downcast. "I feel really ashamed of this work," he said. "We don't know what real help there is in it. We are prolonging for some time the existence of a number of the starving peasants, but their misery will continue all the same." "You are helping them materially and also spiritually. You are no doubt doing a good work," I said. "I don't preach," he said; "I am so bad myself that I cannot preach to others. And we don't know what is good or not. When we think we are doing something very good, we may be doing the very opposite. The real good is in the will and the motives of our actions."

Next morning I accompanied Miss Kuzminsky on a tour to two villages to make arrangements for the distribution of wood, which was done on the following plan: The most destitute got the wood gratuitously at their homes; the less destitute got it free of cost at the railroad station, and those who were better off paid a trifle for it, not in money, but in work. After a quick ride of two hours over the



DRAWN BY KENYON COX, FROM THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPH.

A DINNER IN ONE OF TOLSTOY'S EATING-ROOMS.

snow-covered plains in a sharp cold, we reached the first village, and stopped at the house of the starosta. Entering, we found the starosta, his wife, four children, the grandfather, one cow, one foal, and three sheep, all living together in one room, into which came a dim light through an aperture about eighteen inches in diameter. On the soft earthen floor stood a large table, and a wooden bench ran along one side of the room; no chairs were to be seen. Having made some house-to-house visits, the mir was called together at the house of the starosta, which, by the way, was very easily done, as nearly the whole population of the village was following us in a crowd. Soon the izba of the starosta was literally crammed with muzhiks. Miss Kuzminsky took her seat behind the table, and I was asked to sit beside her. Now the proceedings began. Miss Kuzminsky produced a list of the most needy. First a poor widow with four children was mentioned; all the muzhiks nodded their assent, crossing themselves. Then a certain

Alexis B—— was mentioned. A low murmur was heard through the room, and a muzhik said, "He is no doubt without fuel, but so are we all; but he has a horse." Ivan K—— was mentioned: "Otchen byednui!" ("Very poor"). So the whole list was gone through, the peasants expressing their opinions freely upon each case, the sheep and the cow now and then joining their bleating and bellowing with the buzz of the crowd. Miss Kuzminsky did her part well, now and then calling the speakers to order, when they spoke too many at a time, or went too far from the subject. The muzhiks behaved in a gentlemanly way, and when they became a little warm on the subject, they were by no means so boisterous as "Westerners" would be at a public meeting, if every one's honesty and character were canvassed as candidly as they are at these meetings. The air in that assembly-hall, partly owing to the cattle and vermin, was stifling, and I was astonished that Miss Kuzminsky could stand it for over an hour without the least complaint.



A MUZHIC.

We found a large number of sick people, mostly with black smallpox and typhus.

On an intensely cold Saturday morning, when a greenish-yellow stripe along the eastern horizon spread a dim light over the snowy plains, one of Tolstoy's helpers, a young nobleman, and I started for a distant village from which appeals had come for help. Our little shaggy horse quickly became white with frost. The sun soon gilded everything, but a feeling of sadness and desolation filled us as we ap-

proached the village. No smoke was ascending from the huts. The roofs of most of the izbas had been pulled down and used for fuel. No life was seen except two or three horses, looking like skeletons covered with skin, which were picking some old and rotten blades of grass in front of an izba, the roof of which had recently been pulled down; and a few shaggy and forlorn-looking dogs, which were so nearly starved that they could hardly move from their places on top of the piles of dirt in front



of the houses. Many of the izbas were deserted, the inmates either having died or left their homes. In almost every home we visited, one or more persons were sick with typhus, small-pox, etc. They had neither cattle nor food, the help received through the authorities having been already consumed, and cabbage, dried and powdered grass, leaves from trees, and chaff and straw were now used for food. The poor people whom we found huddled together and shivering from cold in those miserable hovels presented a most pitiable appearance. Besides those lying sick, many were so weakened by starvation that they could hardly move or speak.

Immediately after our return in the afternoon Count Tolstoy also came home. We were all tired and hungry, but the count was happy and merry as a child. He talked and laughed, and his eyes, which at times are sharp and penetrating, fairly beamed with joy. He had at last succeeded in his endeavors to establish eating-rooms for little children. This had cost him many a weary day. He had had to overcome not only the great difficulty of procuring suitable food for children, but also the foolishness, ignorance, and superstition of the muzhiks, and, last but not least, the opposition of the clergy. The muzhiks insisted upon having the children's food brought to their homes; but this would not do, because they would consume the children's food themselves, leaving their children to starve. The priests had warned them not to send their children to Count Tolstoy, whom learned theologians had proved, according to the book of "Revelation," to be antichrist himself. The clergy played a prominent part in the attacks against Count Tolstoy, inveighing against him from the pulpit, and promulgating all kinds of absurd theories about him to excite the fanaticism of the masses. It was said that he paid the muzhiks eight rubles apiece for branding them on the forehead and on the hands in order to seal them to the power of darkness. A bishop had on the preceding Sunday in a special sermon delivered in the second-class waiting-room at the station of Klekotki, to a crowded audience, in the strongest terms referred to Count Tolstoy as antichrist, who was seducing the people with such worldly advantages as food, raiment, and fuel. He warned his hearers against having anything to do with such a person, and proclaimed that the Orthodox Church possessed power enough to "exterminate" antichrist and his work. No wonder the poor muzhiks got frightened, and did not know what to do. I heard that a certain muzhik solved the problem in the following very logical way: "If the Lord," he said, "resembles his servants, the popes and the officials who oppress and rack us, and if antichrist is such a person as Tolstoy, who gratuitously feeds us and our

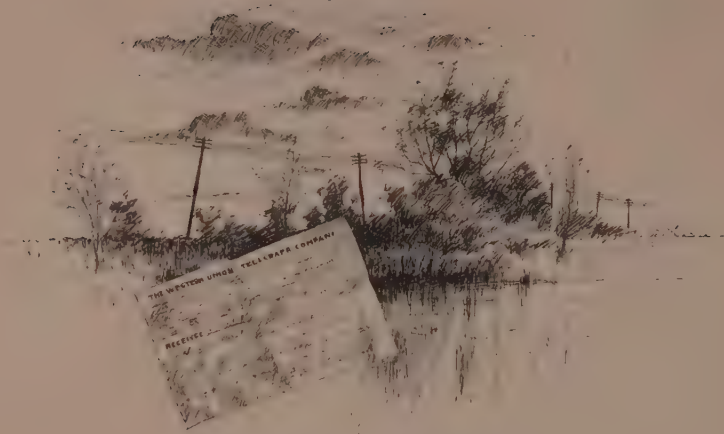
children, then I prefer to belong to antichrist, and I will send my starving children to his eating-room." The muzhiks sent their little children by thousands to the children's homes.

After our late dinner, the count was as usual busy among the poor muzhiks who were crowding at his headquarters. Taking a walk to one of the eating-rooms in the neighborhood, I happened to meet an armed gendarme in the road, placed there to watch the movements of the count and his helpers. Besides the "visible" representative of "the powers that be" in St. Petersburg, there was an unseen cloud of detectives swarming about Byegitchevka. Sometimes they came to the count in the garb of a poor muzhik, asking for help and complaining of the authorities, etc., and sometimes as friends of the suffering muzhik, offering their services to the count, whose sharp eye, however, soon saw through them when he politely told them that they were not wanted.

Later on in the evening of that memorable Saturday a number of Tolstoy's friends and helpers arrived from different quarters, and spent the evening and part of the following Sunday together with their master in friendly intercourse and consultation. It was a highly interesting group of men, with two women. None of them were above middle age. All were educated persons, belonging to prominent families, and some possessed a high degree of learning. One of them had been fellow of the University of Moscow, and was on the point of being nominated to a professorial chair, when he suddenly left the university and went to the people. Dressed as a muzhik, he shares the life and the toil of peasants to aid them in every possible way, considering this to be a more worthy object in life than to beat Latin and Greek into the heads of upper-class Russian youth. This person was no dreamer, but a man possessing an imperturbable calmness of mind, an acute understanding, and a deep knowledge of human nature. Two years ago he traveled through nearly all the provinces of the vast empire, mostly on foot, visiting and studying all kinds of sectarians. In the dress of a muzhik he went from place to place, working as a day-laborer with the sectarians, receiving only food and lodging as remuneration.

In the middle of March I left the headquarters of Count Tolstoy for eastern Samara in company with his second son, Count Lyeff Lvovitch Tolstoy, and a young nobleman by the name of P. Birukoff, one of the count's most devoted followers and an energetic laborer in the work of relief. In another article I shall describe my experiences in that province during a sojourn of nearly three months.

*Jonas Stadling.*



## WRITING TO ROSINA.

IN TWO PARTS: PART II.



WHEN Rosina Bermond received the first of the letters under the new plan, she was startled as well as pleased. Upon the arrival of the second, longer and yet more elaborate, she was electrified and overwhelmed at its ability. "I had no idea he could rise to such a height. What injustice I have done the poor boy!" she murmured.

About this time, Isabel Bryce had arrived. Rosina had taken her into her confidence concerning the engagement, as was the most nat-

"He is certainly a man of taste and refinement," said Isabel, commenting upon them. "A little over-flowery, but perhaps that is a mistake in the right direction, easily accounted for by the ardor of his love. You are a happy girl, Rosina, to have won the affection of a man of such thoroughly practical ability as you tell me he is, and at the same time of such strong poetical feeling. It is a combination extremely rare. In our days the world has far too little poetry."

"Yes; but, Isabel, do you know I'm afraid my own letters are nothing like good enough for his. I have never got in the habit of putting down selected thoughts and—and pen-pictures. I just dash off anything that pops into my head at the moment, about what I've been doing, and so forth. Should n't you be afraid he'd get awfully dissatisfied with me pretty soon if I don't give him selected thoughts and—pen-pictures?"

"I always think it well to take as much pains as one can," replied Isabel, discreetly, "especially where it seems likely to be so well rewarded as in this case. A little more pains in the details often makes a wonderful difference. Many a good piece of work that may look spoiled only needs—not throwing away, but a careful attention to the loose ends, a rounding out of the possibilities it contains, as it were."

Rosina took the advice to heart, and apparently acted upon it with the greatest benefit. She attended to her loose ends of expression, and rounded out her possibilities, to such good purpose that her next letter read substantially as follows:



"YOU ARE A HAPPY GIRL, ROSINA."

ural thing in the world to do, but had said nothing about the quarrel or the cause of it, being rather ashamed of this. Now, however, she showed the two latest specimens of the correspondence with pride.

You are not angry with me then, Darling, for my stupid mistake? Now I see clearly that it was your poor head, too worried to write fully, with all those trying business cares. Your reasons were good, as they always are. Destiny was a little envious, did not want us to enjoy here below the felicity reserved for another world, and so let us fall out. Do you know, you ill-used boy, that I even tried hating you in those early days? And I thought I had one almost happy day, hating you. But what a poor pretense it all was! Ah, no, sweetheart mine; we have been too much to each other ever to be estranged. You know in religion and love there is no standing still; one must either be always going forward or else one is falling behind. Can you doubt in which direction I am always moving? Let me sum it up in *Proteus's* beautiful couplet from the "Two Gentlemen of Verona"—twisting it a little to my own meaning, which is better:

"At first I did adore a twinkling star,  
But now I worship a celestial sun."

I now see, indeed, that only a little quiet and seclusion were needed to bring out the full measure of your wonderful powers of expression. Nor can the same thing be said of you alone; for do we not know that the greatest philosophers have found their truest inspiration even in the solitude of the desert?

On receipt of this, Lanfair's qualms of conscience were eased. "It is clear," said he, "that Rosina—and I thought it very good even then—has been writing down to my level. I would never have suspected, from our talks together, that she was capable of toplofty flights of this kind. Still, I have always felt that any quantity of mysterious work might pop out in a correspondence on this line, and I would n't be in it. I was right; now it has begun. It has taken a Gorledge, a—but, never mind—a Gorledge to draw her out. It's as plain as preaching that without him I'd never have stood a show to get her. She never would have called in that telegram of dismissal; and I could not have seen her, for dust, by this time."

"Hum! hum!" commented Hampton Gorledge, rather electrified, too, when this first letter came under his observation. He had not looked for so much in any correspondent of Lanfair's. "Hum! ha!—elevated diction—style—reading, reflection, sentiment. Spelling capital, too. Absence of all school-girl underscoring, and quotation-marks that don't quote anything. Lanfair, this is good; you're to be congratulated more than ever.

"But the most remarkable thing about it," holding the paper out at arm's length, and tapping it for observation, "is that she knows a sentence when she sees it. There's not one woman in a thousand, no matter what her station, who knows how to begin a sentence

with a capital, and put a period when she's come to the end of it. You've noticed that, of course?"

"Yes, I've—er—noticed it."

Though Lanfair saw the improvement in Rosina's letter, he was vague enough about many such matters, and it is not at all likely that he saw the full measure of it.

"So have I; I have made rather a specialty of it. I don't know what our educational establishments are thinking about, to be so supinely indifferent to one of the very first elements."

"What do you say to the handwriting?" inquired Lanfair, by way of diversion to a more familiar ground.

"Good—good; the chirography of a well-balanced, harmonious, intellectual individuality. Corresponds to the photograph and all the rest you've told me of her generally. Oh, I'm a great judge of character from handwriting."

"Speaking of that, now I think of it, Gorledge, your hand is n't so very different from my own. If you would n't mind sloping your upright lines a little more, and crossing your *t*'s something like this—so—I don't see why it might not do for you to send off these things direct, and save copying."

"Capital idea! excellent! trust you practical business fellows again for that! Why make two copies when one would suffice? Life is too short for such waste of good material. A capital labor-saving invention."

After this, Hampton Gorledge had the correspondence almost entirely in his own hands. Lanfair, quite satisfied with his management of it, and interested in hardly more than the fact that the affair was getting on and the time of probation passing, even allowed him to receive Rosina's letters first, and retain them, and often to send off his own to her without overlooking. He asked few questions, and made no suggestions.

Of course there was always the liability that he might ask questions. Thus, one day, glancing carelessly over Gorledge's shoulder, he found him at some such passage as this:

Chotank is a mere green pocket in the hills, a sleepy settlement on the banks of a little stream. The stream might be said to babble or brawl on its way to the sea if it had anything either to babble or brawl about, but it has n't—not the first blessed thing to interest either sea or land. The Screw and Tack Factory, its large boarding-house, the country store and post-office, the blacksmith shop, the country tavern—there you have the village complete.

But one person, a single congenial companion [ran the succeeding paragraph], relieves this dearth of all things. It is Hampton Gorledge, a valued friend of childhood's days, whom I find here waiting for various plans to ripen, all marked by a high and noble ambition. He is certainly



one who is called to a brilliant future. Of fine and distinguished presence, a superior mind, an unswerving will, a heart true as steel to friend or woman, he is—

"Is it necessary to put all that in?" here interrupted Lanfair.

"*Nothing* is strictly necessary; sometimes we fill up with one thing and sometimes with another. We'll take this out if it is n't to your liking." Gorledge lifted his pen to erase, taking refuge in a certain offended air. "I've written of myself as I knew you would have written of me, had you been able to do it in person. I thought it would give more of a human interest, more of a realistic air, to throw in, now and then, something about people."

"Let it stand! As you say, it does give more human interest."

But Gorledge, thus checked, did not go much farther in this direction. In truth, he had only yielded to a strong desire to lay some account of himself before his unseen correspondent, who began to possess him with an extreme interest. He had meant to identify himself somewhat with the hero of his novel, as he had identified her with its heroine; to mix with his own some of the dark and magnificent qualities of his *Edgar*: but being thus balked or observed, he thought it hardly worth while to continue, and in the main dropped it.

It occasionally happened, now that he wrote the letters without copying, that the inadvertent Aureliana, which sometimes crept in, would stand uncorrected. For instance, he would say:

Some time we shall count these dark days only too well spent, my Aureliana, since by them we shall have but the better earned our happiness, and they will give us back but the more securely to each other's arms.

Or again it would be found with a pen drawn through it, as thus:

Do I weary, displease you, adored Aureliana Rosina? I beg you not to deny me my one joy, of sending you daily, almost hourly, missives.

At Rosina's end of the line the name was taken for some obscure poetical reference, a high compliment, no doubt, and there was not a little hunting for the source from which it might be derived. Isabel, in particular, had taken the prize for answers to fifty questions proposed by a leading newspaper, and was very good at that sort of thing.

On the other hand, there also appeared an occasional oddity in Rosina's letters. Her handwriting varied; and she would say, "Rosina is doing this," or "Rosina is doing that," or "I shall mention it to Rosina." It had a quaint,

child-like effect. Sometimes one might have thought a third person was speaking of her.

She now hit off the scenes and people about her with a rather bright, vivid touch:

Saratoga [she said] is new to Isabel, so we go about rather more than we might on my account alone. We drag Papa away from his judges and governors as often as we can. If I had my way, during the absence of a certain person, I should rarely be in any company but my own. I suppose Saratoga is one of those places of which it may be said that the good society is very bad, while the bad society is very good. When I come to write my novel, I shall make it out of these miscellaneous snobs and adventurers, these Tammany politicians, high-comedy old gentlemen, and low-comedy old ladies. Perhaps Mrs. Graxton, from our modest hotel,—you remember,—will go in. How she does that wonderful hair is still a standing mystery. I privately submit to ~~Res~~ Isabel the theory that she gets up in the morning and has a fit, and there it is all done. I shall make my heroine one of the pretty Cuban girls who sit about on the verandas, beautifully dressed, and profusely powdered over their smooth dark skins, and who smile a good deal, but never speak unless spoken to, and very little even then.

Hampton Gorledge here clutched Lanfair by the arm in wild excitement.

"She talks of a novel!" he exclaimed. "Has she ever written one—or a novelette? Do you know of her ever having made any regular literary attempt?"

"Yes—no; I guess not—I guess so," was the confused answer. "I don't know really. I should n't be at all surprised. She's up to 'most anything."

Last night a bat got in at the Grand Union hop [the letter went on], and, swooping among the dancers in the most irrepressible way, almost broke it up. But I say, where there's a ball it's natural enough there should be a bat. Ahem! I shall try to get that off on Isabel presently. We must be just to everybody, even to ourselves; and I think it's rather good. Isabel is a quiet girl, very sympathetic. Of course I confide in her all about our engagement. She has been engaged herself, and thus is quite capable of understanding it. We often have beautiful times talking you over. I'm sure your ears must burn, especially the left one. Yesterday, Isabel and I went to the memorable trout-ponds, and again in the afternoon to the Indian encampment. I tell Isabel a good deal, as I have said; but does she suspect, I wonder, just why I take her certain walks, and make her visit the ground at certain places to the very last inch of it? At the Indian encampment, feeling mopish, to cheer ourselves up we even tore around in the absurd little circular railway. Thus, you see, I am falling into my dotage. Does not Herbert Spencer say that "any arrangements that tend to make it as well to be inferior as superior" are immoral to the most serious degree? Very well; this sepa-

ration of ours is one of the wickedest possible of that sort of arrangements.

"Quotes Herbert Spencer too?" exclaimed Gorledge in amazement. "Marvelous! prodigious! any woman that quotes Herbert Spencer — well, there's nothing more to be said."

"That's 'way up, is it?" asked Lanfair.

"It's the top wing of the perch," descending to his friend's own language. "There's no going beyond it."

"Lucky rascal! Little he knows what he is going to get," he said to himself; and "Lucky dog, lucky rascal, that Lanfair," he began to repeat frequently, in both sighing and growling tones.

The correspondence, in the stage it had now reached, was passing miles above Knox D. Lanfair's head. He could not recognize his once stolid commonplace self in the letters ascribed to him, nor Rosina in hers. It was simply as if two sublimated intelligences had taken the matter in hand, and were conducting it without any reference to their corporeal bodies. The future lay dark indeed before him; but he did not mean to think of it. He stuck doggedly to his wish, his engagement, nevertheless; he meant to have Rosina at all hazards. He was willing to take her by the aid of another if it could not be done otherwise, just as it seems Günther was glad enough to get the terrible Nibelungen beauty, Brunhilda, even though she had first to be bound fast for him by the hero Siegfried.

The outcome of all this was that Hampton Gorledge too fell a prey to an all-absorbing passion for Rosina. At least that is the way he put it to himself. Her correspondence wrought upon him by degrees a potent spell. He throned it in the pride of a superior female intelligence; her letters contained every conceivable charm. He quoted Plato, Josephus, La Rochefoucauld, and Dante: she calmly replied with Epictetus, Pascal, Goethe, and Ariosto — in the original.

"No use keeping *that* going," he said. "She's got the bigger public library at her disposition; but, all the same, it's adorable, it's enchanting."

He took, by accident, to the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," as she had once done. He reflected a great deal upon that *Proteus* who asks, "In love, who respects a friend?" and began to have a good deal of leniency, not to say admiration, for his character.

"It is indisputable that love is the superior passion to friendship," he said; "then why should it not have its rights when the two come in conflict? Such persons as *Proteus* probably yielded but to a natural law, an unavoidable compulsion of destiny. No doubt, too, the cases are much commoner in real life than one might think."

But, on the whole, he struggled manfully against this temptation to treachery. He admitted that he had his faults, but he did not mean to be the person to betray a friend. No, no indeed; he would not dally with the knavish thought.

Rosina Bermond now, in due course, departed from Saratoga to make the visit she had announced to Isabel Bryce. She at once began to record her impressions of the charming village of Stockbridge, in that pleasant region of the Berkshire Hills to which people like to go in the russet autumn, after they have finished their regular season at springs or seaside.

Isabel's home [she wrote] is a large, comfortable old abode, near the green, in appearance half farm-house and half villa. In fact, you know instantly it is a villa because it looks like a farm-house. No farmer ever condescends to do that sort of thing any more; and he not only would not paint his dwelling that nice old-fashioned red, but not even his poorest outbuilding. Stockbridge is scarce more than a single long, shady village street, kept up with spruce attention by the Improvement Society. I rather think they expect by the virtue of neatness to make their more modest town rival the glories of its fashionable neighbor Lenox. Some one has presented to the green a lovely tower with a chime of bells, which the people do not allow to be heard, on pretense that it would be more their poor nerves than the chimes that would be wrung. Tum te tum tum!

"Oh, the bells of Shandon,  
That (do not) sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the River Lee."

"And this was once Rosina!" interjected Knox D. Lanfair.

There is a small hotel here which they have had the excellent idea of filling up with old colonial furniture, blue china, and such comfortable things generally, so that it does n't look like a hotel at all. If you could only come and stay there even a few days! But, ah me! I suppose that is wholly out of the question. If I go on longer about my surroundings, you will think it like a certain soldiers' monument they're proud of over at Pittsfield — all pedestal and no soldier; but as to my *doings*, another time.

Then, in their turn, she described her doings — excursions to Icy Glen, to October Mountain and Monument Mountain, and to former homes of Hawthorne and Bryant. She hunted up, too, the haunts of minor literary celebrities of what she termed a "prehistoric sort." There were not a few of these in the region; for it was there that, among others, some of the romances of Miss Sedgwick and Miss Wetherell, Herman Melville, and "solitary horseman" James saw the light.

"Aha, those were good!" exclaimed Lanfair, referring to the latter. "I've read some of those myself."

Soon she wrote of a longer trip they had made—to the Shakers at Lebanon. They had had in this excursion the company of some pleasant people, staying at the hotel before mentioned, a family named Crampion, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

"No?" cried Gorledge; "why, these Crampions are my first cousins." And he leaped up from his chair with a bound. But he sat down again immediately. "After all, what difference does it make?" said he.

He was especially won by observation of her very evident literary taste. And the conquest was completed by her warmth of nature, her gift of expressing the most tender and caressing affection—alas! for another. For instance, she said:

Yesterday to an out-of-doors "tea" at a beautiful place on Stockbridge Bowl. The twilight was particularly lovely there. The fading sun, a crescent moon just rising, the intermingled fragrance of woods and flowers, formed an enchanting whole. Impossible to think of anything but the *one*, the ONE, the ONE. And all I could do to gratify the longing was to go home and look at your photograph, which holds the place of honor in my chamber. I say good night! to it, and good morning! to it, and how do you do? to it, every time I pass before it, if it's twenty times a day.

"Lanfair, forsooth! and Lanfair's photograph!" Gorledge growled. "Does that man know in the least the treasure he is securing? Has he any capacity for appreciating a rare nature like hers? Has he the very faintest idea in the world of the value of the priceless pearl that is going to be cast before him, the—ahem! that is no offense, of course, to Lanfair, who is the best fellow in the universe.

"Would something of that kind have suited me, Hampton Gorledge?" he would ask himself in a sarcastic temper at destiny. "Oh, no; of course not. Does any such windfall ever drop into my lap? Well, hardly."

As he did not wish to be a traitor, the conviction was forced upon him that he must abandon this dangerous correspondence. He could no longer swim in the maelstrom of fascination, and whirl toward the vortex of ruin. He went to his patron and brusquely announced his intention of withdrawing from it.

"For heaven's sake, old fellow, don't abandon me now!" Lanfair appealed, in consternation.

"Do you think it's just the fair thing to impose upon an innocent girl and give her a—er—misleading ideas, in this way?" he asked, seeking some adequate pretext for his conduct.

"It's rather late in the day to slack up for any such reason as that. Why did n't you speak of it in the beginning? Oh, see here, old man, you can't possibly leave me in the lurch just now. You can't do it—especially at a time like this. You don't know it, but Dorfin, the boss of our finishing-shop, is getting on the rampage; strikers are going round these days, and who knows but we may have a strike ourselves?"

His entreaties proved, in fact, too strong to resist, the more so as his scribe had already begun to regret the lost delights of the rare interchange of mind he had been enjoying. Gorledge, therefore, resumed his peculiar functions, and continued to discharge them yet a little while longer. But he resumed with them all his mental wrestlings and moral strugglings, his conflict with the potent temptation that grew in force daily. Involuntarily, he was forever running up the list of Rosina's attractions, and trying to resist the effect of the overwhelming total. Youth, beauty, grace, culture, fortune, sentiment, taste, deep feeling, a capacity for the warmest affection, and, above all the rest, intelligence, an intellect of the first order! Thus was his formula conceived, and he was always repeating it with melancholy iteration.

And all to end only in absorption by a—a Knox D. Lanfair. There was one clear aspect of the case that gave him ground for indignation, even apart from any personal feeling of his own. Who could deny that a union of most incompatible natures was about to be perpetrated, and that the result was certain to be misery? Was it not a *duty* to prevent this in the interest of the finer being, and even of both? The knowledge had come to him by no seeking of his own. Did this indicate that he was chosen by Heaven to carry out the mission? To do so might have a rather unpleasant look in the eyes of some, but he asked himself if one ought not to seek even to be a martyr in so noble a cause.

A vein of asperity crept into the letters of Rosina; she was not content to employ the amusing and caustic touch she had merely in making game of the persons and things about her, but sent more than one mocking shaft in the direction of her lover himself. Now and again she would raise some little quarrel about nothing at all.

Why, in the name of common sense, do you write to me like that? How have I had the bad luck to offend you now?

Gorledge protested in alarm against one of these onslaughts.

I don't always write in the name of common sense. It is n't necessary. And do not fancy



there is any such thing as bad luck. We often get more than our deserts in this world, but rarely less. You probably did not have half teasing enough in your youth; a course of it might do you good. Yours with pious regards, ROSINA.

"Looks to me as if she was cooling off some lately," said Lanfair. "You see, it would n't do at all for you to give me up just now when she needs a particular smoothing down."

"With her fine woman's intuition, she is perhaps beginning to pierce the deception, and to become irritated while ignorant of the cause," Gorledge suggested.

"Stuff! Where has she kept all her fine woman's intuition till now? No; you just boom it up, old boy, and you'll see she'll be all right enough."

THAT there was, however, some real shade of difference, some omen of a change, in Rosina Bermond, may be seen from the following conversation that took place, about this time, with Isabel. Lanfair's *fiancée*, who had been half reclining in a hammock in the pleasant front dooryard of the Bryce homestead, sat up with a pouting expression.

"If I had thought this high-poetical, light-fantastical sort of thing had got to go on forever, I don't think I should ever have got engaged."

"And *my* engagement, on the contrary, was broken off just for lack of what you are pleased to trifle with; he — you know whom I mean — was so wholly commonplace, and I can't stand commonplace to that extent. I tell you again, you are the happiest girl in the world. If you want my honest opinion, Mr. Lanfair's come nearer to realizing my ideal of what such letters ought to be than any others I ever saw."

"Thanks so much! But that does n't keep me from feeling like a walking dictionary and a living skeleton, all the same." She rose, with a weary little sigh, shook out her pretty skirts, and waved a stamped and sealed letter she held in her hand. "Well, let us come and put our ologies and ographies and languages ancient and foreign in the post-office." Then, changing her tone, and putting her arm affectionately about Isabel's waist: "Don't mind a thing I say! Because I'm cross, that's no reason for acting as if I were ungrateful to so accomplished a — an —"

"An admirer," supplied Isabel.

"So perfect an adviser."

At Chotank, Hampton Gorledge continued to fight stoutly against his feelings and his sophistries. But, worn out at last with the conflict, he knew that some step must be taken absolutely to end it. A communication arrived at this time slightly reopening the question of

the place at the East Lee furnace. He welcomed it almost as a guidance direct from Heaven.

"This is what I will do," said he; "I have fully thought it out. I will go direct to Stockbridge and see Rosina. I will combine with it the trip to East Lee, which may be the means of settling me in life. It is like this: I am forever dreading and brooding over her, here, at a great distance, wholly in the dark and without any real idea of what she is like. Imagination, left to itself, is notorious for getting up absurd chimeras and ideals that will not stand the test of actual life. Nobody, nothing could be quite as perfect as the image I have invented of her. Now, the only corrective to this is to see her face to face, to go into her presence. In that way I shall discover some flaw in her character — as likely as not some very striking defect; and that will disillusionize and cure me at once. It will have the effect but the more surely from the very impossible ideal I have formed of her. I shall not be able to support in her what I should in any ordinary person. Yes, I see that is my only course; that is my only salvation. At any rate, this life has become unendurable, and I can be no worse there than here."

Thereupon he set off for Stockbridge without notifying anybody, or leaving intelligence of his real destination behind him. Strangely enough, so occupied was he with his own agitations that he was almost at the train before he gave a thought to the predicament in which Lanfair would be left by his departure. But he did not relent or hesitate on that account.

"So much the better," he reflected. "I was not willing to betray the confidence reposed in me, but, on the other hand, I was not bound to sustain the structure of deceit that had been raised to take an innocent and admirable being in the toils. That I had begun it was no reason for continuing, but all the more reason for loathing it and hoping for its ruin. It was a league with iniquity, and a covenant with perdition. If the withholding of my hand now be the means of forcing Lanfair to show himself in his true colors, he will certainly lose her. It will be some reparation on my part, and an unmixed benefit, no matter at all what may become of me."

The despair of Lanfair was profound when he awoke to the hard actualities of life with the correspondence upon his hands. He hurried to the elder Gorledge, the retired politician, now a sort of Cincinnatus in a battered straw hat hoeing vegetables, but could get no news from him of the son. He could get no one else to write the letters for him. He thought vaguely of a bright young bookkeeper in the factory, and of the village schoolmaster; but, besides

the fact that he dared not trust this peculiar kind of confidence to any other persons, he deemed it impossible for any mortal man to "catch on" to the correspondence at the point to which it had advanced. Gorledge had even taken Rosina's packet of letters with him.

Lanfair was left also to even worse perplexity than this. Dorfin, the boss of the finishing-shop, had been indeed upon the rampage, and just as Lanfair was thinking he must go to Stockbridge at all hazards, the threatened strike in the factory broke out, under his management. Then Lanfair could not go. It would have been to sacrifice the interests of his company to ruin, and not only to abandon all hope of the expected promotion, upon which his ability to marry Rosina depended, but even to lose his present position. He was bound hand and foot. It was of no use to resume his old plan of feeble telegrams; and thus he relapsed into a suffocated volcanic sort of silence.

He had not at first suspected Gorledge of anything more than selfishness and indifference. He supposed he had left him to himself merely to go off impulsively about some of his own affairs. But presently a letter arrived from Rosina that caused him to emit a sort of leonine roar. It was a letter of languid inquiry.

"What has become of you?" she asked. "I have made the acquaintance of a friend of yours, Mr. Hampton Gorledge, who is here for some days past, and have asked him about you; but he does not seem to be able to tell me very much."

Then the truth flashed upon him, the whole truth, dating from far back. Hampton Gorledge was a traitor of the blackest dye, a schemer full of diabolical malice, who had been plotting to undermine him all along, and who had only waited till he was securely trapped by the outbreak of the strike to hasten away and win Rosina for his own. What folly, what asinine blindness, had been his!

Under these circumstances, he was prepared to throw all considerations to the winds—all, all. But, fortunately, just as he was starting for Stockbridge, Dorfin came in to treat. He received his adhesion and that of the strikers in the railway station itself, and thus, in speeding away to the scene of yet more vital interests, left things in a fairly peaceable state behind him.

Arriving at Stockbridge, he learned that Rosina and Gorledge, with other persons, had gone that morning on another picnic to Monument Mountain. He followed upon their track. He lost himself, in his great eagerness; took a rustic guide to aid him; and finally, treading the high upland paths of Sky Farm, and traversing the belt of rough wood, came

out upon the thunder-scarred summit of the mountain.

The woods had drunk up the sunshine of the year, and imprisoned it in their leaves of yellow and scarlet, so that the air was sharp and frosty, for want of it. A rather nipping wind, too, was blowing. Lanfair had glimpses of the fertile little valleys of Stockbridge and Great Barrington nestled below, of Stockbridge Bowl ruffled black to the breeze, and far across to the cloudy peak of Graylock, but these were not of the least consequence to him. He wandered about in search of human beings, and found some polite people, who answered his inquiries.

"I think you'll find Miss Bermond and her friends up there in a sort of rocky glen, where they've gone to get out of the wind," said a young lady whom later he knew as one of the Misses Crampion. "It's up near where you see that signal-pole with a scrap of white flag fluttering from it."

A few words now as to Hampton Gorledge's doings at Stockbridge up to this time. He had put up at the small hotel of the old blue china and colonial furniture. He had not found time to go over to see about the iron-furnace matter at East Lee. His cousins, the Crampions, had given him the advantage of Rosina Bermond's acquaintance, and he had devoted all possible time to enjoying it and studying out her character. At first, as often as she was not observing, he used to look at her with a smile of pity, and reflect with sardonic bitterness:

"Ah, yes; there she is, poor, lovely, misguided creature, innocent of her fate. Perhaps even at this very instant she is framing words of tenderness to send to that doltish object, who can never by any chance worthily respond to them. And here am I, the one, the only, the veritable, her true affinity in soul and spirit, close at her side, and she knows it not."

He did not discover in her at once the salutary defect of looks or character that was to serve him as a disillusionment and cure; but he was still valorously on the search for it. One thing surprised him greatly, and that was that there did not spring up between them immediately the close sympathy and understanding on which he had counted. He had felt secure that, after the intimate revelations of the letters, days with them would count about as years would with others. A day in her society should advance him as much as a month, at the least, in anybody else's. No time would be lost; conversation must be delightfully easy.

So he began with subtle art to lead up to her favorite topics and delicately to flatter her peculiar tastes. But, somehow, when her peculiar tastes were flattered, she remained unimpressed, and when her favorite topics were led up to, she

was often vague, absent, and scarcely seemed to recognize them. He was sometimes driven by her indifference dangerously near to certain marked literary allusions and other things in the correspondence. It did not matter; she received them just as blankly. She seemed to prefer a persistent commonplaceness, and she kept him perversely at arm's length. Of course if this commonplaceness had been real, it would have supplied the grave flaw he desired; but he felt that it was merely an irritating pretense, which he could account for only as an exaggerated form of her fidelity to Lanfair.

"Poor thing! it will pass—it will pass," he murmured; "but it is taking an unlooked-for amount of time. Alas! how little she dreams the truth; and how can I enlighten her?"

Being rebuffed by Rosina in this way, he naturally fell a good deal to the share of Isabel. He summed up Isabel Bryce as a quiet, demure sort of girl, with nice dark eyes and a pleasant smile; indeed, it was probable that some would have thought her rather pretty, Rosina being out of the way. He saw, too, that she had considerable liveliness, when it was brought out. He regarded her as not at all bad to talk to, and he even had a vague longing to open himself to her on the subject of his relations to Rosina, but this seemed quite too imprudent. Once or twice, after they were over, he realized that he had insensibly been holding long and animated discussions with her on literary topics. But the friendship with Rosina had naturally been an excellent thing for her; she would naturally borrow much from that superior source, and shine a good deal by reflected light.

As the days wore on, however, Rosina began to show Gorledge somewhat more favor, which he hailed with joy. He flattered himself that her true self was at last about to awake. She was unusually amiable with him, for instance, on the occasion of the picnic to Monument Mountain. She walked with him that day, and permitted him to disparage Lanfair not a little, which was a most favorable sign. Gorledge was always drifting toward it now, either consciously or unconsciously. Rosina's comeliness, his intimate knowledge of her character, and the near approach of her sad fate, had increased his passion to the most dangerous extreme. He considered that her rescue was a cause that might have been worthy of the proudest knight of old; and he was ready to try it by any means in his power. The great temptation had proved too strong for all his prudent resolutions. He had gone completely over the rapids.

In the afternoon of the day in question, they strolled with Isabel into a sort of shallow gorge or glen in the rocks, whence, while sheltered from the breeze, they could look out at a fine

spread of landscape. A large boulder was wedged in between the crags—black, white, or ashen gray, as if they had been blasted with fire—at about half-way from the top, and gave the spacious entrance somewhat the look of a cave.

Gazing up at this fragment, as she passed beneath, "If you were only a little boulder, you'd come down," Isabel said quietly.

"Jove! what does *that* mean?" Hampton Gorledge asked himself. It was very like the bright things in the letters, though of course she had only caught the trick from Rosina. But it seemed to have other meanings too.

What it really did mean was that Isabel deemed it desirable to encourage the flirtation, if flirtation it were; for she had come to entertain doubts whether any satisfactory future could be looked for in the grave case of incompatibility existing between Rosina and Lanfair. The better to aid this object, after her sphinx-like remark, she went on to the remote end of the ravine, and almost out of sight, to collect lichens, leaving Gorledge, unimpeded, to seat himself at Rosina's feet, and to assist her in preparing a circlet of autumn leaves to adorn her hat.

Seeking an appropriate beginning to the avowal he had determined to make, he quoted a line or two from a local poem of Bryant's, which he had the best of reason for believing familiar and pleasing to his companion:

There is a tale about these reverend rocks,  
A sad tradition of unhappy love—

"Is there really? What sort of a tale?" she asked carelessly, as she plaited her chaplet by pinning the stem of one leaf through the faces of two others.

Now there it was again. What did she mean by keeping up the affectation of ignorance? It was a pretty stale joke. Here was almost a regular slap in the face once more, when they had been getting on so well.

"Why, you must know; I'm sure you know," he rejoined impatiently, "about the Indian maiden who dropped off the cliff here, and all that."

"You need n't lose your temper with me, Mr. Gorledge of Chotank; everybody can't be so remarkably posted."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I did n't mean to, I'm sure. That would not be possible."

"I may have heard vaguely of some such thing, but there are a good many Indian maidens, in different places."

"The fact is," said he, daring a bold stroke to end this, "I saw five or six lines of the story from Bryant's poem in one of your letters to Knox Lanfair. He was good enough to let me



see it. However, he may have forged the handwriting; he was capable of anything."

"Oh, yes," she exclaimed, startled and flushing brightly; "you mean the Indian maiden who jumped off—the one from Bryant's poem. Why, yes, to be sure." Then, making a quick change in the subject, "So he showed you my letters, did he?"

"Not *all* of them; only one occasionally—now and then. I dare say it was n't right; but it was such an ecstatic pleasure to me, and old Lanfair used to be so knocked out by them—never knew what to say in reply, you know."

"Mr. Gorledge, I trust I'm not blind to *all* his defects, and I'm a person who wants to hear the exact truth, but you must be aware that he writes the most remarkable and—ah—ah—wonderful letters in the world."

"Oh, yes, yes; I don't mean that. I—er—ahem! ahem!" rejoined the young man, hastily retreating from the advance he had made. The disclosure that should entirely revolutionize the situation of affairs was burning to be made; he had been on the very verge of it. But how could *he* make it? It could not fail to put him in an unpleasant light, at least for a time, even in her eyes. Why was there no stranger to reveal that he, and not Lanfair, was the author of all the fine and beautiful sentiments that had glowed in the manuscript pages?

The next instant his confused reflections were broken in upon by a sharp little cry from Rosina.

"Oh! I have hurt my hand. A piece of stick has gone right through my glove. It is going to bleed."

She extended him her hand, and he endeavored to pull off the pierced glove.

It was precisely this inopportune moment that was taken by fate for producing Knox D. Lanfair at the open mouth of the gorge. The scene in progress could only confirm his worst suspicions and fears.

"You rascal! you slippery Judas! you—you—confounded chump!" he opened upon Gorledge, suffocating with rage, but somewhat checked too by recollection of the "bad form" of using strong language before ladies. "You slide away from Chotank without word or notice or warning, and come off here to cut me out, eh? I *thought* I knew where I should run up against you. Pretty comfortable berth you've fixed for yourself there; quite a happy-family look all around. Well, now, I've got an account to settle with you. I'll see you somewhere else. You'd better begin by making yourself scarce."

"I have n't the least idea what all this can be about," said Rosina, bristling with dignity, "but we cannot stay and listen to such expressions. Come, Isabel, let us go."

"If you knew even half the underhand game he'd been carrying on with me, you would n't think the expressions bad enough. Just let him tell us all squarely here what he came to Stockbridge for."

Gorledge arose slowly, shaking a choice collection of autumn leaves from his lap in the process, and began in hesitating words:

"I got word about the East Lee furnace matter again. It was my plain duty to attend to that; and being here—"

"East Lee be hanged!" Lanfair cut him off contemptuously.

"This is too offensive," repeated Rosina; "it really is. Isabel, we *must* go."

"You see? Your own conduct shows it," cried the new arrival, despairingly. "You have not even offered to shake hands with me since I came."

"Shows *what*? What does my conduct show?"

"Why, your coldness; it shows how he's changed you."

Isabel could not possibly help hearing, but, as there was no way for her to get by, she discreetly began to gather lichens with greater zeal than before.

"No other person has anything to do with it," retorted Rosina; "but I *have* been thinking that we were not very well adapted to each other. But if it comes to coldness," quickly seizing an opportunity for a countercharge, "what could be greater than yours? You have n't written me a line in more than a week, and you were the one who wanted to send me 'daily, almost hourly, missives'—I believe those were the words."

"I did not write that sickening stuff," he roared, in an agony of rage and grief. "Has not old Gorledge there told you? No; not the first line, not the first syllable of it."

"Do you admit and declare, in your sober senses, that you did not compose all those—those beautiful letters?" demanded Rosina, voicing a consternation which for the moment was genuine, though mingled with the most varied motives.

"Not the first cursed word of them. There, it's all over; it knocks me out," he groaned. "I knew it would end everything between us for me to tell you that, but I had to do it. I can't help it, can I? It takes a weight off my mind, anyway. No man's life was worth living on such terms. I should have been a raving lunatic if I had kept on; especially this last part of the time. Maybe I shall be yet."

Gorledge glowed with triumph at the turn affairs had taken. Decidedly fortune was with him; the great secret was about to come out without his having had to stoop to the dishonorable rôle of revealing it. As to Isabel, she was

so startled that she let fall the rarest of her specimens of rock-plants — indeed, the greater part of the collection — into a crevice at her feet, where they were beyond recall.

"So some other person did them for you! Who was it?" asked Rosina, dryly.

"Why, old Gorledge, over there, of course.

admirable intelligence, the superior intellect, that created those remarkable letters. I saw that we two were congenial in every thought and feeling; it seemed to me clear that we were made for each other. I struggled, I resisted, I — yielded; and I came here to lay the offer of my life, my devotion, at her feet."

There seemed little doubt that he expected Rosina — now the truth was out, and she knew how long they had really been united in spirit — to throw herself into his arms. But, instead, she stared at him with a look almost as quizzical as Isabel's could be; burst out laughing; and turned to Lanfair, who stood by with a most hopeless air.

"You poor, unliterary person! you poor, old, prosaic thing!" she exclaimed; "so you did not write those letters for yourself? Well, I did n't write mine, either. I got somebody to do it for me, too."

Here Isabel Bryce all but collapsed. She could no longer make any pretense of gathering lichens.

"Please let me get past," she said. "I must go and hunt up the Crampions." But Rosina still gently detained her.

"You don't mean it, Steamer?" cried Knox D. Lanfair, with an instant renewal of brightness. "What! do you tell me we were both in the same boat? And it's all right, Leaner? And you don't care a rap, anyway? And the telegrams and postals can go down?" From the crushed, badgered, and rueful being that he had been, he suddenly became one full of his natural buoyancy and spirits, and fairly danced about with joy.

"No, the telegrams can *not* go down; I draw the line there. Though of the two extremes I don't know but they were the best. I was just going to break off our engagement on account of those tiresome extra-superlative letters. I was bored to death. I really could n't be a patent duplex encyclopedia and stereoticon of all the arts and sciences my whole life long."

She had evidently forgotten Hampton Gorledge for the moment. "'Tiresome, extra-superlative letters? — bored to death?'" he was repeating to himself, fuming and scarcely believing his ears. Was it possible? Had he lived to see the day when anybody could speak of his beautiful efforts like this?

"Oh, *please* don't mind me! It's only because I'm so stupid myself that I talk in such a way," she begged, recollecting herself imme-



"IT WAS PRECISELY THIS INOFPORTUNE MOMENT."

What's the matter with him? Do you mean to say he hasn't told you? What has he been doing with his first-class opportunities? Gorledge," sarcastically, "I'm surprised at you."

"Yes," said Gorledge; "I admit it. I humbly and frankly confess it. But hear me yet further; I first lent myself to this course of deception to oblige my friend. I entered upon it gay, light-hearted, without thought of serious consequences. But soon I was confronted by two terrible problems. In the first place, I saw that a fearful injustice was being committed toward the loveliest of mortals. The conviction was forced upon me that it was my duty to prevent it. In the next place, I found myself captivated by the fascinating influence breathing from the correspondence — held with a force beyond all my powers to resist."

Lanfair, in gestures of dumb show, expressed his complete disgust. Isabel Bryce had recovered from her first surprise, and her glance, which was so often quizzical, now certainly rested upon Hampton Gorledge with no little favor.

"I was wholly enraptured, entranced," the narrator went on. "Yes; this is no time for concealment," directing his gaze eloquently toward Rosina. "I was filled with a mad, wild, unspeakable passion for my unseen correspondent. I was seized, enthralled, beyond all else, by the

diately. "It is n't right. Oh, dear! how shall I explain? What shall I say?"

"It does n't matter," said Gorledge. He had found indeed the great flaw in her charm for which he was looking.

"*Everybody* does n't think of them in that way," she pursued, catching at another resource; "there are persons who consider them just too perfect and lovely."

Isabel now, with high color, made a very determined attempt to push by, alleging that it was time to call the Crampions and move homeward.

"Wait a minute!" protested Rosina, still detaining her, laughingly. "Since there is a mad, wild passion going on for the admirable intellect that created my most remarkable letters—it is only fair to say that it was Isabel Bryce's."

*William Henry Bishop.*

## ART.

SHE stood, a vision vestureless and fair,  
Glowing the canvas with her orient grace :  
A goddess grave she stood, with such a face  
As in Elysium the immortals wear.  
And I, unworthy, as I pondered there,  
Cold to the marvel of her look divine—  
Saw but a form undraped, in Beauty's shrine.

Then she, it seemed, rebuked me : "Old and young  
Have worshiped at the temple where I breathe,  
And deathless laurels, for my sake, enwreath  
The brows of him from whose pure thought I sprung :  
Lips consecrate as yours his praise have sung,  
Who neither sued for praise nor courted ease,  
But reverently wrought, as from his knees.

"No raiment can the base or mean reclaim,  
And that which sacred is must sacred be,  
Clothed but in rags or robed in modesty.  
In the endeavor still is felt the aim :  
The workman may by skill exalt his name,  
But, toiling fault and failure to redeem,  
Cannot create what 's loftier than his dream.

"For chaste must be the soul that chastely sees,  
The thought enlightened, and the insight sure  
That separates the pure from the impure ;  
And who Earth's humblest faith from error frees,  
Awakening ideal sympathies,  
Uplifts the savage from his kindred sod ;  
Who shows him beauty speaks to him of God !"

*Florence Earle Coates.*





## BENEFITS FORGOT.

By the Author of "Reffey," "A Common Story," "Captain, My Captain," etc.

XVI.



ASPER pushed Vixen across the five miles of level plain lying between the ranch and the mountains on the other side of the valley, with quirt and spur. It was an incomparable morning, but nothing in his mood answered to it. The stirring, potent, heady morning air swam richly through his blood, awakening him to a hotter anger and a deeper resolve. He drank its strength as he rode on. It made him strong for what he had to do. He set his teeth, and spurred forward, hammering his horse's flanks. The noises of the day's work were only beginning in the ranch-houses he passed on the road. The spacious, deep-lunged, awful quiet that settles at night over the big hills and the stupendous prairie reaches of the West had not lifted, and the mountains, black and still in the motionless pines at their feet, and white and still about their snowy heads, looked down on the silence gravely.

Jasper was not thinking of mountains. His imagination, active enough within its own range of themes, was busy with a man who, up in the hills before him, would be just rising. The hills were not near enough. He cried upon the horse with an oath, as if Vixen could reduce the distance visibly at the leap she gave under a cut from his quirt.

At the "Snow Find" shaft a workman was busy lowering the bucket. Jasper tethered his horse at the cabin door and strode over to him. "Pull up that bucket, will you? I want to see my brother."

Mike Dougherty stared at him, and went on lowering. "Pull it up, do you hear?" said Jasper, laying his hand roughly on the man's shoulder.

"Yis, I hear," returned the man. With his arm he followed the revolving crank stolidly. The rope unbound.

"You 'll mind, if you know what 's good for yourself."

"Yis, I 'll moind me owners. I takes me orders from Misther Cutter and Misther Dade, d' yez moind?"

"I am Mr. Deed—Mr. Deed's brother."

Mike shot a look at him as he stooped to his work. He may have found warrant for the statement in the resemblance Jasper bore to

Philip. "An' how would I know that?" he said, reversing the crank, and fetching up the bucket, hand over hand, with the same deliberation. Jasper cursed him silently. "There yez are. Yez 'll find Misther Dade in the big drift to yer right at the bottom." Jasper got into the bucket, and Dougherty lowered away. "The second to the right, d' yez moind?"

Jasper had thought out his meeting with Philip as he rode. He had decided, if he did not find him at his cabin, to go down into the mine without asking for him. He preferred not to give him the opportunity of refusing to see him.

He dropped past a stretch of pale-green earth out of the light. After the mellow stratum of brown he was in the dark, and all colors were alike. The firmament shrank above his head to a narrowing circle, the size of a man's palm. When he looked over the sides of his swinging, sinking bucket, the darkness deepened thickly into the abyss. He told himself that he was a fool to so put himself in Philip's power. But he could not stop now, and at the moment a pinhead of yellow flame danced in the depths, and he shouted at it.

The man behind it caught the bucket as it settled on the floor of the mine, lifting his candle to peer into the visitor's face. All the morning shift was in the mine, and both the superintendents. Any one who came now was a stranger, and, in a productive mine, a stranger is likely to be held an enemy until he proves himself a friend.

"Well?" interrogated the figure in shadow behind the candle.

"Is Mr. Deed here?" asked Jasper, stepping out.

"Yes; but he don't allow no one in this here mine," returned Henry Wilson, formerly of Missouri.

"He 'll allow me. I 'm his brother. I settled that at the top." As the man still scrutinized him, without offering to move, he said, "You don't think I lowered *myself* down in the bucket, do you?"

"I don't know what you did," growled the figure, which now showed a face, as the candle was lowered to the level of the head.

"Well, I do, then. I satisfied the man on duty at the top before getting down. You can lay odds on that."

"Yes," assented the man. The candle

showed a smile in the recesses of his tawny beard. "I guess you would n't be let by Mike very slick without you halted and gave the countersign. Who did you say?"

"I sha'n't say it again. Come! Get a move on!"

The man surveyed him again surlily, and, turning suddenly away with his candle, left him in darkness. Jasper lighted a cigar, and sat down on the edge of the bucket. The man's stumping step died away in the lateral gallery into which he had turned.

Two minutes passed without a sound. The air of the mine laid a clammy hand on him. He puffed vigorously at his cigar. The silence in the black space not lighted by the fitful glow of his cigar was like a thing in the darkness. Then he heard a quick step coming along the same gallery, a candle wavered into sight down the long passage into which he sat looking, and Philip stood above him. They gazed into each other's eyes.

"You!" cried Philip.

Jasper lifted his eyes lazily to the candle Philip held aloft, and smiled. "Yes," he said. He bit at the end of his cigar. "I want father's address."

"I can't give it to you."

"You mean you won't."

"I said '*can't*,'" returned Philip, thrusting the steel point of his candle-holder into a soft space in the wall, and advancing toward his brother with bent brows. "I don't know where my father is; and let me tell you that you will do well to measure your words." He looked steadily into his eyes across the candle-glare. "This interview is not of my seeking."

"Huh!" uttered Jasper, meditatively. "Your manners have rather gone off since I met you last. The life of a mining camp seems to have been—relaxing."

Philip bit his lip. "You should not be the first to say so," he said.

Jasper laughed. "You have n't looked me up with your report of my mine," he said, with impudent perception of Philip's meaning. "No, I understand; it was n't ready," he continued, lifting his hand deprecatingly at Philip's motion to reply. "I quite understand the delay: there was something else that was n't ready. You were n't ready." A dangerous light kindled in Philip's eyes. "A man who has done a sneaking thing behind another man's back usually *is* n't ready, I've noticed, to face the man he's injured."

Philip's hands twitched at his sides. "Ingrate!" he cried. "Keep those words to ticket yourself with!"

Jasper looked at him quietly from between his half-closed lids. "I'm talking of *you*," he said. "Bluff is a good dog—for tricks; but

I'm dealing with facts; and I say that to rig a game on me with father in my absence was a dirty act. You can turn it back or front, or upside down," he went on with mounting anger, "but you can't get around that. It was a dirty act, and calling me names won't whitewash it." He came close to Philip, casting the words in his teeth.

The creak of an ore-car on a distant track cut upon the silence that fell for the instant while Philip searched for words. The preposterous reversal of their positions dizzied him. For a second everything went round in a whirl, in the midst of which Jasper's adroit shifting of the question between them seemed to take on a demoniac physical body, and to go capering through the candle-flame, gibing at him. The right which he felt at the center of Jasper's accusation quelled him, and beat back one after another the answering words thronging to his lips. He clenched his fist and dropped it at his side. Everything in him called upon him to choke back the falsehood in his throat as it touched *him*; but as his words touched his father, he owned sickly to himself their truth. The thought dashed him, and Jasper took the word before he could choose between one of the half-hearted answers that lay upon his tongue.

"You thought I would n't see through this thing,—you and father,—did you? You must have taken me for a bat. Why, you'd see through it yourself—yes, even you, my helpless, pottering brother, who don't know as much of business in a year as I could guess before breakfast any morning. Yes; you who never turned an honest dollar in all your life, and who have managed to lose a pretty number, even you would see through it. The thing's childish, I tell you—hiring Snell to make a show of buying the range, and fixing things to take it over on your own account and father's as soon as you've quieted me. There were just two leaks in that chivalric scheme, let me tell you: first, the idea that I would n't see the point of all this roundabout trick for doing me out of my range; and second, that I *would* be quieted. I do see the point, and I won't be quieted. There's going to be a row about this thing before we're done with it, let me tell you. I should n't wonder if you heard the echo of it as far as the 'Snow Find,'" he sneered. "I'm just the sort of man to sit down and whistle at my fate, I am! Huh!" he grunted, for lack of all other expressions of his scorn, and turned away.

"Do you find yourself safe in *always* judging other men by yourself?" asked Philip after a pause.

Jasper stumbled, and Philip caught up his halting words. "You think you know me. You say I'm this and that. Answer me! Am

I the man to meet your low-downness with something lower? Have I ever played the blackguard toward you? You need an accusation, and it ought to be a first-class one, since it has to shelter you, and stand for answer to an act you know of. But it should be plausible, and you might begin by believing it yourself. Good God! Do I look like a fellow who could stoop to your notions of what a man may let himself do? Was I ever a sneak?"

Jasper clenched his hands. "Yes," he cried hoarsely—"yes. When were you ever anything else? Your life has been one long slinking out of every sort of duty, responsibility, and hard work. Your father has fed you since you were a man; he has kept you in amusement, and helped you in every fool scheme for dodging disagreeable things that your ingenuity could invent. You've gone on horseback from the first, young man. Do you think I have n't seen it? Do you suppose I have n't watched you while I was putting my back into my own work, and sweating to pull up this ranch you talk about?" Philip had not mentioned it. "*Sneak*, do you say? Why, if you were mousing about for a type of all the sneakiest things a man can do, you would n't have to go far. Fancy your demand that I should give up a share in this range to *you*, after what I've done for it? You always had an eye for a soft snap; but I swear you never had the courage before to put in a claim for such a soft snap as that."

"Oh," cried Philip, "you should add that! Don't leave your hellish ingratitude half baked! Don't let me go free of your crime! It is I who have dealt my father this coward's blow, then? It's my act that's tortured and maddened him? It's I who've sent him to fling away his fortune distractedly, so that he might stab me back with the loss of my share in it? It's like you to be the innocent one, is n't it, and mighty like me to be in the wrong? Was I ever anything else? And it's I, too,—it must be, for if it's not, it's you, and that's impossible,—who begged his brother to stake out a claim for him in the mountains, and then got him without much bother (for you were always an easy-going fool about taking trouble for others, were n't you, Jasper?) to work the claim for him, alongside his own. Ah, yes," he cried, with a derisive shout that went echoing under the hewn roof above his head, and ran stormily among the galleries, "it would be I, would it not, who took such a service from my brother, who left him to slave for a year for me in an ungodly hole among the hills, and paid him at the end with a coward's trick of fence that has its name among gentlemen? Yes; it would be I! And it's you who have the burnt end of the stick in all this; it's you who are basely wounded, and heaped with injury; and it's you who come out of this thing

with white hands! It's a fine saying,—a monstrous fine saying—*brother!*"

Jasper slashed away with his cow-puncher's knife at a strip of iron pyrites in the rock at his side as Philip went on. At the last word he twisted the knife violently, and brought away the glistening little stratum at which he had been quarrying. It dropped to the floor of the mine with a tiny note that was like a crash in the silence which fell as Philip ceased. Jasper paled to the eyes.

"Words!" he said, in his throat. "Words! Better stick to them. Keep away from facts! They hurt. Where is my father?"

"I have told you that I do not know," returned Philip in the tone of enforced patience which one uses toward a guest who has outstayed his welcome. He folded his arms.

"And I think I've said I don't believe you," answered Jasper. "If you hope to force me to a quarrel with *you*, by keeping me from the bigger game, let me tell you that you are badly off your base. I've got a juicy bone to pick with you later; you've given me matter enough this morning for all the quarrel you'll ever have any real need for, I fancy. But I choose my time for quarrels. This is n't my time for a quarrel with you. I'm not gunning for assistant sneaks to-day. I'm looking for the brains of this deviltry. Tell me where my father is, and when I've made him disgorge, I'll be ready to give you all the attention you can want."

Philip fixed his eyes steadily on him above the candle. It began to gutter, and flared between the brothers.

"D— you!" he said deliberately, between his teeth. "Keep your foul tongue from your father, or I'll teach you courtesy!"

"T-s-s-s!" uttered Jasper. "An interesting person to teach courtesy! Tell me," he cried, taking a stride forward, and in the baleful light that suddenly entered his eyes Philip guessed, as by a fatal inspiration, what he must say—"tell me," he repeated, "what did you say of me to Miss Maurice when I left you alone with her not many days ago? What pleasant tales about me did you entertain her with? Ah, my knightly brother! You were asking if you were ever a sneak since I've known you. To abuse me to a woman in my absence with the mean hope of undermining my favor with her, and slinking into my place! There's chivalry for you! The chivalry of a confidence-man; the courtesy of a back alley!"

With a single movement Philip whipped past the candle, and took him by the throat. "You hound!" he cried. "Breathe Miss Maurice's name again, and I'll— You never had a decent thought. You are as incapable of understanding the movements of a gentleman's mind as if you had sprung from the gutter.



Who taught you such thoughts? Not your father, you —!"

"Take off your hands! Take your hands off, I say!" shouted Jasper.

"Must I be a cad because we are sons of one father—more shame? Must I use my position to slander you to a woman because you would have done as much in my place? How *should* you guess that your father could wipe out your share in that cursed ranch in the pure generosity of his anger? It needs a *man* to understand certain things!" Philip's voice was a sob. "You think it like him to turn a penny from his revenge, do you? You can't understand his unreckoning love turned to unreckoning hate. You can't understand his ruining himself to even things with you, eh? Cur! Do you suppose he knows *how* to do a thing you could understand?"

Jasper cast himself free, and fell upon his brother in blind rage. They clenched in silence, and swayed in each other's arms.

"Curse you!" muttered Jasper, as Philip forced him to his knees. He caught fiercely at him, and, rising suddenly, by sheer strength, ground Philip back inch by inch, and, with an adroit twist, had all but thrown him. But Philip, winning a fresh grip, cast him back against the wall, where the candle leaped in a dying flame. Jasper's head struck upon a point of rock. He fell heavily to the floor. They had gone crashing into the candle together. It lay upon the floor, extinguished.

In the darkness Philip stooped in horror, and thrust his hand under his brother's clothing, feeling for the beating of his heart.

#### XVII.

THE minutes lengthened as he crouched there in the stillness, dazed and shuddering. In the silence he heard the dull, regular stroke of a sledge upon a drill in the recesses of the mine. His eyes seemed bursting in the darkness as he strained them upon the still figure beneath his hands. The blackness began to pale. The daylight, streaming through the shaft, reasserted itself vaguely, and, with his eyes, Philip devoured the motionless form. Its outlines slowly discovered themselves in the sick uncertainty of the yellowing light.

Steps drew near in one of the lateral galleries, and the gleam of a candle suddenly floated over the white face. Cutter laid a hand upon Philip's shoulder, and he looked up, turning a drawn visage on him.

Cutter raised his candle, peering upon the prostrate figure; and as Philip gave way to him, bent above it, and, after a moment's study, gave Philip his candle to hold, and put his ear to Jasper's heart.

"Pshaw! He's all right!" cried Cutter in a cheerful tone, which shook Philip out of his laboring nightmare. "Come, let's have him in the bucket."

Philip stooped without a word, and they carried him to the bucket, and, stepping in, gave the signal. As they rose, with their freight between them, Cutter caught out his handkerchief at sight of the wound on the head from which the blood still flowed, and bound it up.

They laid him on the grass in the wide sunshine at the top. Philip fetched water, and they dashed it in his face. They loosened his collar, and plied him with brandy. He stirred.

Philip, who had been bending over him, sprang up. "Here, take this," he muttered hurriedly, pressing the flask into Cutter's hands. Mike came up with a telegram which had come from Gasher's, the small railway station a mile from the "Snow Find." Philip tore it open, and with a glance at it handed it over to Cutter.

PIÑON, December 22.

The Ryan outfit have made a strike in the "Little Cipher." Assays \$1200 to the ton. You are a rich man. Come at once to protect your interests.

HAFFERTON.

"By *Jove*!" shouted Cutter as he read. Did n't I tell you!" He rose in excitement. Jasper moaned uneasily.

"No," said Philip.

"Well, I told you the other thing. It's all the same."

"You told me that the 'Pay Ore' was a great mine and that the 'Little Cipher' was no good," returned Philip. His voice had a hollow sound.

Cutter looked at him. "Well?" explained he, impatiently. And after a pause, "See here, will you take my advice?" he asked, laying a compelling hand on Philip's listless arm.

"I don't know," returned Philip, out of the mazy seizure into which the despatch seemed to have plunged him.

"You don't want to see this fellow when he comes to, and you ought to be at Piñon by the first train that will take you there. Take his horse over by the cabin, and catch the 11:12. It's only twenty-five minutes past ten now, and you can make it on that horse of his with hard riding. I'll send Mike after you to fetch back the horse, so that it will be at the ranch when we get there."

"When you get there?" repeated Philip.

"Yes, yes. Don't make objections, but start. The Ryans will have time to play the deuce with you if you don't start at once. I'll get Wilson to help me make up a bed for him in the Studebaker wagon, and I'll drive him over

to the Triangle myself. I'll see him through. Don't bother! And get on that horse!"

"Cutter," said Philip, in a tone of conviction, "you are a brack!"

He gave him his hand in a silent pressure, strode over to Vixen, flung himself on her back, and, with a wave of his hand to Cutter, disappeared below the brow of the hill on which the "Snow Find" buildings stood.

Jasper opened his eyes.

PHILIP saw the meeting hills within which Maverick lay part before the climbing progress of his train, and then close in behind it again, as they issued from the valley. The train writhed upon itself, crossing and recrossing its track, snatching an advantage where it could, and winning its way from height to height by breathless climbs, by level tugs in which the engine seemed to fill its lungs, by stealthy curves, by assaults. They stood at last where a mountain-side dropped sheer away below the rails, and, looking out from the dizzily clambering train, Philip saw beneath a white world, out of which the melancholy firs lifted their wailing arms in scattered companies. Ouray impended spectrally above the opposite window for a moment, and then the train was at rest upon the summit, within the black hole which snow closes at all seasons. The scene was the same to Philip's heated sight within the tunnel and without: the monstrous bulks of the interfolded hills, the vision of a white, tumultuous wilderness, desolately broken by rocks and pines, ran upon his distracted sense like frost tracery, dissolving unintelligibly as it shaped itself.

He was facing a new fact, with a thousand consequences, and watched the marching panorama as one watches a play in an unfamiliar tongue. He had known his fact only an hour, but a year's pain had gone into it, and a year's idle wrestling.

The mine in which the Ryan outfit had struck a fortune was Jasper's.

As the train pulled out of the tunnel, and slipped down the first stretch of the descent on the other side of the mountains, Philip dreamed in rage of the day in which Jasper should take over with a silent smile the fortune he had won for him. It was the twist too much in this devilish business, he cried to himself, in speechless bitterness, as he stared from the window again. The train swept into a snow-shed or burst out of one momentarily, and he took the white and glistening sweep of the wilderness upon his unseeing eyes in abrupt flashes. In the snow-sheds, where the other passengers could not see, he beat the arm of his seat in wrath.

He could bear that Jasper should give him no thanks for the year he had divided between the two mines; he could bear that he should

cheat him of his inheritance; and in the helpless tangle of fate in which that act had involved his father and himself, and even Margaret, he could bear to owe to Jasper the loss of his father's trust. He could suffer this and not attempt reprisal, he could even feel how deeply, fatally wrong all reprisal must be; but he could not heap a fortune on the man from whom he had borne all this.

He frowned on McCormick, as he threw his leg over the pony he hired from him at Bayles's Park for the ride over the Pass.

"Been gittin' bad news?" asked the hotel proprietor. He had got the best of him in the bargain for the pony, and could afford to be sympathetic.

"Heard of the strike up at Piñon?" asked Philip, with an idle willingness to amuse his misery by what the man should say.

"Don't mean the 'Little Cipher'? You ain't got nahthin' to do 'th that, have you?"

"I leased it to the Ryan outfit a couple of months ago."

"Why, shake!" cried the hotel man, with honest pleasure. "You don't tell me! They tell *me* it's a Josephus dandy. Moshier come down the other day on his way to Leadville,—you know Moshier,—and he said it was the biggest strike they've made at Piñon: the hull town 's wild about it." Philip conquered the envious pang for which he began to despise himself.

"How long ago did Moshier say they made the strike?" he asked, to stifle his thoughts.

"'Bout a week? Have you jist heard about it?" asked the man, interestedly.

"Yes; they were n't in a hurry to let me know."

"No; nachully," mused his interlocutor. "Did they tell you what it assayed? I heard \$1500."

Philip found a smile. "The assayists get a little rattled when somebody really strikes something, I've noticed. Trying to find pay ore in iron pyrites three hundred and sixty-four days in the year dulls a man."

"Well, you take it easy," said McCormick, admiringly. He had spent a good part of his life on an Illinois farm, where things do not happen so often as they do in Colorado. "If any one was to have asked me before you spoke up about the 'Little Cipher' bein' yours"—Philip winced—"I should have said you had been losin' a near relation 'stid of strikin' it rich in a mine—somethin' a little nearer 'n an uncle, and a little further than a father—'bout a brother, say." McCormick laughed for enjoyment of his humor, but he changed the subject at Philip's scowl. "Say, what become of the pretty young lady and her father that you come through with a while ago, after the big storm?"

And at Philip's answer, "That 's good," he said. "Glad to hear it. She was lookin' shaky. I was a little mite afraid she would n't pull through. It was a close call you had up round the Fifth Cascade, there. We ain't had such a storm since. Well, better luck this time! We can't afford to lose you, you know. You 'll be one of our millionaires, now. Come in and have something before you start," he urged, in the overflow of his hospitality.

Philip said it was too cold to get off his horse again, and offered him a nip from his flask, if he must pledge him. They drank together, McCormick praising the quality of Philip's whisky. "One more? Well, I don't mind. Here 's to the success of the 'Little Cipher' and its owner."

"No," said Philip. He laid a hand on McCormick's uplifted arm. "There are better toasts than that, McCormick. Drink to the poor devils who have n't struck it rich."

"Oh, all right," returned McCormick, surprised. "To the poor devils who have n't struck it rich, then. That takes in me," he added, as he smacked his lips.

Philip rode away and over the Pass with set teeth. Jasper would be even richer than he had fancied—brutally rich. It was the chance of mining: Jasper had won, and he had lost, and it was the kind of chance for which he could see himself being almost glad, under certain conditions; he could not imagine himself grudging a brother a fortune, if that were all. Very likely Jasper could do more with a fortune than he could; he had never learned how to use money, or even how to keep it; and at least there would be something to say for the wisdom of the fate which should pick out Jasper rather than him for her money favors. But after all that had passed, to choose him as the instrument of her bounty was an odious freak. Contrived in this way, he did grudge the fortune to his brother, and grudged it to him savagely. He felt like howling in his rage to the cañon walls, as he thought that it was for this he had spent that cursed year at Piñon. He thought of their fight in the mine. He thought of what he had said to Jasper, and now took none of it back, as he had begun to take it back when he stooped over him in the awful fear of what he had done.

There was no snow in front of the cave near the Fifth Cascade when he reached it, though a heavy fall lay upon the hills toward which his face was set. The thought of Dorothy and of the days they had spent in the cave—days in which the friendly meeting of a common danger and the natural, candid, almost happy conditions of their situation had drawn them together—taught him a new pang. His heart labored thickly with the sudden pain of the thought that she was lost to him. If he could

still hope to restore himself to his place in her thought,—when he recalled how he had lost it through a sentiment of delicacy about Jasper, he loathed himself,—what sort of man was he now to propose marriage to any woman?

He said to himself, with a smile of irony, that he was in just the condition to tempt to marriage a woman whom he had given reason to distrust and dislike him; and especially he was in a state which commends itself, everywhere, to the careful fathers of lovely girls, and would be certain to commend itself to her money-loving father.

Not to put too fine a point upon it, he was a beggar, and a beggar, now, without hope. He saw, now, how he had built upon the expectation that the Ryan outfit would strike it rich in the "Pay Ore"; he went back and told himself that he should never have gone on seeing so much of Miss Maurice if he had not made sure of this in his own musings upon his future. His visible resources during the time when he was seeing Dorothy every day, and for a good part of every day, were contained in a leather trunk, the worse for mountain travel on pack-animals. But he had been rich in confidence. He smiled wearily as he remembered that he was always rich in that; if at any moment of his life he could have realized the wealth that he saw in "futures," he would seldom have needed to wonder where he could borrow money to lend good fellows, or to buy a useless third pony. It was an instinct with Philip to want the third pony, and an irresistible instinct to buy it when he lacked money for a new hat. In moments like those he was enduring as he rode forward over the Pass toward Piñon he recognized these instincts for follies at least as cordially as his wisest friend could have wished. He even said to himself that it was cold-blooded to have borrowed that last money from Vertner for the purchase of Dan; but he excused himself by recalling that he had expected the "Pay Ore" to do something for him then. And so had Vertner. Surely it was n't to the "Little Cipher" that he had trusted in making the loan!

The thought was too bitter. He turned from it to wonder sarcastically if Jasper's luck would hold in the search he knew he would be making for his father as soon as he was able to be about again. It would be like the way things had been going since his father had struck back at Jasper, if he should find him, and revenge himself as Jasper would know how to revenge himself. Ah, that was the mistake! It was useless to regret it now; the thing was done. But what, of all that had happened since, was not the fruit of it? It would have been a wise or a very hardy man who had ventured to foretell what shape the sure train of evil must take, when



his father answered Jasper's blow with another; but a child could have foreseen the inevitableness of the pursuing chastisement—of all this horrid, fertile coil of wrong begotten of wrong. Subtle, ingenious, pitiless—by what sureness of indirection, by what deadly certainty of straightforward vengeance, was the law which his father had outraged taking its satisfaction! Was it only nightmare? Did it not truly seem that the wrong which his father had dared try cure with wrong must go on helplessly begetting other wrong, after its kind, and in its own image? Philip felt as if he were getting his Bible mixed; but Nature seemed to have her own idea of the eye-for-an-eye doctrine—that was what he was thinking. She did n't spare.

His thought ricocheted, in the aimless manner of thoughts, toward the ever-recurring theme of his debts. With his horse's head turned toward Piñon they became a subject of immediate, of even pressing, importance. What was he to say to those fellows? He had staved off men to whom he owed money before; but he had never made so many promises about any other set of debts, nor broken so many. The letters he had received lately from Piñon had made him writhe; for it is a curious truth that reminders of debts contracted in carelessness about the means of meeting them are often felt to be more insulting than reminders of the same nature conveyed to conscious innocence, whose check-book is in its pocket. Philip hated the men to whom he owed money. They represented the difficulty of life. Worse—they stood for his weakness: they *were* his weakness in material form. From this point of view their mere existence was insulting.

He chose to hold in his pony after passing Laughing Valley City. There was snow at this height, and he did not wish to press the animal. Besides, a plan of getting into Piñon after dark, and up to his old cabin on Mineral Hill—a plan of investigating the find at the "Little Cipher," leaving Hafferton in charge, if he was still there, and getting away again before the shopkeepers in the town below should have the opportunity of representing disagreeable facts to him, had been forming itself in his mind.

In the event, Hafferton hailed him from the sidewalk as he rode into the town, and Philip had to alight and walk along with him, while he heard Hafferton's story. It was an interesting story; and they were at Hafferton's cabin, and Philip had consented to stay the night with him, and allowed his horse to be stabled in the burro shed behind the hut, before he knew. A party of four were playing cards in the cabin which Hafferton had shared with the editor of his old paper since he had returned to Piñon (his leased mine at Leadville had ceased to pay lately), and in the doubtful light cast by two candles

set in two whisky-bottles, Philip saw at once that one of the party was Charlie White—red-haired Charlie White, the newsdealer, whose bill he knew by heart.

"How are you, Mordaunt?" he said, giving a listless hand to the editor, who rose with his cards, and wrung his hand.

"Lucky dog!" said Mordaunt, in a hearty half-whisper, which Philip felt was intended for congratulation. He half withdrew the hand which Mordaunt was crushing, and then let it lie. They all rose from the table and crowded about him, eager to snatch his hand. "Oh, come," cried Philip, as his bones crunched upon each other in the grasp of a hairy paw, "I can't interrupt the game."

"Game be blowed!" replied the owner of the paw, cheerily. "What's the latest from the 'Little Cipher'? That's a daisy strike of yours, Deed!"

They liked the coolness with which Philip took his good fortune. When they heard that he had n't seen his mine yet, they formed themselves into a committee on the spot, to escort him to it in the morning.

"Better hire the 'Silas R. Phinney' brass-band," said Philip, sickly laying hold of the humorous view of the situation, and staying himself upon it, as the only permanent object in this lurching welter, while he went on to chaff them.

None of them knew. But of course. Had he not known that no one knew? Yes, yes; oh, no doubt. But he had not fancied them ignorant in this way. He had expected—Heaven knew what he had expected! Or, yes—he remembered what he must have expected. He had understood vaguely that at Piñon they could not know the mine to be Jasper's—how should they? They had never heard of Jasper. It was all in his own name; both mines had been known in Piñon as equally his—"Deed's mines," Philip Deed's mines. Yes; he had said this to himself; but never the other thing, that they must think the "Little Cipher" *his*. Was it too obvious, he wondered, now? Had he been crazed by Jasper's damnable good fortune? Well, what matter? They thought the mine *his*.

A black suggestion—the devil's—plucked at him as he stood among these fellows, giving back their congratulations with dazed looks and half-hearted railery. It came upon him, suddenly, fatally, as if this too were a fresh thought. The thought was that Jasper knew no more than they. He knew that he owned a mine at Piñon. But which?

Philip turned pale, and tried to cry the truth at them. It would not utter itself. Then some one proposed a toast to the owner of the "Little Cipher," and when at last he lifted his voice to

explain their mistake at any cost, it was drowned in the uproarious shout of congratulation.

But Philip was determined, now. He waited until he could catch Charlie White away from the crowd, and, drawing him into a corner, said, "That bill I owe you—"

"Oh, that's all right, man! You did n't think I was anyways worried about that, did you?" asked White, jovially.

"Yes. You have n't left me at a loss to understand that you were worried."

"Oh, my letters!" cried Charlie, waving them off magnificently. "You surely have n't been taking them seriously! What? My little joking way! Why, I thought you were too much of a joker yourself not to understand a bit of fun like that, Mr. Deed."

"It is n't my idea of fun, Mr. White," retorted Philip, reckless of consequences with a man whom he might have to sue for indulgence the next minute. "I can't meet your bill in cash at the moment," he went on haughtily; "but if you will allow me to return the set of Thackeray, and some of the other books in good bindings,—it's coming Christmas, and you'll have a sale for them,—I can make a small payment, on account, on the magazines and other things I owe you for."

They spoke in an undertone; but Philip felt that they were watched by the others, who went on drinking, leaving the new-made mining job to his royal whim.

"Why, what the—?" began White; and Philip saw that he had humiliated himself for nothing. Then, as if taken with discretion, White went on: "Why, pshaw, man! What's the use of talking! Charlie White ain't the last man to understand how a fellow can be hard up with a leased mine where they've only just struck the dust. I don't want neither books nor payment. Not I! Why, you must come down in the morning, after you've been up to your mine, and see what you want in our line. We won't stand on the question of credit. Five years and no questions asked is my motto with Mr. Deed."

If Philip could have drawn a check for \$69.17 then and there, and handed it over to him, he would have answered this as he was aware that it ought to be answered. The consciousness that he had less than \$15 in cash in the world, and less than \$10 in his trousers pockets, taught him to parley with the situation, as it had often taught him to parley with situations less vital. A wandering recollection came to him of something he had been hoping to be able to send Dorothy for Christmas—something which he could get at Charlie White's, on credit, as he faced, for a moment, the opposite prospect of a suit. White would n't want his books, nor the small sum on account,

if he knew the truth: he did n't need to glance at the hard lines under the smile he was wearing at the moment to understand this quite clearly. What he would do would be to sue him, now that he was within reach again, and to bring down the whole howling pack of his creditors on him. It would be an infernal row, and he would be spattered with a lot of mud. Why not postpone the question until he could look into the mine quietly, and take himself out of Piñon? Then they were welcome to bay at his heels, if they liked: it might amuse them, and would n't hurt him. But to bring it on himself while he was here—The horror of the temptation came over him again, and to shut out the vision of the man that it sought to make him, he plunged into, "Don't rely on the mine, White, if you know what's good for yourself."

"Why not?" asked White, sharply. "You have n't assigned your interest in it, have you?"

Philip saw what was in his mind; he was imagining that he might have assigned his interest to avoid his creditors. He might better risk the truth than that; if that idea got abroad to-night he might as well drop everything in the morning, and give himself up to his creditors. But he knew that the moment when he was likely to risk the truth was past, and in despair he said:

"No; I have n't assigned it."

It occurred to him that he would have to send his gift to Dorothy anonymously.

#### XVIII.

I PLEASE myself by thinking of Dorothy just at this time as the center of all the young sentiment gathered about her. In the East, where we know that things are not what they were, a young girl is no longer likely to be called upon to choose among three lovers, a privilege which ought probably to be the inalienable right of every nice girl on both sides of the continental divide. But the eager army of adventurous spirits who populate the West, crossing the Mississippi at an age to which a nice girl seems much the nicest thing there is, are apt to find her the rarest product of the country, and to hold her in proportionate esteem. That one man should alone be in the secret of her niceness would, under Western conditions, be a painful extravagance; and though the instinct of the West is not for economy, it is never, in this regard, other than frugal. By a fortunate provision of Nature the pretty contest between the members of a group of young ranchmen or mining engineers, or the galliard lieutenants stationed at a frontier fort, cannot go on forever, else the nicest girl might finally lack niceness enough

to go around. She usually mobilizes her straggling lines of amiability, and throws them upon a single knight, after a time, and if they hardly resolve to undertake the Western experiment together, she commonly finds, during the first year or two, that she needs all her niceness to keep the experiment going. Sometimes she returns to the East, and marries, in the end, some humdrum New Yorker or Bostonian. In cases like this she leaves a reproachful sentiment of regard behind her, which half a dozen agreeable young fellows may share without enmity until the next young girl comes from the East to divide their good will. And she often takes with her a romantic regret. She sees how the West—or, at least these young Westerners—need her, or some one not too unlike her; she pities their unfriended, unfeminized lot; she thinks how, if she were braver, she should have courage to share it with them; and after her humdrum marriage she has moments of despising the weak-heartedness which withheld her from sharing it with them. Fifth Avenue is a long way from the Rocky Mountains: through the mist of distance in miles and in years she finds it easy to imagine herself suffering the West for love of one Jack or Harry,—if she had only loved him enough,—and she keeps a perfumed corner of her memory for the real romance that clings about the whole great, rude, unspoiled country beyond the Mississippi—the romance which seized her young girl's fancy, even more than the battalion of young men, and which makes the unceasing and inexhaustible interest of the West.

Dorothy's heart and her conscience were sadly occupied, as, with Jack by her side, she went her parish-visiting way some days following the encounter of the brothers at the "Snow Find." She had heard nothing of this as yet. Her trouble was an ill-starred instance of the imperfection of the frank and abundant Western love-making. Dick, whom she liked so much, Dick, who had been so generous and tireless a friend to her, in ways unknown to any friendliness but the very kindest, Dick, who had come to her rescue in one of the most difficult hours of her life, and had ever since been beyond all saying good to her and to her father—Dick wanted to marry her! The fact, when it was fully explained to her, almost caused her to revolt against the whole institution of marriage. *Why* should Dick want to marry her? Why could he not remain her dear, her very excellent, her never-to-be-enough praised or liked, friend? Why must the tiresome question of love perpetually rise to haunt the fine and cheering and noble friendship which might bind men to women, if men were different?

She could not help grieving for Dick,—poor Dick,—but she would not allow herself to be sorry for the pleasant days which had led to this. It had been very pleasant to her, his friendship; and if it was at an end (at least on the old, kindly, unconscious ground), it was not her fault, but her great misfortune. She could not see, as girls often see remorselessly, in such cases, with no better reason, how she had been to blame. Was she to have imagined, then, that Dick was in love with her? She said to herself indignantly that no such discreditable and vexatious thought about Dick could ever have entered her head. But as the full meaning of Dick's passion for her made its way into her consciousness, her heart bled for him, in perceiving how just this frame of mind, on her part, must lend poignancy to his regret. That she found him impossible and incredible as a lover was not a thing to console his lonely sorrow at Laughing Valley City. It was to Laughing Valley that he had returned the day before, with a gentle air of asking forgiveness for having spoiled their relation, which went to her heart.

"Ah, well," she said to herself, as she caught sight of Vertner coming toward her down a side street. "He will find some good girl after a while who will see how splendid he is, as I do, and will love him besides. The worst is, we never can be friends again!"

Vertner, as he joined her at the corner, asked if he might walk along with her, and then inquired where she was going. Dorothy said she was going on a round of duty-calls, but that she was glad to see him; she wanted to ask him about his plan for enlisting her father in the publication of a church paper. She spoke anxiously, and Vertner had his unfailing cheerfulness ready for her.

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "It's a wonderful field. It's curious some clever chap has n't worked it before." He was distributing his happy, indomitable little smile, as they walked, to every one they met. Dorothy, who had come to know a great many people in Maverick herself, by this time, was surprised and amused by the extent of his bowing acquaintance. She said he seemed very neighborly, and Vertner laughed. Oh, yes, he owned; a man had to know everybody. There was no telling what business he would be wanting to go into one of these beautiful Colorado days; and perhaps from a willingness to avoid plumbing the depths of his church-paper scheme with her, he called upon her to admire the unwearied and systematic goodness of the Colorado weather, and insisted upon the admission that there was no place in the world for a man to settle in like Maverick. "I used to think Leadville was



about right," he said, with a smile which admitted her into his professional insincerity, "but that was when I owned more corner lots in Leadville than I do now."

"No; but about the paper—" began Dorothy, again.

And, as if it had slipped his mind, "Oh, yes; about the paper!" he exclaimed—and changed the subject.

Dorothy had intended to make her first call on Miss Kiteva Snell; but perceiving that Vertner hoped that she would be obliged to leave him before they had definitely arrived at the subject of the paper, she changed her course, determining to begin with Mrs. Felton, who lived much further out, not far from the river road.

"Why, you see it's this way," said Vertner, when he found that he must make a virtue of necessity. "There's no diocesan paper, and your father and I thought it would be a good thing to start one." Dorothy laughed boldly at Vertner's use of the word "diocesan"; if she had not been much concerned about her father's share in the paper, she would have taken time to be amused by the idea of Vertner as the publisher of a church journal, a function which he presently explained that he was to assume, if her father decided to go into the enterprise, and would accept the post of editor.

It appeared that this was to be a weekly—"a little weekly for a cent," Vertner called it; it was really to be very small, but was to be sold at rather less than a cent, in quantities, to the various congregations of the diocese. "We'll take in New Mexico and Wyoming after a while; but we thought of beginning with Colorado," said Vertner, modestly. "In these missionary dioceses, you know,"—Dorothy could not help admiring the glibness with which he used his second-hand knowledge procured, she felt sure, from her father,— "they have n't got around to the little diocesan papers that are so common in the East. But all dioceses need them. They are popular with the bishops because they afford a channel for direct communication with all the people of their dioceses—appointments, pastoral letters, and all that, you know; they are popular with the priests" (Dorothy wished not to be irreverent, but she was forced to smile at Vertner's confident use of her father's high-church word) "because we print a special edition for each church, with local announcements; and the people like them because they get them for nothing."

"For nothing?" inquired Dorothy, not understanding how her father was to profit by such an arrangement.

"Well, the same thing. They feel as if they

got them for nothing. Of course each church will subscribe as a body, but the papers will be distributed every Sunday in the pews free. Every church will subscribe. We sha'n't stick them very much for the paper by the hundred."

"But how do you expect to make your fortune, Mr. Vertner, by that plan—and papa's? I suppose you intend to make your fortune?" she answered, with twinkling eyes.

Vertner smote his hands together with delight. He was wearing a pair of sealskin gloves, and the concussion made a resounding noise. "Yes, yes," he cried, generously enjoying his foible with her. "Of course. What are we here for?"

"For your health, Mr. Vertner?" suggested Dorothy, roguishly, under her breath.

Vertner smiled with her. "I'm afraid it would n't do to trust you with our scheme for making a go of this thing," he said, looking at her with admiration. "You might understand it."

"Thanks."

"It's a good scheme," he said fondly. "Do you think I could trust you?"

"To misunderstand it?"

"No; not to go and give it away to the big advertisers." They laughed together at this, and Vertner said he thought he could rely on her friendliness to her father to keep her from indiscreet revelations, and explained how they—he always implicated her father, Dorothy observed, with interest—were going to charge for advertising only in proportion to the circulation, and were going to charge only a cent a line per thousand of circulation, at that.

"But that is worse and worse," cried Dorothy. "I don't see but you are sure to lose money. You are taking every precaution."

"Um!" meditated Vertner, with a cheerful smile. "Strikes you that way, does it? Well, it does most every one, to tell the truth. I've mentioned the idea to half a dozen men in Denver who do a good deal of advertising, and that's what they said. They asked me if I could n't corner enough annual ruin in mines without monkeying with church newspapers, at a cent a line, and prove your circulation by monthly affidavits? I had to do a little fright at that, of course, as if that view of the case had n't occurred to me. Your intuition, Miss Maurice," he said, making her a flattering bow, "taken in connection with their business judgment, makes me feel happy about the scheme. So you think your father and I would drop our molasses-jug if we went into the 'Church Kalendar' on that basis?"

"No, Mr. Vertner," returned Dorothy, with an unperturbed face, which Vertner resisted an inclination to applaud; "if you say there is a fortune in it, I shall get myself a new pair of gloves

to-day. I'm sure you always know when you are going to make a fortune."

"Ah, that makes two persons who believe in me!" exclaimed Vertner. "The other is a man in Denver who dropped to my scheme. He fell off a ten-story building on it. It was glorious. I chummed with him for an hour like a brother, and swore him to secrecy."

"Oh, please chum with me like a sister, Mr. Vertner!"

"Shall I? Well, the man said it was too pretty a scheme to give away. I believe you'll have the same feeling," he said, with a reverence which he failed in burlesquing. "You see—"

He hesitated.

"Well?"

"Well, we don't make any guarantees about the circulation. It may be small or it may be—large." He paused for the effect.

"But—" began Dorothy, not finding herself more enlightened.

"Well, we make them take out a yearly contract in consideration of the lowness of the price."

"But still I don't see," cried Dorothy.

"Don't you? How many subscribers do you think we shall have at the end of six months?"

"I don't know," returned Dorothy, laughing. "Five thousand?"

"What! Five cents a line! Do you want to starve us? The circulation at the end of the first half year will be a quarter of a million. How many churches do you suppose there are in Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico, Arizona, Montana, Dakota, Washington, Oregon, California, and Nevada?" He rolled off the portentous list with enjoyment. Dorothy again replied that she did not know. "Well, neither do I," owned Vertner; "but there must be a quarter of a million regular attendants at those churches at a low calculation. Now do you see?"

Dorothy laughed aloud. "And are you going to make every one of those people subscribe to the 'Church Kalendar'?" she asked.

"I'm going to give it to them," replied Vertner. And at Dorothy's look of bewilderment, "On a *bona-fide* subscription plan, of course. We'll arrange that with the rectors. But you see the point, perhaps?"

"With the advertisers?" faltered Dorothy.

Vertner nodded happily.

"But will they—will they like it?" asked Dorothy.

"Well, I don't believe they will renew their contracts for the second year," admitted Vertner, sententially.

Dorothy did not instantly see her way through the sinuities of this ingenious plan; but she thought she was sure that there was a lurking wrong to somebody involved in it. She reserved this for her father, however. She meant to ask

him all about it, and to beg him, whatever the honesty, and whatever the promise of the enterprise, not to share in it. She doubted all projects of making money, *prima facie*. She had not merely a woman's conservatism about finance, she had the timidity of all who live on a stated income, and to this she added a rooted distrust of her father's financial capacity. It was the only distrust she allowed herself regarding him, and even this was affectionate: how should such a man be skilled in the ways of trade?

She formed a project of asking Jasper to advise him not to engage in the plan. She knew that her father respected Jasper's judgment, and perhaps he would suffer himself to be persuaded by him on the business side, when her own remonstrances would not avail. Jasper and her father had been even more intimate since the renewal of their acquaintance in Maverick than she remembered them in the old days. Jasper had once come and sat out the evening with her father in his study, smoking a pipe, only looking in on her to say "Good night." Possibly Jasper would go into it with him; that would make it safe, for she was sure that any business project of which Jasper approved, and to which he gave his mind, must prosper. But she was in a moment not sure that she wished this. She would not say to herself all that this thought implied. She had begun to shrink lately from her previsions of the final outcome of her present singular relation to Jasper. She had said to herself that she must bring the matter to an end, but she had not yet found the hardihood for that, and meanwhile she felt herself being surrounded; she had the sense of being softened and drawn to him by a slow, certain process, like the fatal eating of the sea into a rock. Jasper's will was in itself a reason for anything that he strongly wished; through all the strength of her own will she felt this. Sometimes she felt it unsupportably, and it was at such times that she said to herself that she must end it. Alas! it is really only the man who can put an end to such a situation. A woman can make her way out of it only by a violence, an unwomanliness. From all that could be held unwomanly Dorothy shrunk with much more reluctance than from anything that the situation into which Jasper had contrived to bring her could have to offer; and she helplessly let the affair lapse and drift.

Thinking of Jasper led her to speak of him; and Vertner's extraordinary interest in the subject was causing her a vague wonder, when they met Dr. Ernfeld, driving back to Maverick from a professional visit which he had been paying at Loredano. He drew up to the sidewalk, and they paused to speak to him. Dorothy thought sadly that he was looking very weak and ill again. Dorothy had last seen him at

Beatrice's card-party, where he was looking much stronger than now; and she was grieved by his appearance of illness. She begged him to come to see her; she said she was in shockingly good health, but she would come down with any new and unstudied disease that he liked, if he would not come without that. But she hoped he would.

Ernfield said he should be glad to come without excuse, if she would let him. He had often seen Dorothy at Mrs. Verner's while Margaret was in Maverick, and twice since Margaret had gone he had been to the Maurices' cottage,—once to see Maurice himself, when he had been suffering from a bad cold, and once again to call on them, with no business reason. Dorothy's cordial freedom, her sweetness, and the candid openness with which she lavished herself on him when he came, were not things which any one could fail to like, and certainly were not things which a man in his position could be other than grateful for. When he had last seen her he had scorned himself for the stealthy pain which ventured to show its head at the thought that it was only to a man out of the running that a woman could venture to be as good as that, and he was willing to go again to punish himself for the thought by enjoying her kindness as whole-heartedly as it was offered. Surely, in so far as any one could imply by words said, and left unsaid, that he was a robust marcher in the ranks with the rest, with a brave, rich life before him, she implied it, with her woman's tact. It was himself he must accuse; and he did it handsomely, as Dorothy, with the yearning painted on her face, in spite of herself, to do something for him, somehow to give him a lift, to cheer and comfort him, begged him to come to see her.

Verner asked the news at Loredano. How was the strike Pope had made in the "Nugget" coming on? And had Metuchen driven his bunch of cattle over into Bayles's Park for the winter? It was part of the kindness and inbred courtesy, which oddly mingled themselves with other qualities in Verner, that he forbore to follow Dorothy's suggestion with one of his hearty invitations to "look in on a fellow, once in a while, won't you?" He did not care anything about Pope's mine or Metuchen's cattle, but he felt the obligation to bridge the gap. Ernfield did not want to be asked to that house of painful reminders, *he* knew; and he did not want to be reminded that anybody was taking care not to remind him.

Ernfield, after a word of inquiry about Dorothy's church work, which had always seemed to interest him, drove on, turning back to say that he had met Mrs. Verner coming out of Mrs. McDermott's house, on the river road: they would meet her if they went on. Fred

Keltner, who occupied his usual seat beside the doctor, lifted his hat to Dorothy as Ernfield whipped up his horse.

They were out of town now, and walking toward the mountains against the brisk wind which often blows at these altitudes. Ouray was behind them, but on their right the long serrated rib of the Sangre de Cristo range cut the fiery welter of the western sky. The range hung a curtain before the setting sun, which went on shining behind it. Over the white flanks of the sweep of hills walling the other side of the valley there began presently to spread a tender, subtle, infinitely delicate glow, like a maiden's blush, which is and is not.

Verner talked gaily on, in the wind; but the still peace and beauty in which the hills lay about her, and a flying rack of thoughts within her mind, kept Dorothy quiet. She began to wish that she had not set out to make a round of visits: she had come out to escape, if she could, from her miserable thoughts about Dick; but she had not lost them, and this new trouble about her father, about Jasper, seemed to connect itself with the other, and to agglutinate the whole into that single mass of vexation which will sometimes cloud over a day or an hour for the lightest-hearted.

She would have turned back, but she thought herself of Mrs. Felton, for whom she had set out, and who, she knew, was battling with a misery of her own, which her visit might lighten momentarily, perhaps. She did not say to herself that to solace Mrs. Felton's homesickness might be a roundabout way of helping herself to climb a little out of her own depths; though she knew well enough that the only real happiness lay, and must always lie, in bringing happiness to others.

Mrs. Felton had lately come to Maverick from Philadelphia as a bride, having married a capital young fellow, originally from the same city. He had founded a prosperous real-estate and insurance business in Maverick within the year, and had lately been encouraged by his success to return to the East long enough to marry the faithful and charming girl who had waited four years for him. She was just passing through the first homesick time in which young wives, fresh from certain traditions of the East, sit in puzzled and miserable helplessness before the conditions of Western life. Mrs. Felton felt that the desolation, the strangeness, the hideousness, of her first month in Maverick—the month which she had looked forward to as the happiest of her life—had left a permanent mark on her. She wondered whether they would see it in her eyes at home when she went back. But she was determined that they never should. They had told her that it would be something



like this, not guessing, in their ignorance, a thousandth part of the fact, but prophesying in the cheerful manner of kinsfolk before one's marriage. They should never know how she realized their prophecies.

She planned to confide the truth to Jessie Kidder, who was betrothed to a young man who had just left Harvard, and had gone to Dakota to start a horse ranch; she planned to warn her under the seal of confidence. It was wrong to let a young girl venture upon such a future blindly. Jessie would be dazed and troubled by what she would say to her; but she heard her answering that she did not care, that she was not marrying to live in this place or that, but for love of her husband, who would be sufficient for her anywhere. And then Mollie Felton saw how she must tell her that that too was a mistake: that what she said was true enough, in a way, and more than true enough. She herself had never been so happy. No. But, then, she had never been so unhappy. She perceived that it would be useless; but if she ever got home again—she no longer really believed that they would ever be free to retrace all those dreary miles of rail—she should tell her. It was a duty.

Mrs. Felton was of course not very well seen in Maverick. She was thought too Eastern, too exclusive. She had an honest hatred of gossip, and, in other ways, had not proved as "adaptable" as some of the ladies could desire. It was reported that she had once said that she did not think herself better than her butcher, but different. And opinions like this separated her from such society as there was in Maverick, and had helped to make her first month difficult.

Dorothy understood her trouble exactly: when she had first come to the West she herself had passed through a time not very unlike Mrs. Felton's. Even in the midst of her week or two of homesickness, however, she had been able to see it, partly, as the joke it was; and when she was better of it, the humor of the whole Western situation had soon so penetrated her, that she remembered her first feeling about the West, now, only as a sentiment which she could call up, at need, to assist her sympathy for another in like case. She did not pretend to delight in the West, now, as Kiteva Snell did; but she was busy, she was absorbed in making the West bearable to her father, who hated it; she was up to her eyes in the business of tempering the situation to him, in the enterprise of making him happy, and for herself she had ceased to care very definitely. One was happy anywhere where one had an absorbing occupation; and it was this wisdom that she was presently preaching to Mrs. Felton, when she had left Vertner with

Beatrice, whom they met near Mrs. Felton's house.

Mrs. Felton had often accompanied them on their rides lately, and Dorothy pretended that it was to invite her to join Beatrice and Emfield and herself in a ride on the morrow that she had called.

Mrs. Felton was not like the pretty little Jewess upon whom Dorothy called next, unhappy because she "did so miss the *matinées*." Mrs. Felton's homesickness, if passionate, was not fantastic. Dorothy did not ask Mrs. Stern (who, for an occult reason of the sort that no one thought of questioning in Maverick, chose to go to Maurice's church) why she did not complain of the indigestibility of the clay in Lone Creek valley; but a number of impossible questions were on her lips.

At Kiteva Snell's the atmosphere was amusingly different. The Snells, of whom Kiteva was most in evidence socially, were very happy about themselves and the West. Miss Kitty, in particular, would hear nothing against any State west of the Mississippi, and she kept alive a fine enthusiasm about Maverick and its future which had the fire and the taking largeness of a sentiment of patriotism. She had not seen New York, and did not care to; but she knew and loved the Omaha of her birth, though she could seldom be persuaded to go so far East, when her father would go on his pass. She was glad to remember that even her name was Western, for she had been christened Kiteva in honor of a summer resort for the people of Chicago that her father had been engaged in booming at the time of her birth. It was a regrettable fact that the books she wanted to read were, for the most part, published in New York or Boston, and she could balance this misfortune only by ordering them through the local newsdealer (there was not a bookseller in Maverick), in order that "the money," as the Western phrase is, "might not go out of the town." It happened also that the center of her present intellectual life had its physical habitation on the shores of a New York lake; but she tried not to remember that the advantages of the "Chautauqua Literary Association" were derived from Jamestown.

Kiteva had acquired her fondness for reading at a Toledo boarding-school, where one could acquire a glossy coat of culture in three years, with diligence. Kiteva had used the diligence, and when Dorothy first knew her, she was in the earlier maturity of the habit of exactitude and impeccability, which are the very things for general conversation. Her *a* in "squalor" was quite, quite long, and she pronounced her "Asia" between her teeth, with the alluring sibilant effect—*Acia*. She accented her "le-gis-lative" on the second syllable, and

could pronounce a great many words just as they are in the dictionary, without smiling. Nothing, though, was so nice in her conversation as her elegant habit of bridling the shambling looseness of our common speech in colloquial phrases, like "could n't you," which she prettily replaced with "could not you," and the sloven "a-tall," to which she restored its printed aspect, so that "at all," with a proper fence between, lived again. Her favorite books of reference were "The Orthoëpist," "A Thousand Words often Mispronounced," and "The Verbalist." Her *vade mecum*, however, was "Don't," and it is fair to say that Miss Snell did n't.

Kiteva did not talk of the things of the mind, as she called them, with Dorothy; she talked of Jasper—a little persistently, Dorothy thought. She had heard that he had returned, and had seen him ride by from her window, but had not yet met him face to face since his return. How was he looking? Had he enjoyed his visit to New York? He seemed very fond of the ranch and of his work there. He had done wonders with it. She quoted sayings of Jasper; she rehearsed incidents of the time before Dorothy came to Maverick. She gave the impression of having known Jasper very well. Dorothy wondered if this was the kind of young lady with whom he occupied his leisure when she was not near.

She left Kiteva a little abruptly at last, and took her way back to her own end of the town with a vague feeling of weariness tightening about her heart. Too many things had happened to-day; there was too much to think of. Her head went round in a whirl.

She entered her own home with Jack, at last, on the verge of tears. The day and the world seemed to have gone hopelessly wrong. Her father, who had learned to interpret the signs of suppressed emotion in her, patted her hand quietly as, with her hat and jacket still on, she took her accustomed seat in his study, on the arm of his big leather chair.

"Well, little girl, what is it?" he asked, laying down the volume of Guy de Maupassant he had been reading.

"Oh, I don't know, father. I don't know. I wish you would n't go into this paper of Mr. Vertner's," she said abruptly.

"But, my dear young woman—" He smiled vaguely at her.

"He told me all about it this afternoon. I don't believe," she told him, stroking his beard as she bent over him, "that you know as much about the 'Church Kalendar' as I do, papa. Ask Mr. Vertner about his advertising, and his—his 'scheme,' as he calls it. It isn't nice. It is just like you, papa, not to have looked into the details of it, at all; and to have accepted the idea because Mr. Vertner says it is a good one."

"Pshaw! pshaw! There's nothing wrong with the idea, child. What do you know of papers, Dorothy?" He got up and went over to the upright piano which filled a corner of the study.

This room, in which Maurice wrote his sermons and played on his piano, was the largest in the house, and occupied the whole front of the second story. Dorothy never interrupted him here in the mornings, when the superstition was that he was hammering out his sermons; but she often spent the evenings with him in its smoke-laden atmosphere. Sermon-writing, with Maurice, required the consumption of a number of Havana cigars, and was accompanied by a good deal of Sullivan and Offenbach on the piano. Dorothy would hear him playing and singing snatches of comic opera in the mornings for half an hour; then the piano would suddenly go silent, and, from below, she would hear him pacing the floor. Then this sound, too, would cease, and she would know that he was at work, until the piano burst out again. In the moments of silence he was as often reading as writing; but this would have counted as work, too, with Dorothy, if she had known it. She had a little pride of her own in his learning. Maurice's smattering of a number of subjects was far from that, but he was by nature a bookish man: he read the poets, whom he was fond of quoting in his sermons; he had once relinquished the thought of a book on the old dramatists; he had a pretty taste for Barrow, whose sturdiness and solidity attracted him by the law of the attraction of opposites, perhaps; he rambled through him from time to time, penciling his winged adjectives; and regularly, once a year, he read Thackeray from start to finish. His contemporary reading was, for the most part, French; of the older writers he liked Dumas, whose "Trois Mousquetaires" he read at all seasons; he was a subscriber to the "Revue des Deux Mondes" and the "Saturday Review," and he loathed the present school of American fiction. He said it lacked—but we know what it lacks. "Come and sing," he said, as he took his seat on the piano-stool.

Dorothy, who had taken up her knitting, shook her head. She seated herself in the chair he had left, and, lost to his sight in its depths, she stared into the fire through the tears of overwrought emotion which stole out upon her eyelids, and coursed silently down her cheeks. Her father, after a dreamy prelude, had rattled into the "Entrance March" from the "Mikado."

"Did Vertner say how he was getting along?" he asked, pausing in the middle of the march.

"No," Dorothy managed to reply in a muffled voice.

"I should like to get out the first number in January," he said meditatively. He whistled a bar or two of another air from the same opera thoughtfully over to himself, and turned to the piano to finish it.

"Papa!" she said, loud enough to be heard above the music. Herose and came over to her.

"What! crying?" he exclaimed. "But this won't do at all." He drew up a chair beside her, and took her hand. "Why, girlie, there's nothing in this—nothing." He regarded her tenderly, as he stroked her hand. He let her sacrifice herself to him from habit, he postponed her to many things; but he loved her. One saw it in his glance even when it rested on her casually; no one could have seen him at the moment without feeling sure of it. "I won't enter into it at all if you take it so hard. But you've been accepting some of Vertner's joking literally. You must allow for his way of looking at things. Why, I don't believe he would care for this paper idea at all if he did n't see a joke in it."

"Yes, papa," rejoined Dorothy, starting up in her chair; "that's it. It's a joke, a practical joke; but it is n't—it is n't quite what you would call a fair one, I think, papa, if you understood it. Do look into it before you give your word to Mr. Vertner to be his editor."

"Of course I will, little girl. Vertner mustn't be allowed to compromise me. Perhaps I've let him have it too much his own way. But he knows about the business side of it; and after my experience with the Church School of Music, I'm willing to let some one else take all that responsibility. You can understand that, Dorothy."

"Oh, father, I'll be so glad if you will. And let some one else find the money, too."

Maurice jovially stroked his long golden mustache, with its young-mannish upward turn at the ends, without speaking. "I suppose you see the necessity of my making more money, my dear. The last monthly bills look bad. Maverick seems to be dearer than Laughing Valley. This editorship is more like a necessity than a choice. It is n't time to be too nice," he said, with the doubtful accent of waiting her opinion on this.

This man, who could satisfy his own conscience about one and another matter of daily dealing with his fellow-men, and forget it lightly; who could shuffle and balance before doubtful questions, and choose the easy issue with a sigh for the man he might have been if things had turned out differently with him, was afraid before his daughter's moral judgments. Their certainty, their bare, blind justice, were more than he could bear at times. He avoided all such questions with her when he

could, but he had committed himself to this paper with Vertner; and since he must go on with it, and she had learned of his connection with the plan, he would rather go on with her support than without it. They lived too much alone, he was too dependent upon her for sympathy, to make it pleasant for him to carry on constantly, by her side, a work of which she disapproved. He was sensitive; he always reckoned with that. If he had not been, it would have been easy to use his authority, as he sometimes did in cases like that of the money he procured from time to time to meet their bills. No one knew better than Maurice how to put aside discussion of painful subjects with dignity; but no one liked less to accept what such uses of power involved.

He did not think for a moment of abandoning the scheme of the paper; he believed that he and Vertner would make a very good thing of it together; and it was five years since he had drunk just the wine he liked. The moral question, which had never occurred to him until Dorothy suggested it, he had dismissed without a thought. He understood Vertner's advertising plan at least as well as Dorothy, but he saw nothing wrong in it, as he had told her.

He explained to her, now, that it was not original with Vertner; that it had been tried in the East, where a man had made a small fortune out of it. There was no harm in it, except as there was harm in all business. She did not hope to bring in a new sort of business transaction, which would leave the money in the same pocket after it as before it, he hoped. They did not dispute—he and Vertner—that they were going to take money for the advertising; but they were going to give *quid pro quo*, strictly. They did not even leave the degree of circulation given to the advertisement in doubt, as was usual. The advertisers were to pay for what they got, and for no more than they got. She heard Vertner in all these phrases, yet it was her father who spoke, and she did not know how to put her doubts together and bring them to bear on him. She found herself shaken by his confidence; but she said: "I see you think you understand, papa. But you don't; you can't, or you would n't have anything to do with it. These advertisers you speak of—they are not to know what Mr. Vertner means to do. They will suppose that they are giving their advertisement to a little paper which will have a circulation of a few hundred copies. When the bills come to them, if Mr. Vertner succeeds in what he hopes to do, they will be for a circulation of a great many thousands; it will go on increasing every month, and they will have no redress because Mr. Vertner is going to make them sign a contract for a year."



Maurice laughed lightly. "Don't you think you may safely leave Vertner's scheme to the business men of the Great West, Dorothy? Do you think it likely that they will not understand all the bearings of a proposition that a girl like you can understand?"

Dorothy stared at him. "Oh, I suppose so," she said after a moment, daunted. "But promise to insist on Mr. Vertner making it plain to them what they are doing." She laughed herself at the futility of this. "I mean," she amended, "that the contract should imply what Mr. Vertner is about — what he hopes to do."

"They would laugh at what he hopes to do. You do, yourself, Dorothy. Every one who knows Vertner understands his disposition to add ciphers to his schemes. You may be sure he has given them all the ciphers that he thinks they will credit. After all, you know, Vertner is honest. You must n't be losing yourself in any theories depending on the opposite supposition, you know, Dorothy."

"Oh, of course he's honest," sighed she, parting with her position, in fragments, as she felt, but with a deep reluctance. She saw that it was one of those obscure cases where the ethics have a tendency to liquefy, to escape from the instinct which is their only witness, and to melt into the medium of the business-like, the practical, the customary. She could not detain them; perhaps she was wrong to try. Her father must know; and, "Yes, I'm sure Mr. Vertner is good," she found herself saying, "in spite of his ways—perhaps because of them. There is something very charming about him. He is so sure, so gay. And I don't believe that he would deliberately do anything that he thought wrong," she argued aloud with herself.

"Certainly not."

She balanced it all in her mind a moment, and then, with the recurrence of her loyal trust in her father, which at the end of everything had always to be the permanent fact in her relation to him and to his doings, she said, with a brightening face, "Oh, well, if you have really looked into it, papa, and think it right, why—"

"Yes?"

"Why, of course it is right. But you will look carefully after Mr. Vertner, won't you, papa? You will see that he makes an agreement that will be fair to everybody?" He gave the promise readily, though he had no intention of interfering with Vertner. She leaned over, and kissed him. "Dear papa! And shall we be shockingly rich?"

"Appallingly!" laughed Maurice, easily, as he returned to the piano. "Come and sing for me."

She came over to his side, adjusting the light so that it should not fall into the eyes he tired by late reading at night.

"Then you can have a horse and phaëton," she said, stroking his hair, as he spread out the music for her.

"I am not so ambitious, my dear. What I'm hoping for is an income which won't force me to look three times at a dollar. Twice, I can bear. Well, are you ready?"

He struck a chord on the piano, and she raised her voice to the first notes of a quaint old air.

#### XIX.

PHILIP remained a fortnight at Piñon, and it was a week before Jasper was seen in Maverick again. Dorothy heard from Dr. Ernfied on the day following her parish visits and her meeting with Vertner that Jasper was suffering from the effects of an accident; but Ernfied either knew no more, or thought it well to say no more, for she got no particulars from him. Vertner had heard all about the affair in the mine from Cutter; but he had left town the day after their meeting to look after a contract for the electric lighting of Empire, a mining-camp lying to the northward, and was not expected to return for some days, so that Dorothy learned nothing from him.

Jasper's first clear thought on returning to consciousness was of her. What would she think of the fight, if it should come to her ears? Her swift, pitiless moral judgments were as terrible to him as they were to her father. Suppose she thought him in the wrong?

But he believed she had not the material for such a thought. Philip's freak of reserve had spared her some facts that might affect her judgment, and he believed that, in any event, the initial faith in him which Dorothy retained from the habit of an earlier day would carry him through a good deal with her. He accepted now, in good faith, Philip's assertion of his forbearance from his obvious opportunity, and he saw that she would never hear Philip's story until he should force Philip to defend himself by telling her his own. What a frightful ass Philip was to play the chivalric at that rate, he mused. But that was his affair.

His thoughts melted dizzily into one another, as he lay half awake on the morning after the accident, trying his eyes in a blinking way every little while on the view from his bedroom window. The cowboy who had been nursing him assured him that the hill he saw was Mount Blanco, fast enough. To Jasper it was a green blur. Some sort of film seemed to be crackling and sparkling before his eyes, like a kaleidoscope, eternally breaking up and

renewing itself. He saw objects as the natural eye sees the page of a book held within an inch of the pupil. He felt vaguely for the bandage on his forehead, and then remembered again how it came there, and all that had led up to it. At recollection of the blow, the suffocating sense of hatred and rage he remembered as he fell was fresh in his mind again. He clenched his hands under the bed-clothes. When he was well again, he should not spare.

The thought that Philip might be making favor with Dorothy, or that she might have learned what he had refused to tell her, and that the knowledge might—nay, certainly would—have effected a promotion of him in her kindness, caused him to thresh restlessly about in the bed. He told Ernfield, when he came, that he must get up to-day. Ernfield smiled quietly, and asked him to try sitting up in bed. He straightened himself, and sat up painfully, his eyes wild and unseeing, his carefully kept hair in disarray. The air dissolved about him, he clutched at his fading consciousness, and fell back among the pillows with a moaning curse on his lips.

It was the fourth day before Ernfield would allow him to sit about in his dressing-gown and write a letter, and the sixth before he pronounced him well enough to try the voyage down-stairs, staying himself upon the balustrade.

He made Ernfield remain to dinner with him the first day. "I say, I've been taking a simple cut pretty hard, seems to me. What's been the matter? What have I had?"

"Why, you have n't had it," said Ernfield.

"How's that? You mean I've escaped it. Well, what have I escaped?"

"Congestion of the brain."

"Humph!" exclaimed Jasper, without troubling himself to explain the connection. "That brother of mine is a brute." He asked Ernfield if he would take another bit of venison, and Ernfield did not pursue the subject. He had his own notions of the way his patient had come by his cut.

"I say, Ernfield," Jasper went on, after a moment, "you knew something of my new mother when she was here in Maverick. What was she like?"

"Like?"

"Yes; you know I never saw much of her. Was she the kind of woman to make my father happy, for instance?"

Ernfield busied himself with his fresh slice of venison, pursuing a bit of currant jelly with his fork. "I did n't know your father well; I could n't say," he answered. "One ought to know more than one party to a marriage to answer a question like that."

Jasper had heard fragments of the talk which still went on in Maverick about Ernfield and Margaret, of course. He was revolving the gossip of the town in his mind, as he bent his shrewd, penetrating eyes on his companion's face.

"Yes; to be sure. But you would form some idea of her temperament. Would she be the sort of woman, for example, to support my father in—well, in what you might call the extravagances of his temperament? I suppose you know him well enough to understand what I mean."

Ernfield looked at him for what seemed a long time without speaking. "Yes," said he, at last, with intention; "I know what you mean."

"It *was* rather rough, was n't it?" agreed Jasper to the unspoken comment.

"It was cowardly," said Ernfield, briefly.

"It certainly left Miss Derwenter with a nasty position on her hands. It was a test of character—abandoning her on her wedding-day," he said tentatively. But Ernfield did not offer to discuss this. "She came out of it curiously—on a plan of her own," he mused. "But it's given me a kind of respect for her. Not every woman would have done it, you know, Ernfield."

"I know," nodded Ernfield to the canned peaches, which had been set before him.

"She answered my question for me, there: she supported him with a vengeance. But would she in a case where she was n't concerned in just that helpless way?"

"I can't answer that," said Ernfield, after a moment. "She would do what seemed right to her."

"Yes," rejoined Jasper; "I gather that. She seems to have a conscience. But she seems fond of father, too. What I was wondering was whether in a case where he was on one side and her conscience on the other, she might n't—well, negotiate with her conscience."

Ernfield glanced at him without speaking.

"Well, I'm glad you think so," said Jasper, after a moment, in response to Ernfield's contemptuous glance. "Father needs a check." He turned the subject then; but as he lighted Ernfield's cigarette for him he asked carelessly, "Where did the wedding-party go? Did you hear?"

Ernfield perceived that he meant to imply that he might have heard from Margaret since her departure from Maverick. But he chose not to resent this. Jasper was not worth the powder.

"No," he replied. He puffed his cigarette in silence.

The following day, seeing how Jasper chafed under his confinement, and thinking,

on the whole, it might be less harmful for him to venture out than to remain within doors lashing himself into a state of morbid irritation, Ernfield consented to allow him to drive to town. Riding he forbade, and Jasper found that the jolting of his buckboard was all he cared to bear for the present.

He had not seen Snell since the day he had called to make his preposterous announcement, but this had not surprised him. His father and brother were too wise to attempt to push the matter to a conclusion while he lay ill; but they should see that he was not seeking a prolongation of the truce. He meant that they should hear from him at once.

When he had been to his lawyer, and arranged with him to secure a temporary injunction against Snell, and to begin suit against his father, he drove to the Maurices' cottage, smiling for the first time since his discomfiture at the "Snow Find."

He had made up his mind to a definite move which would at least relieve him of the fear of what Philip might be accomplishing with Miss Maurice behind his back.

She came in to him with her face alive with sympathy, and Jasper was agreeably sure that he had not been wrong in thinking she had warmed to him with a new kindness in the week before his accident, while he added to himself that his illness and the wound on his forehead were not things to diminish her mood of good will. He lacked material for guessing that part of her mood of sympathy was due to the fact that she had just parted with Dick Messier, who had stopped over a train to call on her father in regard to some business on his return from a visit to Denver. She had found him much changed in the week that had passed since his return to his work at Laughing Valley City. Much more, Jasper lacked facts to understand that her recent disposition toward him was the outcome of the talk between her and Philip which had followed his encounter with Philip in the doorway of the room in which he was now sitting. He was occupied, so far as his mind turned toward Philip's refusal, for motives of his own, to give him away, with the negative good fortune that she had no information about their quarrel. It did not occur to him to imagine that if she knew of a quarrel between them, she must believe one of them in the wrong, and that Philip might be suffering for his quixotic silence.

"You have been ill," she said. "You have been suffering."

"Oh, so, so," returned Jasper. "I got a rather nasty cut."

"Tell me how it happened. No one has been able to say—or perhaps no one would."

Jasper slipped down in the sleepy-hollow

chair she had forced him to take, and toasted the foot he stretched toward the fire, enjoying her interest in his illness. His pallor, she thought, became him; and the firelight, playing on his handsome face, and twinkling whimsically upon the court-plastered wound, lent his solid, prosy good looks a remote effect of distinction and of glamour.

"Don't let me ask, if it's a secret. But if it is n't a secret," she went on with a laugh, "you can make it as romantic as you like, for I've heard nothing. You can make out that you have been rescuing a lovely maiden from the Utes, if you wish. That would be as pretty as anything. Or you can have been dragged by Vixen, with your foot caught in the stirrup; that would be exciting. Or a fight with the Eveleighs about your water rights, or fences, which would make a good story. I like mining stories, too, Mr. Deed."

She smiled at him from her seat at the other corner of the fire. She often chaffed him to avoid the serious talk with him which she had begun to see must one day come, and which she feared.

"This *is* a mining story," returned Jasper, staring musingly into the fire, with a disengaged look.

"How nice! Well?"

"Well—I think I must n't tell it," he said, still seeming to muse. He glanced at her speculatively, and Dorothy thought she saw that she would not be overstepping in urging him.

"No," he said, shaking his head slightly, in response to her mock-humble entreaty; "it is n't altogether my story."

"How tiresome! Could n't we buy out the other man's rights in the story? Is he the same man who owns a part of the mine—was that it?"

The guess was wide, and yet so near that Jasper smiled. "Something like that."

He glanced at her with intelligence, and she suddenly paled, and cried, in a kind of fright: "Surely it is n't your brother! Surely you have n't been—been—?" She breathed quickly, and stopped.

"Yes," owned Jasper, with the air of a man who yields to a revelation past remedy—"yes. Since you have guessed it, there is no reason why you should n't know. But don't ask me any more about it, please. I could n't tell you."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Dorothy. "Of course not. And it was he who—Oh!" she exclaimed. Her tone expressed reproach and repulsion and withdrawal. She shuddered away from the thought of Philip's act. "And you have been very ill. I can see it. Dr. Ernfield would not own it, but I could see



that he was anxious. He was afraid of its affecting the brain."

"Yes," said Jasper, lightly; "congestion, and all that. But there was never any actual danger of that, I fancy. Ernfield did n't really know what had happened to me, you know,—one would n't feel inclined to tell even a physician a thing like that, of course,—and he thought my little scratch more serious than it was. You see, I have scored on him. Here I am."

"Yes; oh, yes," breathed Dorothy in an absorption of which she was unaware, and which was far from being as wholly related to the man beside her as he was believing with a joy which he could not have concealed if she had been more attentive. "But you might not have escaped. A little more one way or the other, and— Oh, how could he!"

Jasper had not expected such success. He thought of Philip's chances with her now almost with compassion. It was a pretty outcome of the fight that it should make for him in her favor, and lead her to so desirable a thought of Philip. In the luxury of success, he felt that he could afford to be generous—generous enough, at least, to let her see that he was.

"Oh, I don't know," he deprecated.

"Oh, but I do," exclaimed Dorothy, quickly. All her old thoughts about the relations of the brothers returned to her, and she now caused Philip to suffer for all the excuses she had found for him.

"No, no! It was fair enough—as fair as such things can be."

"Would it have been fair if he had killed you?" she asked conclusively.

Jasper bent quickly toward her, fixing her with a passionate glance. "Would you have cared?" he asked.

All his love for her was in his eyes. She lowered her own.

"Of course," she stammered. "Why, yes. But of *course*!"

"Would you have cared in the way I mean?"

She controlled her eyes now, and swept his pale, eager face with a furtive look.

"I don't know," she said hastily. "I—I think not."

"Oh, but Dorothy, girl, surely this time you know? I have loved you ever since; I love

you even more, I think, than then. It has gone on. It has grown. You won't say that you have n't seen this—that you have n't been answering it a little bit in your heart. I can't live without your love. I've tried it a long time. I can't," he cried—"I *can't*!"

It was the thrilling, irresistible note of passion. It seemed to infold and seize her, to benumb her will, to make a reason of itself for a return. She remembered thinking, in a prevision of this scene, how his will must always make a reason for anything he strongly wished. The old fascination of his feeling for her returned upon her. Re-created, and palpitating before her as if it had never ceased to be an active part of her experience, the remembered charm went through her veins exaltingly.

For a moment she felt herself slipping, slipping.

Jasper read the half consent in her eyes. He rose, and drew near her, but at the touch of his arm she started away.

"No, no!" she cried, rising in her turn; "I don't know! I must have time to think. Don't press me for an answer now! Don't!"

There was a moment in which Jasper stared hungrily into her eyes, balancing in the remote second consciousness the wisdom of pressing his advantage, or of complying with the frightened longing for escape from this moment's decision which he saw in her face. Her look at once promised his bliss and confounded him.

It was at last his willingness to use the subtle rather than the direct means of arriving at any object which decided him.

"Well," said he, "let it be so, then. But you will let me have my answer soon, Dorothy?"

"Yes, soon," she murmured breathlessly.

"You have seen that I still cared. You have let me go on. I really don't believe you could have the heart, you know, to cast me off now. I don't ask you to say anything to that. I only tell you to let you know that I trust you completely."

He snatched her hand to his lips, and was gone. Dorothy trembled to a seat, torn and pulled by a mob of emotions—excited, intoxicated, exhausted.

How could Philip have done a thing like that! She wondered languidly where he was.

(To be continued.)

Wolcott Balestier.

## MRS. PETTIBONE'S DINNER-HORN.

**I**T was capital fishing weather, and seven o'clock in the morning found me driving over to Phelps's Pond, a lovely sheet of water about a mile long and hemmed in on all sides by pine woods.

A ride of five miles brought me to the house of Ephraim Pettibone, who lived a quarter of a mile from the pond. He kept a flat-bottomed boat, which he let at fifty cents an hour, an afternoon, or a day, it mattered not.

He was a devoted disciple of Izaak Walton, and might, indeed, have given that cheerful old fisherman points on his beloved sport. It was said of him that he could catch fish in a haymow with a currycomb.

The noise of my wheels brought to the door a tall, angular woman, with a pallid, wrinkled face and an air of contented invalidism.

"Haow air ye? Hain't seen you in a long time. I declare fer 't, ye 're lookin' well, in spite of all the complaints thet 's abaout. Haow any one manages to 'scape 'em *doos* beat me. Naow Ephr'm an' me hain't hed a pufflecky well day sence we was married, an' thet 's nigh on to fifty year. He often says, says he, 'Huldy, ye think too much about yer health,' an' I tell him 't ain't *my* health, 'cause I hain't got it. *He* don't look real sick, but he 's hed a stroke, ye know. Oh, yes; he was been in the woods yender, an' ef 't hed n't been thet aour hired man Isaac chanced acrost him, I guess he would hev gone to the land where there ain't no sickness.

"Well, haow I am a-ramblin' on, an' I ain't feelin' good, nuther, this mornin'. Thought one spell I 'd hev the doctor, but then I thought this 'd been a pore season an' I 'd best deny myself.

"Well, I s'pose ye want the boat. Ephr'm he 's gone a-fishin' in it, but ye put yer horse up, an' then ye kin take the ol' dinner-horn an' blow it for him. Be kind o' keeful an' not blow too hard, or he 'll think I 'm took bad. I told him I was purty porely when he went aout. Says he, 'Well, ma, I guess ye 'll last till I git back with a good string o' fish.' Ephr'm will hev his laugh." So saying, she stepped into the house, and I took my horse to the barn. Having seen that he was comfortable, I returned to the house, in order to give the poor old soul a chance to gratify her chief desire, the recounting of the ills with which she was blessed.

She met me at the door.

"Come in an' rest a bit, an' give my man a chance to git a mess o' fish fer dinner. He hain't be'n gone a half-hour yit, an' I do love black bass. Seems ez ef when I git t' eatin' black bass, I a'most fergit I 'm sech an invalid. Hev an apple? Ye don't min' takin' it aout o' sech crooked fingers, do ye? D' ye know what did thet? Rheumatiz. Inflammattery. Dear, dear! I laid purt' nigh from airly summer to January on my back, on'y gittin' up fer Thanksgivin' dinner. I dew hate to miss thet, fer I ain't too old to be fond o' good eatin'. I 'm a purty haarty eater, in spite o' my dyspepsy."

"Whose picture is that, Mrs. Pettibone?" said I, pointing to a crayon portrait of a pretty girl that hung over the mantel.

"Why, thet 's Mary Jane. Good, ain't it? Hain't ye never seen it? We hed it done by a' artist daown to Waterbury. He was a friend o' my sister's, an' he done it cheap. Ye never saw Mary Jane, did ye? She was took sick in Ansonia, workin' in a factory there, ye know. She ketched typhoid fever. 'T was the worst case he ever had come acrost, doctor said who 'tended her. My children 'most allus doos git purt' sick when they air sick, an' I guess they 're sick ez often ez the nex' ones. They brought her up here, an' they say it 's the on'y case of ginooine typhoid fever ever in these parts. Poor dear, she was a good child, an' I dessay she hez her reward. She was allus sickly; most o' my children hez be'n, 'n' yit she 's th' on'y one thet 's dead. I hev two sons aout West, an' a married darter to Bridgeport. I hain't seen 'em fer sev'l years. Railroad fares is expensive. Sometimes I 'most wish they was confined to this house like me; but then they hev their own fam'lies, an' I s'pose they don't miss their old ma ez much ez she misses them."

While she was speaking, her pale face grew paler, and she raised her hand to her heart.

"Uh! 't wa'n't nothin', on'y a little ketch in my haart. Doctor says I 'm li'ble to drop off with it 'most any minute. Well, I 'm ready enough to go, I s'pose, on'y I don't know what Ephr'm 'd do 'thout me; I guess he 'd foller soon. I told ye, did n't I, he 'd hed a stroke? He says he 's ready whenever I am."

"You ought to exercise, Mrs. Pettibone," said I, in order to give her a chance to talk of some ailments hitherto unmentioned.

"Well, I don't hev no inclination to. It 's

ten years sence I was to the foot o' the hill, an' I hain't seen the lake in twenty-five years. Once 'n a w'ile I creep daown to the garden patch, but, ye see, I hev th' asthma so bad thet I hev to stay inside mostly, an' then my liver ain't be'n right sence I kep' indoors, an' my dyspepsy 's purt' nigh chronic naow.

"Well, I s'pose ye want to git to fishin'. Don't furgit not to blow too hard, or Ephr'm may git a shock."

As I left the house, I turned and said, "Mrs. Pettibone, you have more diseases than anybody I ever met," a remark that I knew pleased her greatly; for she probably got more enjoyment out of her ills than the suffering many a woman would have derived from twice as many.

When I reached the lake, I could see nothing of Ephraim, so I blew tentatively at first, then with more freedom, until at last I saw a boat approach from the further end of the lake.

As soon as it was within hailing distance, I yelled that I only wanted to fish, and that nothing new was the matter with Mrs. Pettibone. The old man laughed; for although they were a devoted couple, he had a keen appreciation of her foibles.

As the boat came nearer, he held out a forked stick on which were some twenty black and rock bass, the result of an hour's sport.

In appearance and manner he formed a pleasing contrast to his wife. Despite his sixty-five years, he was erect—a hale and wholesome-looking man, with clear, rosy skin, twinkling blue eyes, and hair and beard of silky whiteness.

"Come t' spile my sport, hev ye? I b'lieve I'd a'most rather ye 'd keep yer fifty cents."

By this time he had grounded the boat and held out a weather-beaten hand for me to shake.

"I 'm glad t' see ye. I guess, ef ye don't mind, I 'll go back with ye in the boat, fer the fishin' 's extry t'-day. Did ye speak to ma? She 's got a couple o' new diseases sence ye was here last, I b'lieve. I s'pose she told ye. Ef she hed n't her diseases to talk abaout, I b'lieve she 'd take sick."

We had stepped into the boat, and he shoved off, and began rowing back.

"She 's allus be'n thet way. W'en we was first married, of course she hed n't quite so many complaints; on'y the hopes of them then. I

tell her one person makes a collection of sea-shells, an' another collects postage-stamps,—thet allus seemed senseless to me,—an' she 's a collector of diseases. I guess she kin make the fines' show in these parts. Well, here we air. Jes drop the stun daown, will ye? Thet 's it. Naow, I think ef there 's any fish to git, this is the spot to git 'em."

We had been fishing perhaps an hour and a half, when Ephraim happened to look at the horn, which lay on my coat.

"Gosh! th' ol' lady hain't no way o' callin' ef she 's took sick."

"I should think she 'd need vigorous health to send any sound 'way out here, even if she had the horn."

"Don't know but yer right," said he, smiling. "I b'lieve I 'll go back ef ye 'll put me ashore. I hev enough fish for ma's dinner—an' thet 's a good ketch."

He rowed the boat ashore, and after he had gone, I anchored in a new spot, a few strokes away from the beach. I sat there fishing, but luck seemed to have deserted me. I could not help thinking of Mrs. Pettibone and her many ills. In spite of her evident relish of the rôle of invalid, there was an undertone of real sadness in her life.

While I sat in the boat, allowing my thoughts to make me oblivious of the fish, which, in turn, seemed oblivious of my bait, I was startled at hearing a tremendous blast on the horn, followed by an ominous breaking in the tone, as though one had essayed to blow and had fallen short of wind.

Hastily rowing ashore, I ran up through the woods to the house.

Just before I came in sight of it, I stopped and listened. All was silent. I ran on until a sharp turn in the path brought me to the gate—and to the body of Ephraim. He lay across the path, his horn in his outstretched hand. The stroke had come.

Conscious that he was beyond human aid, and feeling that the horn's alarm had been for his wife, I passed by him and hurried up the path. Looking in at the kitchen door, I saw Mrs. Pettibone sitting in a straight-backed chair, her bent hands clasped in her lap, a smile of perfect content on her drawn and withered features, and her eyes closed forever.

*Charles Battell Loomis.*





## POEMS.

### THE SUNLIGHT.

THE sunlight, the sunlight,  
It cometh apace!  
It breaks through the dun light  
Of night-shadowed space!  
It comes with a shimmer,  
A sparkle and glimmer;  
The moon showeth dimmer;  
The planets give place.

It bendeth, it rendeth  
Night's prisoning bars!  
Exultant, outsendeth  
Its voiceless hurrahs!  
O'er bulwarks and bowers  
It scatters bright showers,  
Like luminous flowers  
Grown out of the stars.

O souls that lie sleeping  
In doubt and in night,  
Wake, wake from your weeping!  
Day comes, in despite  
Of cavi or grieving.  
Man's best of believing  
Is but the receiving  
Of heavenly light!

### TO THE CICADA SEPTEDECIM.

(SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUST.)

BURIED at moment of thy birth  
Beneath the earth;  
Hid thy life long afar  
From glimpse of nearest star;  
Creeping in darkness while rich seasons roll,  
Year following year, above thy stunted soul;  
Knowing but what the dead know in the tomb  
Of silence and of gloom,  
Dead, thou too, in thy present and thy past —  
What call doth reach thy deafened ear at last?  
What instinct bids thee yearn toward the light,  
Thou, who hast known but night?  
What dream dawns in thee, beautiful and bold,  
Of sylvan flight in noons of shimmering gold,  
Where trembling trees their fluted leaves  
unfold?  
How should such radiant dream be thine?  
Or how canst thou divine  
The counting of the years?  
For when their meted tale is told,  
Lo, summoned straightway from the mold  
By voice none other hears —  
Lo, born anew,  
The dream thou couldst not dream is true!  
Thy sluggish spirit wakes, spreads wings away,  
And knows the day.

So, when God's time is done, may mystic call  
On my dull senses fall,—  
So may I, groping upward through life's night,  
Go forth, new-winged, to an undreamed-of  
light!

### THE POET-HEART.

ONE day, in Time's sunniest ages,  
Fair Life, and her servant Pain,  
Her workman, who works without wages,  
And wiser who is than all sages  
That follow the stars in her train,  
Together, in friendliest fashion,  
Sat framing a poet-heart,  
And with infinite care and compassion  
Life chose out each charm and each passion,  
And blent them with marvelous art.

"Fairer," she cried, "than Earth's fairest,  
This lovely spirit shall be,  
Enriched with all gifts that are rarest.  
See to it no power thou sparest  
In molding my poet for me.

"Here are days that are golden and sunny,  
And a heart made to gather their light,  
And hold it as purses hold money —  
To hold it as flowers hold honey,  
And tremble and thrill with delight.

"Take, take without stint, without measure,  
Of all that I have that is best;  
Of beauty, of love, and of pleasure  
Take richly, and make at thy leisure  
A poet to sing me to rest."

And so, from her full store of graces,  
Fair Life, with a smile, gave the whole,  
While Pain, with the stillest of faces,  
And fingers whose touch left no traces,  
Wrought her of these a soul.

Then he stood up and said: "It is ended,"  
And held forth his soul to the light —  
A wondrous creation, where blended  
Strange shadows, and sunlight so splendid  
It darkened all else to the sight.

Life took and beheld it in gladness.  
"Such," cried she, "true poets should be —  
All ecstasy, rapture, and sadness,  
Created in moments of madness,  
And fashioned, O Pain, by thee.

"This, sure, is thy ripest endeavor,"  
Cried Life, smiling soft as she spoke.  
"Now, poet-heart, sing on forever!"  
But alas! Earth will hear its song never.  
Pain touched it once more — and it broke.

*Grace Denio Litchfield.*

## UNCLE OBADIAH'S UNCLE BILLY.



HE spare figure of the old man on the houseless country road, pushing on into the twilight with a weary, swinging tread, was as erect under its weight of fourscore years as that of any boy of fifty. The spare figure melted into the leafless woods, and reappeared a little later on the hill, very tall and very mysterious against the fading light. A knapsack as thin and shrunken as the muscles of the old man clung close to his square shoulders, and the bronze star, made of the metal of captured cannon, rattled against a medal for personal service, and the music cheered his old heart.

Although it was not yet the first of March, the rank smell of the mellow earth proclaimed the absence of frost, and the brook at the roadside ran swollen and yellow between its banks. The old man in blue asked the way to the village of a boy who was trotting in the gravel behind the crackling hoofs of a white cow, and then added in a weary voice:

"Perhaps you might know, my lad, of a youngster hereabouts of the name of Frederick Brown?"

But the boy only stared, and then ran away, as if he had seen a ghost. He did not know Private Obadiah Brown, of six wounds and one medal: one wound received in storming the outworks of Atlanta; four, in the heart, for the sons he had buried on as many bloody fields; and the sixth for his youngest boy, "missing" after the battle. And this was the wound that had never healed, and this was the boy he had never given up. All the years that had passed since his discharge, with unflinching courage and undying hope he had kept up the weary search, growing old and childish, with a youth of twenty in his vision, who should have been a man of fifty—so completely had the two changed places. He had passed the short winters at many soldiers' homes in many States, ready to start afresh in the spring on roads that led through new towns and cities, armed with the bronze star and the countersign and the fraternal grip, potent to open the doors and the hearts of the Grand Army posts.

Although in his restless journeying he was always coming to some new town or lodging-place, it better fits his character of wanderer that he was always leaving friends and firesides—the known behind and the unknown fleeing before him—always going, going.

While the form of the boy faded into the bosky landscape, the cow grew whiter with the growing darkness, and preceded the old man like a cloud by night, until he came in sight of the village belfry sprinkled around with early stars. It was too dark to see the face of the clock, but as he approached the hammer beat three strokes, and then was still.

This was encouraging.

The tavern was a little further on, and Private Obadiah Brown turned in at the open door. The landlord was behind the dismantled bar, trimming the oil-lamps. The quick eye of the old man caught the light on a small bronze button in the lapel of the landlord's coat, and the landlord took in the star and medal on the other's breast, and the two men were friends in an instant, and, no customers being present to interfere, were promptly off on their old campaigns, with chuckles, and hand-shakes, and "you bets," and "Grant fit it out on them lines, shure," and "They could n't fool Uncle Billy."

The tavern-keeper forgot to offer the fly-blown register, which had not secured an autograph in a week, with the spluttering pen out of the tumbler of bird-shot, and the old man forgot his knapsack and his hunger and his rheumatics, until the more important functions of comradeship had been duly performed to their common satisfaction.

Private Obadiah Brown felt refreshed when supper was done. Indeed, he had not been overtired on his arrival, late as the hour was, for he had walked only a few miles since he had mended his last clock.

About the soft-coal fire, which flickered and blazed in the open grate before the bar, a few of the old soldiers thereabouts, with metal buttons on their vests, had chanced in for an evening's lounge, and were ready to give a fraternal greeting to Uncle Obadiah when that ancient veteran should reappear.

The blacksmith, who had been a sergeant in a light battery, by a sort of acknowledged village supremacy was the first to present himself.

"I reckon, comrade," he said, as he put out his great hairy arm, and the two exchanged the regulation grip, "as how you must out-rank us all, countin' by years."

"I'm turned of eighty," said Uncle Obadiah, straightening himself with soldierly pride, and looking across at the old boys, each standing unconsciously at "attention" in front of his arm-chair. "Old enough to be a major-gin-

eral, an' not too old nur too proud to be a high private."

"This here old vet," continued the sergent-blacksmith, giving a hearty whack to the first old farmer's back, "is Comrade Stover of the 81st infantry, an' he 'll give ye all the hand he's got, an' he can drive a pair o' young hosses as well as the next one; an' him with the bow legs," giving Uncle Obadiah a sly poke in the ribs, "is Comrade Hitch of the Fourteenth Cavalry (never run no great resk o' bein' hurt). An' this next one, on crutches, is Comrade Cist from Georgy, as fit on the other side, an' left his leg on Missionary Ridge."

"I'm truly sorry 'bout the leg, comrade," cried Uncle Obadiah, marching over to give an extra-energetic shake to the last man's hand, "an' I've no doubt you did yer duty as you saw it. But, comrades, I had a boy, an' he was the last o' five, jest risen twenty, who went into that fight on Missionary, as bright and chipper as a lark, an' ef he'd 'a' left a leg there I'd 'a' had somethin' to remember him by; but instead he jest disappeared out o' hand, comrades, an' it's him I'm lookin' for. Jest risen twenty,—favors me when I was that old,—light-complected, with blue eyes—powerful chipper, and answers to the name o' Frederick Brown. Have airy one o' you comrades seen or heard of sich a boy goin' by the name o' Frederick Brown?"

The comrades maintained a respectful silence, and the eager look of inquiry which had overspread the old man's face faded into an expression of weariness, and with a deep-drawn sigh he sank into a chair.

"It's all right, comrades; I did n't much think you knew my boy, but if I could once meet up with Uncle Billy, he'd tell me all about him. Uncle Billy knew him well. He hilt his horse one day. No one once seein' my boy could easy forgit him, an' Uncle Billy never forgot a human being as did him a favor. They say he was terrible crusty sometimes, and them under-generals was mortal afeared of him when he was riled, but he always had a smile an' a kind word for the boys. I might 'a' writ him a letter about Frederick, but writin' would n't be like talkin' to Uncle Billy face to face; an', you see, I wanted to see him once more afore I died, an' appeal to him like a father to a father, an' show him that I kep' the old medal faithful." Uncle Obadiah lifted the bronze coin from his breast and gazed fondly on his treasure.

"Uncle Billy did n't just give it to me with his own hands, comrades, but he had a letter writ to the whole army givin' it from him to me. I was young then, comrades,—only fifty-two,—an' when the general's aide pinned it

on my blouse front before the colonel an' the whole regiment,—parade rest,—he gave me another letter, an' ev'ry word of it was writ by Uncle Billy with his own name signed to it: 'William Tecumseh Sherman, Major-General Commanding, to Private Obadiah Brown.' An' I hain't never parted with that letter, comrades, not for a day."

With trembling fingers Uncle Obadiah unbuttoned his tightly fitting, threadbare, military-looking coat, and drew from the breast pocket a formidable package, from which he undid wrapper after wrapper until he came to an official paper, yellow with age. Then he got up and shuffled over to the bar, with all the comrades crowding eagerly about him; and after the boards had been wiped clear of dust and moisture, he spread the precious paper out on its tattered wrappers.

"Uncle Billy did n't write a copy hand, boys," said the old man, gloating over the eager study of the veterans as they spelled out the words. "My Frederick could 'a' give him lessons; but there 'tis, comrades, an' there's his whole name put to it. If he did n't write a copy hand, he could command an army, Uncle Billy could."

The landlord, the blacksmith, Comrade Stover, and Comrade Hitch of the cavalry, every one a veteran of the Army of the Tennessee, and Comrade Cist from Georgia, leaning on his crutches, regarded the yellow paper with as much reverence as if it had been a newly discovered chapter of the sacred Scriptures, and in their eyes Uncle Obadiah was as big a man as a prophet.

Each old soldier who wore the bronze button had something to tell to the praise and glory of his old commander and personal Uncle Billy, and Private Obadiah Brown told them how in '86 he had tramped all the way to St. Louis to see the general and find out the secret of his boy's whereabouts, and how his idol had just sold his Western home and gone to live in a far-off Eastern city; how he had been hoarding his money ever since, what he could save from his earnings and his pension, and how the sum was nearly large enough for the stupendous undertaking of a journey by rail to New York, where he very soon expected to see his Uncle Billy face to face, and to put an end to the mystery; for he had no doubt of the absolute omniscience of his old commander.

"Well, now, Comrade Brown," said Comrade Stover, knocking the ash out of his pipe on the heel of his cowhide boot, "when you git to see old Uncle Billy, you can tell him that when you was out here in Ohio you met up with one of the marchin' Eighty-first, an' that his legs was good as new."

"There was a man here a couple o' year



back," said the landlord, leaning over the bar until his face was inscrutable in the shadow, "what had been on to New York, an' he told me that he seen old Uncle Billy a-settin' in a gold box to the theater with his regimentals on, an' his yaller belt, an' that folks looked at the gold box more 'n they did at the play. An' how, by an' by, the West Point cadets, settin' down below, jumped up an' hurrahd for General Sherman, till the play had to stop whilst Uncle Billy made a speech. He said the general talked to them kids as plain as any old farmer, givin' 'em good advice, his little beads o' eyes twinklin' in his head, an' his hook-nose rangin' over his stubby white mustache an' beard, like a ten-pounder Parrott squintin' over slashed timber."

"Hooray!" piped Uncle Obadiah, brightening up; "they could n't flank Uncle Billy ef they had him shet up in a nest o' gold boxes."

"That's a fact," said the landlord; "ef old Uncle Billy had n't ordered them cadets to keep quiet, the theater would n't 'a' been let out yet."

It was pleasant to see how kindly the old soldiers took to Uncle Obadiah, and how well they agreed with one another, and, in short, what very mild old fellows they were, notwithstanding their youthful exploits.

"It's gittin' rather late," observed the tavern-keeper at last, turning down one of the dingy oil-lamps to emphasize his meaning. "Comrade Brown ain't leavin' us jest yet, havin' a considerable engagement 'long o' the town clock. When he gits that strikin' right ag'in, Hitch an' Cist 'll have to go to bed at nine, or have a fallin' out with the meetin' folks."

So the old comrades quietly filed out into the night, leaving Private Obadiah Brown to get some needed rest before he undertook the job of mending in the belfry. While he was waiting for his host to show him the way to bed, he fell to listening, in a half-conscious way, to the frying of the fat coal in the grate, and to the sound of the rising wind outside as it rattled the wooden shutters against the windows. His chin was settling on his breast for weariness when the stumping sound of a crutch on the platform outside brought him back to himself, and the door was gently pushed open to admit the head of Comrade Cist from Georgia, who said that if he should not see him in the morning he reckoned he would n't forget to show the general that letter.

When Private Obadiah Brown awoke, the sun was shining brightly, and the crazy old town clock was striking two. It had just got on to three bells, an hour later, when Comrade Stover drove by with a wagon-load of wood.

"It's a-callin' to ye," cried Comrade Stover, gaily saluting with the stump of his right

forearm. "'Pears like it's rather short o' breath, Comrade Brown. Putty nigh time ye was gittin' yer invalid hospital set up in the belfry, an' runnin' out the yaller flag—he! he! The ball's open."

The sun was unusually warm for a morning in February, and the ice that had beaten in, in the form of sleet, and had crusted the wooden shield above the works of the old clock, was melting drop by drop and spattering on the belfry floor, where Uncle Obadiah had opened his thin knapsack and spread out his small store of professional tools and cords and wheels. The air as it came in through the blistered green blinds had no power to chill the thinnest blood in the oldest veins. Uncle Obadiah had climbed upon a short ladder, and beaten down a last year's swallow's nest or two, before he put on his "specs" to take a critical look at the works and to plan his campaign. The ropes which held the weights were certainly badly worn, and must be replaced with new ones. It taxed the old man's strength to lift the heavy iron and detach it from the rusty hook. He had just accomplished the separation, and held the weight poised over the opening in the floor cut away for its natural descent between the old beams and braces, when the urchin who had refused to direct him to the village came clambering up the stairs, all out of breath.

"I say, granddadd—now—General Sherman's dead."

Down fell the iron weight, splintering the wood and crashing through the plastering, and making the old stairs rock and shiver as if the belfry itself were tumbling. Uncle Obadiah backed down until his feet rested on the firm boards, and glared through his glasses at the frightened boy.

"You ought to be whipped, you rascal! I'm eighty year—"

"It's true," said the boy. "Si Wilkins, the tavern-keeper, told me to come an' tell ye."

Uncle Obadiah tottered over to the wall, and looked down through the blinds, muttering in his incredulity as he went. There stood Comrade Stover's team alone in the road. A woman at a house door was shading her eyes with her hand and looking out, much as he was. The blacksmith, bareheaded, was running up the path from his shop with a red-hot horseshoe in his pincers.

Uncle Obadiah began to fear the truth, and to feel his way down the rickety belfry stairs.

"No, no!" he muttered to himself; "he was young, an' I'm risin' eighty. Perhaps ye might 'a' heard of a youngster by the name of Frederick Brown. No, no! It ain't true."

The clock-weight had burst its way through lath and wooden ceilings, and as the old man

tottered out upon the sunlit porch, it lay in his path on the shattered planks.

The railway ran through the valley, a mile from the village, but there was no telegraph-operator at the small station. The news had come over from a neighboring town, and come so tardily that there was a rumor of the great military funeral in New York, which should, that very morning, be passing down the long avenue, between the ranks of the uncovered multitude, amidst the tolling of bells and the beating of muffled drums, a flowing stream of funeral dirges. In truth, at the very moment when the clock-weight fell from the hand of Uncle Obadiah, eight sergeants were raising all that remained of his Uncle Billy, draped in the folds of the flag he had loved, to its place aloft on the caisson catafalque. The artillery drivers were in their saddles ready at the word to draw the caisson down the long avenue, as a soldier should take his last ride. The black charger stood behind, and all the city streets for miles were massed with posts of grizzled veterans, and the serried ranks of national troops and sailors from the fleet, and the brilliant regiments of citizen soldiery, and the historic corps of cadets, come to honor the last American general, whom they had long regarded as their military father—the same Uncle Billy whom they had cheered until they were hoarse, in his gold box.

When Uncle Obadiah shuffled out upon the sunlit porch, past the fallen clock-weight, all this was going on five hundred miles away, in the presence of the President of the republic, the judges of the Supreme Court, the senators and generals and representatives of the people, and Uncle Obadiah was as unaware of it all as was Uncle Billy himself.

The blacksmith shut up his shop. Comrade Stover drove his empty wagon home, and returned to the village. Comrade Hitch of the cavalry left his plow in the furrow, and came up to the general rendezvous with his bronze star pinned to his coat. Si Wilkins furnished up his metal button, and bought some yards of black cloth, with a surprising recklessness of cost, to drape the front of his tavern. Comrade Cist from Georgia covered up his leather-seated bench, and hobbled over to the tavern, to find Uncle Obadiah crooning over the fire, with trembling lips and a dazed look in his watery eyes.

"I can't ever show him the letter," muttered Uncle Obadiah when he saw the other, "nor yet the medal, give' from him to me, I've kep' so long. Have any of you comrades heard of a youngster that answers to the name o' Frederick Brown?"

There was no more work for the old comrades that day, and when, later, news came

that the funeral train bearing the remains of their old general was already speeding on its way from the banks of the Hudson to the shores of the Mississippi, flying through the great cities and the smallest villages, and never halting except to exchange one powerful engine for another, and that the way of the swift pageant lay over the line in the valley, they knew that Sherman Post—their post—would come marching over from the county town with all the comrades, and the old flags, and the fifes and drums, and they began making preparations to receive them.

With furled flags and more black cloth they draped the little railway station, and helped Comrade Si Wilkins to provision his tavern for a larger crowd than it had held for many a day.

It was a long line of graybeards that flanked the supper-table, and the lamplight danced on stars and medals and badges and no end of brass buttons. Private Obadiah Brown sat at the head of the board, and, by way of grace, asked if any one of the comrades present had heard of "a youngster answerin' to the name o' Frederick Brown," and ate but little, and had his knapsack fetched from the belfry floor, because he said he should not feel dressed without it.

The funeral train was full three hundred miles away, and it was early-bedtime, despite the silence of the village clock, when ranks were formed in front of the tavern door. Comrade Cist from Georgia, who could n't hope to keep up with the march, and did n't feel sure that he belonged in the column, together with Uncle Obadiah, whose impatience outran that of all the others, had already started on before. The post's new banner was furled and draped in black, but the tattered old battle-flags, in all their homely nakedness, fluttered free beneath their old eagles, showing along the frayed-out stripes at least half the letters of each of the famous battles of the Army of the Tennessee. Away ahead in the darkness Comrade Cist and Uncle Obadiah heard the regular thump, thump of the bass drum, and held up their heads and quickened their pace with the old instinct born of martial habit.

"Jest to think," said Uncle Obadiah, feeling his shuffling way in the darkness, "Uncle Billy is comin' tearin' like them snortin' engines used to come into a captured town, loaded down with commissaries."

"Jest to think," mused Comrade Cist from Georgia, stumping on his crutches.

"An' he was a young man," continued Uncle Obadiah, "an' I'm turned of eighty, an' keepin' good time yet; an' him—did I say eighty?—tut—I'm only fifty, an' Uncle Billy a matter o' forty. Harkee, prisoner, you'll see

a sight when Uncle Billy comes, ridin' in front of his gineral—mighty stiff and plain himself, but miles o' horses an' acres o' gold lace an' plumes behind him. Did they say you fit on t'other side? An' ruther badly hurt, I guess—never you worry, boy; I 'll make it right with Uncle Billy. I 'll tell him how you did yer duty as you saw it, an' he 'll send you back t' hospital."

"I 'm much obleeged," said Comrade Cist from Georgia.

"Halt! Rest!" commanded Uncle Obadiah. "It 's black as cats. What regiment is that a-marchin' by? It does me good to hear the belts an' canteens rattle. They 're his soldiers, prisoner, but they 'll treat you like a prince, because you 're hurt. I wonder if any o' them comrades have heard of a youngster that answers to the name o' Frederick Brown. What matter? Uncle Billy is comin' to tell me all about it—an' I 'm eighty—fifty—how old am I, comrade?"

"I reckon you 're turned of eighty," said Comrade Cist from Georgia.

"It may be," said Uncle Obadiah.

Before the post drew up at the station, a cold, drizzling rain had set in, and the little waiting-room was already filled. The way-trains had passed from east and west, bearing news of what was going on along the line. To the east, the general's old veterans were massing in city and village, in the night and in the storm, baring their heads and dipping their ragged flags to the flying special as it flashed through the darkness; and to the west, when the day should dawn, the school-children, with songs and winter flowers, would reinforce the Grand Army.

The old soldiers built ruddy fires alongside the track, laying ruthless hands on broken fence-rails and discarded railroad ties, and constructed shelters from the rain as promptly as they had ever thrown up ten miles of log and earth breastworks under Uncle Billy's orders; and Private Obadiah Brown—six wounds and one medal—and Comrade Cist from Georgia—two crutches and one leg—were snugly housed in the warmest corner by the first fire.

And so while the silent sergeants were standing guard in the draped funeral car, heavy with the odor of flowers, and the rivers and towns were flowing east under the wheels of the gliding train, the simple veterans, around the smoky fires hissing with raindrops, were singing the old songs, as they waited with throbbing hearts; "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," "John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground," and "We are tenting to-night on the old camp-ground."

As the long night wore on, each one had

some story to tell of the old days; and it was Uncle Billy here and Uncle Billy there—Uncle Billy in his shirt-sleeves on the porch of his log hut, and Uncle Billy at the head of his brilliant staff, surrounded by his generals, and all the roads full of cavalry, and all the air full of music.

Once Uncle Obadiah fell asleep, and awoke with a start, and with the old question on his lips, to find the blacksmith replenishing the fire, and Comrade Stover punctuating his story with the stump of his right arm, and Comrade Cist from Georgia snoring lustily at his side.

"Somethin' might 'a' happened to the road," said Uncle Obadiah; "but he was drefful quick at buildin' bridges an' layin' gaps o' track. Uncle Billy ain't a-travelin' to-night without a construction train ahead." And then, laying his hand on the blacksmith's arm, "Don't let me forget to show him the medal an' the letter writ from him to me. You 're strong an' young, an' you must make me a way through the ginerals. I must have a word with him, comrade, face to face. I 've been a-waitin' thirty year—"

"Uncle Obadiah ain't jest awake yit," observed Comrade Stover.

"He 's gone clean daft, has Comrade Brown," said the blacksmith, dropping the heavy stick he held over the hissing fire, and standing stiff and black against the leaping flames. And then, in a louder tone: "This here is a bad storm, Comrade Brown; have ye made out to keep dry and warm?"

"I 've seen worse," said Uncle Obadiah. "I 've seen worse. There was Kenesaw an' the storm o' Vicksburg. What are we lyin' here for?" cried the old man, starting to his feet. "We 'll have our orders quick enough when Uncle Billy gits here. Have you heard the batteries yet, boys?"

"Never mind the batteries," said the blacksmith, putting out his strong arm to restrain Private Obadiah Brown, who would have gone out into the rain. "The colonel 's got his orders. We 're to lay right here till Uncle Billy comes. Did n't you see the orderly ride by?"

"Yes, I did," said Uncle Obadiah; "I heard his saber jingle, an' the spatter of the water as his horse trotted past. I thought I saw the yellow envelops stuffed underneath his belt."

"So you did," said the blacksmith, as he and Comrade Stover gently forced the old man back to his seat. "We 're to stay right here till Uncle Billy comes. Them 's his orders."

"His orders," muttered Uncle Obadiah, calming down with that assurance. "He won't be far behind his orders. I 'll lay down alongside my prisoner, here, till the doctors come. They can't flank Uncle Billy."

So the old man fell asleep with a childish trust in his great commander; and that he might get the rest his old bones needed, his



comrades talked in lower tones around the fire. Uncle Obadiah was not the only veteran asleep beside the fires, for the vigil had been a long one, and although the rain was falling steadily, there was just a perceptible graying of the darkness which betokened the near approach of day.

HARK! Miles to the east, where the next town lies, they hear the prolonged scream of a locomotive. Promptly the drum beats, but not so fast as the thumping hearts of the old soldiers.

"That 's Uncle Billy coming," breaks from every lip, and then every lip is still.

To the bugle blowing the "assembly," the veterans fall silently in line, dressed on the old flags at the center, the fires burning brightly behind them, and the rain falling steadily upon them. Each man is thinking his own thoughts. In the distance they hear the rolling of the train, but the sound is scarcely louder than the

hissing of the raindrops on the fires, or the tinkling of the bronze stars against the medals.

Now it has turned the wall of the intervening mountain. The great engine pants in furious crescendo. The swelling roar of the monster is like the coming of a great shell. The dazzling headlight glares through the trees. The iron rails, wet and slippery, turn to parallels of glittering gold. As if it were the passing spirit of their great commander, the fierce light flashes along the ranks of his old veterans, gleaming for an instant on bared heads and tearful faces, and gilding once more the fragmentary names of his battles on their ragged standards, and then leaves the old line in redoubled darkness.

And, through it all, there are two beside the fires whom the bugles and the drum-beats fail to waken. Of the two only one can be aroused, and that one Comrade Cist from Georgia.

*William Henry Shelton.*

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### A National Board of Health.

WE spoke in THE CENTURY for December last of the pressing duty that devolved upon the Congress which was beginning its final session at that time, to pass a law establishing a system of national quarantine. Congress spent much time in considering the subject, and finally passed a law which can be regarded only as a step toward such quarantine. The law does not establish full national quarantine in the sense in which its advocates understand it, but it does confer upon the surgeon-general of the marine hospital service powers which are sufficient to enable him, when sustained by the President and the Secretary of the Treasury, to formulate and enforce uniform quarantine regulations throughout the country, and to overrule and supplant with his own agents all local or State quarantine officials who fail to carry out those regulations. This is at best a division of national and State authority, with all the possibilities of conflict and delay which have been found invariably to attend such division.

What Congress ought to have done, and what the people of the country ought to demand without ceasing till the request be granted, is not merely a national quarantine system, but a National Board of Health. Under such a board, quarantine would be merely a branch of the service, rising into primary importance only in exceptional cases, like the outbreak of cholera in Europe. Dr. Prudden, the eminent bacteriologist of Columbia College, shows very impressively, in the article which we publish from him in this number of the magazine, how far we are behind civilization in not having established such a board long ago, and what constant perils menace the public health by our adherence to ignorant and even barbarous methods for excluding and restricting contagious diseases. What he says of the duties which a National Board of Health should have to perform, and of the far-reaching benefits

to the health of the whole people which would follow, leaves no room for discussion. The case amounts to a demonstration. To refuse to do what he shows so clearly we ought as a nation to do without delay, is to throw doubt upon the national intelligence.

There has been at no time any difference of opinion among medical and sanitary experts as to the wisdom of a National Board of Health. Dr. W. H. Welch of Johns Hopkins University, a pupil of Professor Koch, and by universal consent the highest authority on bacteriology and infectious diseases in this country, said in September last: "I believe there should be a National Board of Health, something like that we had in 1878. There should be uniform quarantine laws for the whole country, and there should be uniform sanitary conditions. This is the system of England. While I am not ready absolutely to indorse the English system, I must say that the results have been excellent and satisfactory." Dr. E. O. Shakespeare of Philadelphia, a very high authority on quarantine matters, who has investigated European quarantines as official agent for our Government, said, about the same time, that he had always advocated national quarantine, believing that the "protection of the public health is a matter that interests not merely a narrow belt of sea-coast, but seriously concerns the whole of the vast territory between our shores." In December last, the Chamber of Commerce of New York, after receiving a special report which seven eminent physicians and specialists, including Dr. Prudden, Dr. Richard H. Derby, Dr. E. G. Janeway, and Dr. A. Jacobi, had made upon the conduct of the New York quarantine during the cholera cases of the preceding September, passed unanimously a series of resolutions in which it was declared that the "recent quarantine experience points with singular emphasis to the importance of national quarantine"; that since the Federal government is an indispensable factor in every quarantine crisis, it is only by giving

complete control to that Government that conflicts of authority can be avoided; and that the "Federal Government in every crisis, through the various arms of the public service, is able to command an amount of expert coöperation entirely beyond the reach of a State department."

It would be easy to multiply evidence in this direction, but it is not necessary, since there is nothing to be cited in opposition save the worthless opinions of those persons whom Dr. Prudden calls the "flotsam and jetsam of the political ocean, from which too often strange, uncouth things are stranded in offices where misfeasance means death to some, disease to many."

Concerning the construction of the National Board proposed there is a difference of opinion only as to details. All authorities agree that it should be composed of trained sanitarians who should be appointed by the President, should have a chief, and should include in their number the surgeon-generals of the marine hospital service, the army, and the navy.

One excellent suggestion, offered by an eminent and experienced sanitarian of New York city, is that the board be made up as follows: First, a chief appointed by the President, who should be paid a large salary and should reside in Washington; next, the three surgeon-generals of the army, navy, and marine hospital service; then, one sanitarian of established reputation from each of the following sections of the country: the yellow-fever district of Louisiana; the quarantine district of the East; the far West of California and the Pacific coast; the Northwest,—say Chicago,—because of its relationship to Canada; and the middle district of the country—say Kentucky or a neighboring State. Each of these also should receive a good salary. This would make a board of nine members, who would represent the interests of the whole country, and would give all sections the benefit of their combined sanitary knowledge and experience. This board should be given full legislative, judicial, and executive powers, such as are exercised by the Board of Health of New York city. It should devise measures, decide upon the method of their execution, and administer them without interference from any quarter. It might constitute as its executive committee the chief and the three surgeon-generals, who should be made the administrative force of the bureau. This would put the duty of executing the rules and regulations of the bureau into the hands of the only officials we have in this country who are especially fitted for the work; that is, officials who are permanent, who have no private interests, who are removed absolutely from all outside influence of any kind, political or other, who are trained in the work of discipline and organization, and who are accustomed to look to no other end than efficient service. The executive committee and the chief could really conduct the department, the other members of the board coming together on summons whenever their presence was necessary.

This plan seems to us well considered, though of course it is possible to improve upon it. The main thing is to get the National Board and to have it begin at the earliest possible moment the work which Dr. Prudden outlines as its sphere of usefulness. Of course the establishment of a National Board must be accompanied by the abolition of all State and local quarantines, but not of the State and local boards of health.

No political influence should be permitted to delay one moment the work of such a reform. It goes without saying that the question of the health and well-being of the whole country is of too great importance to allow the selfish greed of politicians or of political organizations to stand in its way. That any set of politicians should oppose such a necessary measure is an illustration of the spoils system which ought to startle the community.

#### Has Gold Appreciated in Value?

WE are in receipt of a letter from a reader in Norfolk, Virginia, asking the following questions:

By what authority, or for what reason, do you assume that gold remains stationary, or nearly so, in its intrinsic value, and in comparison therewith silver has fallen to an intrinsic value of 66 cents, as stated in your January number?

May it not be possible that, in comparison with some unchangeable standard (if such a thing were possible), gold has in reality, because of its scarcity, because of its demand in the arts, because of its increasing use as money from the adoption of a gold standard by nations heretofore using both silver and gold, risen above such standard, and that silver has, because of its demonetization and because of its increased production and decrease of cost, fallen below such standard?

Our correspondent asks several other questions, but they are all based upon the supposition that gold has appreciated in value because of the alleged scarcity of that metal; and the answer which we shall make to the two quoted will cover all of them.

The only way in which we can reach a decision on the question of the stability in value of gold is to institute an examination of the prices of various commodities in relation to gold. Coincident with the first movement for the demonetization of silver there began, curiously enough, a remarkable decline in the prices of the great commodities which the world buys and sells at wholesale. This decline had begun to manifest itself in the years antecedent to 1873, and has continued down to the present time. The highest economical authorities are agreed that the prices of 1885 and 1886, as compared with those from 1866 to 1876, show a decline of about 31 per cent., and that the average decline since 1886 has been at least 5 per cent. additional. Cotton, wheat, corn, leather, and pig-iron have touched during the past year the lowest prices known in history. The contention of most economists who have studied this remarkable decline is that it has been due to great improvements in methods of production and distribution, which have brought about great reductions in cost.

Within the two decades between 1873 and 1893 have been made all the great improvements in railway locomotion and construction, and in steamship navigation, which have greatly extended and greatly cheapened transportation. One of the chief effects of this improved modern system of transportation has been to compel a world-wide uniformity of prices for all commodities that are essential to life, and to put an end to local or merely national markets; for now every country is able to draw on the supplies of the whole world, and to get them at the prices set in the markets of the world. Thus the price of a bushel of wheat is not regulated by the size of the crop in a single country, but by the size of the aggregated crops of all countries. A scarcity in one country is offset by an abundance in another, and cheapness and speed of

transportation bring the total supply within the reach of all buyers. The reduction in railway freights during the period referred to has been very great, falling from two cents and more a mile in 1869 and 1870 to little more than half a cent a mile in 1893.

If the appreciation of gold had been the cause of this decline in prices, it ought to have affected all prices. This has not been the case. There has been no common ratio of decline. Some prices have fallen, but others have risen. Among the latter are those of labor, which is bought and sold more than anything else on the face of the globe. The prices of labor, of all the large class of products or services which are exclusively or largely the result of handicrafts, have greatly advanced. A given amount of gold does not buy more but less of domestic service and of manual and professional labor generally now than it did formerly. It buys no more of horses and other domestic animals, of cigars, of hand-woven lace, of cut glass, of pictures, of diamonds, or of malt liquors; and it pays no more of house rents, which depend largely upon the price of land. Retail prices generally have not fallen in proportion to the decline of wholesale prices. If there had been an appreciation of gold, due to a scarcity, all these prices ought to have shown a decline in common with others. Then, too, the decline should have been common in all countries, which is not the case, careful comparisons of price movements in different countries showing that the average fall in France and Germany has been less than in Great Britain, and greater in the United States than in any other country. In summing up the evidence on this point, which he gives with great fullness, Mr. David A. Wells, in his "Recent Economic Changes," to which we refer our correspondent and all others in search of exact information on the subject, says (pp. 204, 205):

It would seem, in the first place, that if the scarcity influence of gold on prices had originated and operated as the advocates of the theory claim, such influence would have been as all-pervasive, synchronous, irresistible, and constant as the influence of gravitation; and that something of correspondence, as respects time and degree, in the resulting price movement of commodities would have been recognized. But no such correspondence has been or can be established. On the contrary, the movement of prices since 1873, although generally downward, has been exceedingly irregular,—declining till 1878–79, then rising until 1882–83; then again declining to an almost unprecedented low average in 1886; and in the year 1887 exhibiting, in respect to some commodities, a slight upward tendency, which in 1888–89 was even more pronounced. It might also have been expected that the influence of the scarcity of gold would have especially manifested itself at or shortly subsequent to the time (1873–74) when Germany, having demonetized silver, was absorbing gold, and France and the Latin Union were suspending the coinage of silver. But the years from 1875 to 1879, inclusive, taking the English market as the criterion, were characterized generally by an excessive supply of money and currency of all kinds; and the same has been true of the period from 1880 to 1886–87, when, if the supply of money from gold was constantly diminishing, contrary results would seem to have been inevitable.

As to the supply of gold in the world, it is not to be denied that the annual product has diminished largely during recent years. But while the annual product has diminished, the supply of gold is greater to-day than ever before. Statistics show that the monetary stock of gold and gold reserve in the treasuries and banks of the civilized world has shown an increase for every

decade since 1850, being at the end of 1885 nearly four times what it was in 1850, so that instead of there being a reduced supply as compared with former times, there is a greatly increased supply. It should be borne in mind always, in considering the supply and annual product of both gold and silver, that these metals are not like other commodities of which the greater part of the annual production is annually consumed. They are not consumed, but merely used, and the only consumption involved comes from loss and wear, which is comparatively trifling. They do their work over and over again, year after year, for decades and even centuries, and the supply is steadily growing with time. Then, too, the increased facilities for doing business, by which the trade of the world is carried on by credit and capital, have reduced greatly the amount of gold required in commercial transactions. "Never before in the history of the world," says Mr. Wells, "have there been so many and such successful devices for economizing the use of money." Says another authority, Nathaniel Cork: "A merchant may not hold ten sovereigns, but he may have capital and credit for ten millions." The "tendency of the age," says still another authority, Doctor Soetbeer, "is to use continually less and less coin in the transaction of business; and so far from there being any scarcity of gold, there never was a period in the world's commercial history when the existing quantity was so large as at present, in proportion to the necessity for its use or for the purposes it has to serve."

#### The Disappearance of the Apprentice System.

IN considering the question whether or not American boys shall be admitted to a share in American skilled labor,—outlined in the preceding number of *THE CENTURY*,—a statement at the outset of the present condition of the apprentice system is essential to a correct understanding of the case. That the system has ceased to exist in its original form, all authorities agree. Boys are no longer apprenticed as formerly to a master who takes them into his family and teaches them a trade in all its branches. In the old days the master was responsible, legally and morally, for his apprentice's advancement, worked beside him in the shop, and saw to it that he acquired full and accurate knowledge of his craft. The introduction of machinery and the subdivision of labor have been working together for years to make intimate supervision and instruction of this kind impossible. The master mechanic, instead of presiding over a small shop, and being a master of all branches of his trade, has become, in many instances, the master of merely a single branch of his trade. But whether master of whole or of part, he does not work with his men, and can give no personal attention to an apprentice. It has come about, therefore, that boys are hired to do the menial work of the shops, to sweep and clean, run upon errands; and, as part payment for this work, they are permitted to pick up only as much knowledge of the trade as the good nature of the foremen and journeymen will permit. Of system and thoroughness in the knowledge thus picked up there is none. From the menial nature of the employment, self-respecting boys regard it as degrading, and consequently refuse to enter upon it.

In addition to these obstacles, which are the natural



outgrowths of human progress, there is to be taken into account the antagonism of the trade-unions. These have been charged with far greater responsibility in the premises than belongs to them. They have helped to abolish the apprentice system, but it would have disappeared without their opposition, though not so soon. Their antagonism is based upon the belief that "if they did not limit the number of boys at trades, in a very short time they would be compelled to work for lower wages, if not forced into partial and possibly complete idleness." This statement of their belief is quoted from a very friendly authority, the former Labor Commissioner of the State of New York, Charles F. Peck, who, in his report for 1886, devotes much space to a discussion of the apprentice system, based upon a series of questions which he propounded to sixty-five selected labor-unions. These answers showed that the policy of the unions was practically one of exclusion, that their rules about apprentices were so drawn as to make it impossible for more than an insignificant number of boys to learn a trade each year, and that those who were permitted to learn received as little instruction as possible.

Mr. Peck's report on this subject is in fact one of the most valuable publications of the kind ever made, for he collected his information direct from the trade-unions, and collected it also as their friend. His comments are very valuable, therefore, because they give the trade-union side of the question, and cannot be charged with unfairness toward that side. He says, in summing up the answers that he received from the unions: "If the determination to close a trade against newcomers were exceptional, and limited to one or two trades, it would be unimportant, and would only be used as a case of unfraternal spirit or jealous self-interest. But the sentiment runs through all trades. In one trade, I believe,—steam-fitters,—each journeyman has a helper, because one man cannot do the heavy work, and the employer will not pay two men full wages. In other trades the returns show rules for one apprentice to three, four, five, sometimes as high as ten, men, with a narrower limitation for the whole shop. It is said that the employer in a few trades cannot put his own son or nephew to the bench or the vise except as a favor and concession."

What Mr. Peck has shown of New York is true of other States. Upon this point all authorities agree. President John D. Runkle of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who has given a great deal of attention to the subject, says: "There is common testimony to the fact of the decay of apprenticeship." Edward Atkinson, an equally trustworthy authority, says: "We are training no American craftsmen, and unless we devise better methods than the old and now obsolete apprentice system, much of the perfection of our almost automatic mechanism will have been achieved at the cost not only of the manual, but also of the mental, development of our men." In all sections of the country, and in all trades, very few apprentices are allowed, and those that are allowed are taught as little as possible. The hostility of the unions to them is well nigh general. The legislatures of the various States are continually amending the apprentice laws, with the hope of making them more effective; but wherever these laws come in contact with the rules of the unions, they are of no practical effect. In fact, all our apprentice laws

are little more than dead-letter statutes. Mr. Peck says of his investigations on this point that "it was discovered that the apprentice law was practically a dead letter," and that the unions "kept up a quasi form of apprenticeship in an irregular and illegal manner" only in order to "control their special trades." An extreme example of the way in which this is done was furnished by the agreements which the Journeymen Plasterers' Union of New York city induced the employers to sign in 1890 and 1892. By the first agreement, signed in 1890, it was stipulated that no one was to be taught the plastering trade in the city for two years. This agreement was kept, and at the end of two years another was signed by which it was stipulated that no one should be admitted to the plastering trade who had not served an apprenticeship of five years. When these agreements were signed, plastering, like most of the building trades, was largely in the hands of foreign-born workmen. The effect of the two agreements, which are still in force, has been to exclude native-born Americans from a good trade for seven years. At the same time, foreign workmen who may not have worked at the trade over six months before coming here are admitted as journeymen. The effect of these agreements is to keep the trade entirely in the hands of foreigners.

As we have said, this is an exceptional case, but it differs only in degree from many others. In all the trades Americans are discriminated against as much as possible, and similar results to those accomplished in the plastering trade are reached by more mildly worded but no less effective rules. Thus, when an employer is allowed two apprentices, and the apprentice is required to serve four years, the employer can graduate only one journeyman every other year. The number of employers in any one trade is not large, and such restrictions amount virtually to an exclusion of American young men from the trades. At the sixth annual convention of the Pennsylvania Association of Master House-Painters and Decorators, held at Scranton in January last, one of the delegates read a paper on the apprentice system as observed in his trade, in which he said that after a personal investigation among "at least six hundred master painters and decorators of Philadelphia and vicinity," he had discovered that not an average of one in fifteen had a single apprentice in his business, and that "the larger the workshop or establishment, the greater seemed the abhorrence with reference to the employment of boys to learn the trade, many of the masters going so far as to say, and with an evident spirit of pride, that in all their experience as masters, extending from fifteen to thirty-five years, and employing from fifteen to fifty, and as high as eighty, workmen, they had never bothered their brains teaching a boy the business."

Evidence on this branch of the subject could be multiplied indefinitely, did space permit. We have quoted sufficient to show that the old apprenticeship system has passed away, and that no system of trade instruction has been permitted to take its place inside the trades themselves. We have also shown that one of the reasons for this, though not the chief one, is the hostility of the foreign-born workmen, who control the trades, to workmen of American birth. The nature and extent of this hostility will form the subject of our next article in this series.

## OPEN LETTERS.

### Women's Work and Wages.

THE act of the school board of St. Paul, Minnesota, in 1892, declaring that henceforth the same wages should be paid to teachers of both sexes in the public schools of that city, attracted much attention. I believe that it is the first experiment of the kind made in this country. It is certainly the first case in which a city has taken this step, though it may be that in this country, as in England, the same equalizing of pay has been put in operation in private or endowed schools, and in other isolated cases.

The question of why women receive less wages than men in the same employments has been exciting a great deal of attention of late, and is evidently destined to excite even more as time goes on. An interesting contribution to the discussion was made in "The Forum" some months ago by Mr. Carroll D. Wright, who cited many valuable statistics bearing upon it. He showed from the census returns for Massachusetts that there are now few lines of remunerative employment which are not open to women; that in domestic service she dominates the field; that in the trades she divides the field with the men in the proportion of nearly 1 to 2; and that in professional life "there is hardly a single field where we do not find her occupied, whether we turn to religion, medicine, literature, art, music, the drama, education, or science." As for wages, she is advancing in remuneration all along the line. Singers, artists, and other professional women are, in Mr. Wright's opinion, paid as well as men, or if not, "their compensation does not excite the sympathy or interest of the public."

In clerical work women are steadily occupying more of the field, and in some instances are receiving the same pay that men receive for like work. In the departments at Washington there is no distinction as to sex in the payment for clerkships. The women do not as a rule secure such high clerkships as the men, but for those which they obtain they receive equal pay with the men. In employments of lower grades, like typewriting, telegraphing, telephone-operating, bookkeeping, and the like, women are coming more and more to possess the field, and to regulate the price of their own labor by the law of supply and demand, while the men are leaving it for other and better-paying fields. In factory labor Mr. Wright showed by statistics that the wages of men and women are becoming equalized, and that, in the higher grades of work, requiring the most skill, the men and women are receiving about the same pay for the same work.

Mr. Wright gave several reasons why in most occupations women receive less wages than men, and why, in his opinion, they will continue to receive them in spite of social or economic or legislative considerations. In brief, these are, that woman is an entirely new economic factor in the industrial system; that she occupies a lower standard both in physical features and in mental demands; that she has an insufficient equip-

ment for life-work, due largely to matrimonial hopes; that she lacks the influence which comes from combination and association; and finally, that the entrance of women to the industrial field has created a supply out of proportion to the demand.

This idea that women could raise their wages by the aid of trade-unions has been advocated with much force and plausibility in England by Mr. Sidney Webb, but it has failed to meet the approval of one of the most zealous friends of women's work and condition, and one of the clearest economic writers of the day, Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett, who maintained, in an article in "The Economic Journal," that the cardinal fact regulating wages is the productiveness of the most productive kind of labor within the reach of each individual laborer. A man laborer of any grade has to be paid as much as he could earn in other employments that he would be able to take up. Because he has a wider training than a woman has, he has more of such employments to look to, and can, consequently, demand higher pay. "What women most want," said Mrs. Fawcett, "is more training, to enable them to pursue more skilled handicrafts, and a larger number of professional occupations."

On the question of equal compensation for school-teachers of both sexes, Mrs. Fawcett had some interesting facts to contribute. She said she had "always regarded it as an error, both in principle and in tactics, to advise women under all circumstances to demand the same wages for the same work as men," adding:

The London School Board pays its women teachers less than its men teachers, but the number of women applying for the posts is considerably in excess of the number required; whereas it is, I am told, difficult to get men enough to fill the vacancies for male teachers. The cry, "The same wages for the same work," is very plausible, but it is proved to be impossible of achievement when the economic conditions of the two sexes are so widely different.

Mrs. Fawcett gave an instance of the way in which the equal-pay experiment worked in an English school, which I trust will not prove to be a precedent for the St. Paul experiment. The governors of an endowed school in Hertfordshire started with the good intention of giving the same wages for the same work to all their teachers, whether men or women.

The result was that the women, attracted by the to them exceptionally favorable terms, were exceptionally well qualified for the work, while the men were mere average specimens of their profession. The equality was, therefore, only nominal; the same money bought a better article in the female labor market than it did in the male labor market.

This would have been a satisfactory outcome had it been true that women could in all cases do the work of men in the conduct of the school. The fact that women cannot in many cases do the work of men, even if mentally qualified for it, is too often overlooked in the consideration of the problem. So long as the supply of men for certain work is less than the supply

of women for the same work, the latter will have to be content with less wages than the former in all cases in which the work cannot be done entirely by women. \*

B.

#### Wanted—Specialists in Church Music.

I HAVE frequently been appealed to by churches for help in securing a competent and sympathetic manager for their music. What is wanted was thus expressed in one case:

Our church is hardly satisfied with our present music, more particularly as to its results in developing music in the congregation and among our young people. Can you direct our attention to an organist who is an earnest Christian and a good leader, who would take an interest in training the young voices in our Sunday-school, and in keeping the church music thoroughly in sympathy with the remainder of the service, and helpful to the worship of the congregation? To the right man we can offer an opportunity to do some good work, and reasonably good pay for it. The times are ripe for the man.

Many such expressions have come to me in letters and conversations. They all look the same way: Wanted—a Christian musician, trained, tactful, enthusiastic, bent upon stimulating and guiding the musical life of a parish so that it will contribute directly and powerfully to the prime objects of church life. A leading Western pastor says, "The need is great, and I imagine the demand will before long be strenuous."

Something should be done in the matter. We have seminaries for training pastors, schools for training lay teachers and helpers of various kinds, and numerous temporary classes and assemblies for studying all sorts of Christian work. But what about this uniquely effective arm of parish organization—the music? The problem is beset by undeniable difficulties—difficulties in the attitude of churches to their music, in the attitude of musical students not only to church music, but to Christian work in general, and in some of the practical details involved in any proposed solution. The following suggestions are feasible:

There is a noble opening for a school exclusively devoted to training *church musicians*. The conditions of admission should be simply genuine Christian enthusiasm, a declared intention to serve the musical needs of the churches, and reasonable musical aptitude. Courses should be provided for both organists and singers, but all should have minute discipline as leaders and teachers. The subjects taught should be (1) church music—theory and history—as a branch of Christian work; (2) sight-reading, as a stimulus to true musical sensitiveness, as an introduction to singing, and as a subject for popular instruction; (3) voice-building, with reference to both speaking and singing; (4) choral singing, as the central department of all music, especially of sacred music, to be extended to oratorio work, if possible; (5) harmony, for the organist an indispensable tool, for the singer a constant guide, and for all the key to the inner mysteries of musical construction; (6) analysis and criticism, both as an artistic discipline and for popular exposition; (7) organ-playing and solo-singing as specialties in church work. To these might be added several courses for more extended technical information and equipment.

The entire management should be in Christian hands. The aim should be immediate practical utility rather than artistic achievement. Instruction for those who do

not mean to be primarily church musicians should be left entirely to other schools. Courses should be so arranged as to permit students to accomplish much in a short time. Certificates should be granted for demonstrated attainments. To establish confidence and preclude misuse, the enterprise should be connected with some recognized institution, preferably a theological seminary, though sectarianism should be avoided.

That there is nothing like this now provided is, I think, a fact. Some of the teaching of what is called "church music" is only a menace to true devotional art. A different ideal, and a more radical specialization, are imperative for permanent success. Much might be added, if space permitted, to justify and fill out the outline of effort here suggested.

HARTFORD THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY. *Waldo S. Pratt.*

#### The Australian Registry of Land Titles.

A REPLY TO MR. EDWARD ATKINSON'S ARTICLE IN THE CENTURY FOR FEBRUARY, 1892, BY THE DEAN OF THE LAW SCHOOL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND PROFESSOR OF THE LAW OF REAL ESTATE AND CONVEYANCING.

THE objections to the adoption in the United States of the Australian registry of land titles are two:

(1) The Constitution of the United States forbids the United States, or any State, to deprive any person of property without due process of law; that is, without a course of legal proceedings including the establishment of a competent tribunal, the service of process requiring the appearance of all parties whose rights may be affected by the judgment in the particular cause, and an opportunity to such parties of a hearing before judgment. No indefeasible title could result in the United States from a public registry upon the Australian plan, for the title of an adverse claimant could not be concluded until the statutory period of limitation had barred his claim.

(2) The operation of the system would require the appointment of a large number of government employees, and it would compel the Government, national, State, or municipal, as the case might be, to engage in a business—that of insuring titles—which can be better and less expensively done by non-official agencies.

Registry laws requiring the recording in public offices of conveyances of, and liens and encumbrances upon, land have been in force in this country from the earliest colonial days. Any one who is familiar with the expense, delay, and danger of English conveyancing, and with the comparative inexpensiveness, speed, and safety of American conveyancing, will see the advantages of the American system, which practically compels the recording of all dealings with land *inter vivos* by postponing the unrecorded deed or lien to that which has been recorded, and which yet protects an unrecorded title against all parties having actual notice.

But the system is not perfect, because it does not cover devises or descents of land, and because there are dangers of false personation in acknowledgments, and of forgery, and because land is not as readily transferable as a ship or a share of corporate stock. The recording system should be amended in the following respects:

(1) All conveyances of, and encumbrances upon, land within each county of a State should be registered in the same public office.



(2) At the death of the owner, all land should vest in a realty representative, whose recorded conveyance should alone vest title in the devise or heir.

(3) The statutory period of limitation should be reduced to a short period,—say seven years,—and there should be no exceptions for coverture, lunacy, or infancy.

(4) Deeds should be acknowledged only before a limited class of public officers, and real, not nominal, proof of the identity of the grantors should be required.

(5) The original conveyance should be filed of record and remain in the public office. Upon filing a conveyance, or registering an encumbrance, the party filing the same should receive a certified duplicate of the paper filed (Hon. Thomas M. Cooley's paper on the "Recording Laws of the United States"; "Vol. IV., Reports of the American Bar Association," p. 199). But such certified copies should not be admissible in evidence in legal proceedings as primary proof, but only as secondary proof; *i. e.*, only upon proof of loss of the original paper.

(6) Short and compulsory statutory forms of conveyance and mortgage should be provided, naming the grantor and grantee, describing the land, and setting forth the estate or interest therein conveyed or encumbered, the consideration, the manner of its payment, and brief trusts and covenants, if necessary.

C. Stuart Patterson.

#### REJOINDER.

IN rejoinder to Professor Patterson's exceptions to the adoption of the Australian System of Registering Land Titles in this country, I beg to submit the following extract from the message of Governor William E. Russell to the Massachusetts legislature (House Document, No. 94, A. D. 1891). The governor says:

Under the Torrens System an official examination of title is substituted for an unofficial one, and the result when once sufficiently ascertained is given conclusive effect in favor of the owner, and his title is made perfect against all the world. In effect, under the Torrens System the State provides a proper court in which any one can have his rights in relation to a piece of land declared and established, not only as against particular persons who may have an adverse interest upon special notice to them, but also as against everybody. The principle of basing decrees upon general notice to all persons interested already prevails in our probate law. Laws providing for the removal of clouds upon title to land after general notice to all unknown defendants exist in many States of the Union, and the validity of decrees made under such laws has been established by decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States.

I should not myself attempt to pass upon questions of law in this matter. I have dealt with the subject purely from the economic standpoint; but as the matter has been made the subject of very close investigation by the governor, himself an able member of the bar, and by the most acute and skilful conveyancers in Massachusetts, I assumed that any technical or constitutional objections might be met.

In respect to other objections taken by Professor Patterson, I beg to submit that they may resemble the hypothetical objections which may always be raised in respect to any very considerable change either in the methods of legislation or in methods of business which

have run in a customary rut for a very long period. Suffice it that in this matter the long experience of the Australian colonies, coupled with the more recent experience of British Columbia, gives the conclusive answer. *The system works, and the hypothetical objections which have been raised to its adoption have not been sustained.*

The business of insuring the title by the State does not prove to be costly; in fact, the fund has seldom been drawn upon in any colony, and never in some of the colonies. Moreover, it is not such an integral part of the system that the system must stand or fall by it.

Edward Atkinson.

#### American Artists Series.

CHARLES SPRAGUE PEARCE. (SEE PAGE 275.)

IN the list of American painters who have made their mark in the art world, who, in the French phrase, are *arrivés*, there are few more distinguished than Charles Sprague Pearce. Like Alexander Harrison, Ridgway Knight, and many others, he is ours only by the fact that he was born among us, a condition in which he and the others named have the advantage of the most brilliant of them all, Sargent, who is of foreign birth, though of American parentage.

Mr. Pearce was born in Boston in 1851, and Europe has been his home since he was fifteen years of age—naturally enough, if his bent was toward art; for what had his native country to give him? The National Academy of Design has done its work faithfully, according to its light; but even its most ardent friend would hardly say that it has kept abreast of the times. Opportunities for genuine art study in the United States were almost *nil* until the last fifteen years, and even now, when art schools are multiplied to an almost alarming extent, the status of the American artist is not settled. He seems to occupy a place "a little lower than the angels," the angels being the imported works—no matter if they are "pot-boilers"—of distinguished foreigners.

A fair illustration of this is the collection of the Metropolitan Museum, in which the works of native artists, unless they have the seal of French or German approval, are hardly to be found. As has lately been said: "Should a foreigner arrive here, and want to know what American artists have done, he would naturally go to the Metropolitan Museum. Judge his surprise when all he would find there would be the works of foreigners, and the works of Americans better known abroad than in their native land."

Mr. Pearce is without doubt the peer of the large concourse of modern artists, great as these are great, and only in this degree. He is fashionably correct. His composition and drawing are excellent, his color is up to the standard—the standard of a year or two ago. To appropriate French phraseology once more, his pictures are in a "*jolie note grise*"; that is, agreeably gray.

Mr. Pearce was a pupil of Léon Bonnat, and later spent much time in Algiers sketching and painting from nature. He received honorable mention in the Paris Salon when thirty years of age, and a medal of the third class two years later.

W. Lewis Fraser.

## IN LIGHTER VEIN.

### Blown About.

HE was an infidel, it's true,  
But now he's veered about;  
He was so skeptical he grew,  
In time, to doubt his doubt!

*Harry Romaine.*

### Polite to Strangers.

MRS. KIRBY was a woman not easily embarrassed or discomposed. She had lived for many years in a small Vermont town, where her opinion was greatly respected.

One fall, after the house-cleaning was finished, and the usual preparations for winter were completed, Mrs. Kirby decided to visit a sister in Philadelphia. It was the first journey of any length she had ever made, and her preparations occupied much time and thought.

"I had a real good time," she said to her daughter after her return. "Your aunt Ellen was tickled to death to see me, an' she's well situated to have company. She has water right in her sink, an' a girl to do most of the heavy work, an' a boy to sort of chore round, so 't I did n't feel I was puttin' her to any extra work, or takin' up the time she needed fer house-work.

"We went consid'abul; rode on the street-cars whenever we felt like it; an' I begun to feel as if I had n't a thing to do except enjoy myself. I dunno as I ought to speak 'bout it, but there's one thing that I think your aunt Ellen's a little careless 'bout. I hate to say it, but it did seem to me she was gettin' in the habit of drinkin'.

"I did n't feel to say much 'bout it to her, because I see that most of her neighbors an' women who lived there was jest the same. 'Bout every time we went to the stores or anywhere, Ellen would say that she must stop somewhere an' have a glass of soda or vichy, or some of these fixed-up drinks.

"I used to watch her careful, but 't never seemed to have any effect on her. She 'd 'most always ask me to have some, but I did n't encourage her by drinkin' with her. She said they was healthy, an' maybe they be, but it's a habit I don't approve of. We all know where it leads to.

"The people was all dreadful pleasant. I never see the beat of 'em fer politeness. The conductors on the horse-cars always called me 'lady.' 'Here 's your street, lady,' they 'd say. I felt some set up 'bout that fer a spell, till Ellen said they said it to everybody. An' the waiters in the restaurants, they was certainly the best-mannered men I ever saw—an' a fine-lookin' men too.

"Your aunt an' I went in to what they call a lunch-room one day, an' the waiter would n't even let us pass our plates; he jest flew right round, lookin' as smilin' as though he was enjoyin' himself at a great rate.

"We got through, an' got up to go out, an' as we walked along he came right up front of me, an', bowin' as polite as you please, held out his hand.

"Now I don't ever want to hurt nobody's feelin's, an' when I see the man expected me to shake hands with him, I did n't draw back; I reached my hand right out, an' said, 'Good day,' jest as polite as I would hev to the minister.

"'Beg pardon, lady; you've forgot the napkin,' says he. I did n't know then but what they give their customers a napkin the first meal, so 's to encourage 'em to come again; but says I, 'Oh, I don't want the napkin.' But he kept kind o' followin' along, an' your aunt Ellen, who stopped to pay fer our dinner, got along then, an' says she, 'Melissa, you're takin' off the napkin,' an', sure 'nough, there I was a-paradin' out with that napkin tucked under my chin.

"I give it to the man, an' he seemed dreadful glad to get it. I s'pose he thought I was a shoplifter an' he 'd have to lose it.

"But he was very polite, bowed jest the same, an' that was the way with everybody; they seemed to know I was a stranger, an' wanted me to hev a pleasant visit an' go home pleased with the town.

"An' I did. I hed as good a time as anybody could hev away from home. I spent consid'abul, but I don't begrudge it. I always meant to travel an' see what there was to be seen; an' I hev now, an' I can be more contented to stay where I be."

*Alice Turner.*

### The Delsarte Girl.

OH, the Delsarte girl,  
Who goes with a whirl,  
And objects to your way of walking;  
Who knows how to sit,  
And whose clothes don't fit,  
And who owns a receipt for talking.

You must move in curves;  
If your spine just swerves  
One inch from the proper angle,  
You ought to take a "course,"  
Lest you go, perforce,  
With your joints and chords in a tangle.

Your torso must be plumb,  
You must n't use your thumb  
To express one kind of dejection.  
You must n't even wink  
Before you stop to think,  
Nor go up-stairs without due reflection.

*Alice E. Ives.*

### Circumstance.

SOME believe in man's free will,  
And some, original sin.  
Jack was killed at Centreville,  
And Ned was hanged at Lynn;  
And I—but how is not quite clear—  
Escape the snares of time,  
Live on, and in my fortieth year  
Record the thing in rhyme.

*Matthew Blake.*



## A Portrait in Distemper.

As if the sun had kissed and fled,  
 So were her cheeks embrowned:  
 A little dot of dainty red  
 Inside a russet round,  
 Like rose-leaves that are all but dead,  
 With slender sereness bound.

A hat, thereto, of plaited hay,  
 Which shaded half her face,  
 Whence fell the curls of hair away  
 Down to her collar's lace—  
 They trembled if she talked, or lay  
 In loops of yellow grace.

A kerchief laid about her breast  
 Unto her breathing rose,  
 And midway was a little nest  
 For beauty to repose;  
 But laughter made more manifest  
 The sweets therein adoze.

Ah me, I've tuned a tender flute  
 By all her garden ways:  
 Apollo, playing ripe the fruit,  
 I vow no sweeter plays;  
 And yet she'll never hear my suit—  
 Young Midas better pays!

Blow, breeze, about her ringlet curls  
 And twist them in a knot,  
 And puff her skirts with blust'ry whirls,  
 And, sun, shine over-hot;  
 Hang in her eyes a pair of pearls,  
 Night, for she loves me not!

*Harrison S. Morris.*

## A Prairie Heroine.

SHE were sech a white 'n' soft 'n' fluffy  
 Little thing, so kind of shy 'n' skeary,  
 Thet when she settled down into our stuffy  
 Old school-house to teach the kids last spring,  
 I could n' liken her to any other thing,  
 Only jest to one of them ther' leary  
 Little week-old chickens. Hed n' no sand.  
 Very fust day clim' on the dest 'n' hollered  
 Like a pup ki-ote, 'cause a jerby mouse  
 Come a-gallivantin' round about the house,  
 'N' fainted dead away when a flannel-collared  
 Blow-snake poked his head up through a crack  
 In the shaky floor, 'n' could n' wriggle back.  
 So when ther' rolled a flood of prairie fire  
 Thet teched high-water mark, 'n' swellin' higher,  
 Washed through the bloom in' plain a dreary, black  
 Death-'n' destruction-littered racin'-track,—  
 'Thout warnin' caught the school-house in its hand,  
 Tossed it about, 'n' swept it from the land,—  
 We knowed the little ma'am 'd lose her head,  
 'N' dase n't even hope the hull school was n't dead.

We can't be blamed fer feelin' purty gay  
 Thet evenin' when a worrit neighbor found her  
 Out on the plowin' more 'n a mile away—  
 A little sco'ched by teasin' flames in play,  
 But with our nestlin's huddled safe around her.

*Doane Robinson.*

## Circumstances and Cases.

"THERE 's plenty of work for this morning," she  
 cried:  
 "There 's baking and scrubbing, and sweeping be-  
 side."  
 But she went at the baking with laughter and song,  
 And said, as she finished, "*That* did n't take long."

And then to the scrubbing—and how she did scrub!  
 The boards were like snow when she gave the last rub,  
 Her hands were so deft, and her arms were so strong;  
 And she said, as she finished, "*That* did n't take long."

And then to the sweeping—she made the dust fly.  
 She looked at her work with a critical eye,  
 And yet all the time she kept humming a song,  
 And she tacked to the last verse, "*That* did n't take  
 long."

The dinner was over, the work was all done;  
 "And now for that errand," she said, "I must run!  
 Six o'clock comes so soon when the days are so long."  
 And off she went, humming a verse of that song.

The road she 'd to travel was straight as a die,  
 She knew every step, and she meant just to fly;  
 But she met an acquaintance down there by the stile,  
 And somehow—that errand—it took a good while.

*Margaret Vandegrift.*

## An Impossibility.

If I had wings, and you were bound  
 Fast in some fragrant close,  
 Where sweetest blooms are always found  
 And springtide ever flows,  
 I'd bumble, bumble merrily,  
 In sheen or tender gloom,  
 If I were but a happy bee  
 And you a clover bloom.  
 I'd whirl about, and closer swing,  
 And bolder, bolder grow:  
 Your leaves should feel my winnowing,  
 Your face should shrink and glow.  
 And then, oh, then, the tender boom,  
 The nectar-sip—ah, me!  
 But you are not a clover bloom,  
 And I am not a bee!

*Maurice Thompson.*

## In a London Ballroom.

THE ball was the brightest, the gayest, the smartest;  
 I marveled young Edmund looked gloomy and sad.  
 I asked, Was he well? Had he plenty of partners?  
 He vowed that he was, he protested he had.

'T was useless to probe him with tender conjecture,  
 No bit could discover the spot that was sore;  
 Yet each passing hour brought the fuller conviction—  
 That boy's wretched spirit was stung to the core.

At length, 'neath the glamour of regions seductive,  
 Where each little table invited to sup,  
 I learned the dread secret—ah, pity poor Edmund!  
 He'd danced the first dance with his trousers  
 turned up!

*L. B. W.*







ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON, AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY GAINSBOROUGH IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

SARAH SIDDONS.